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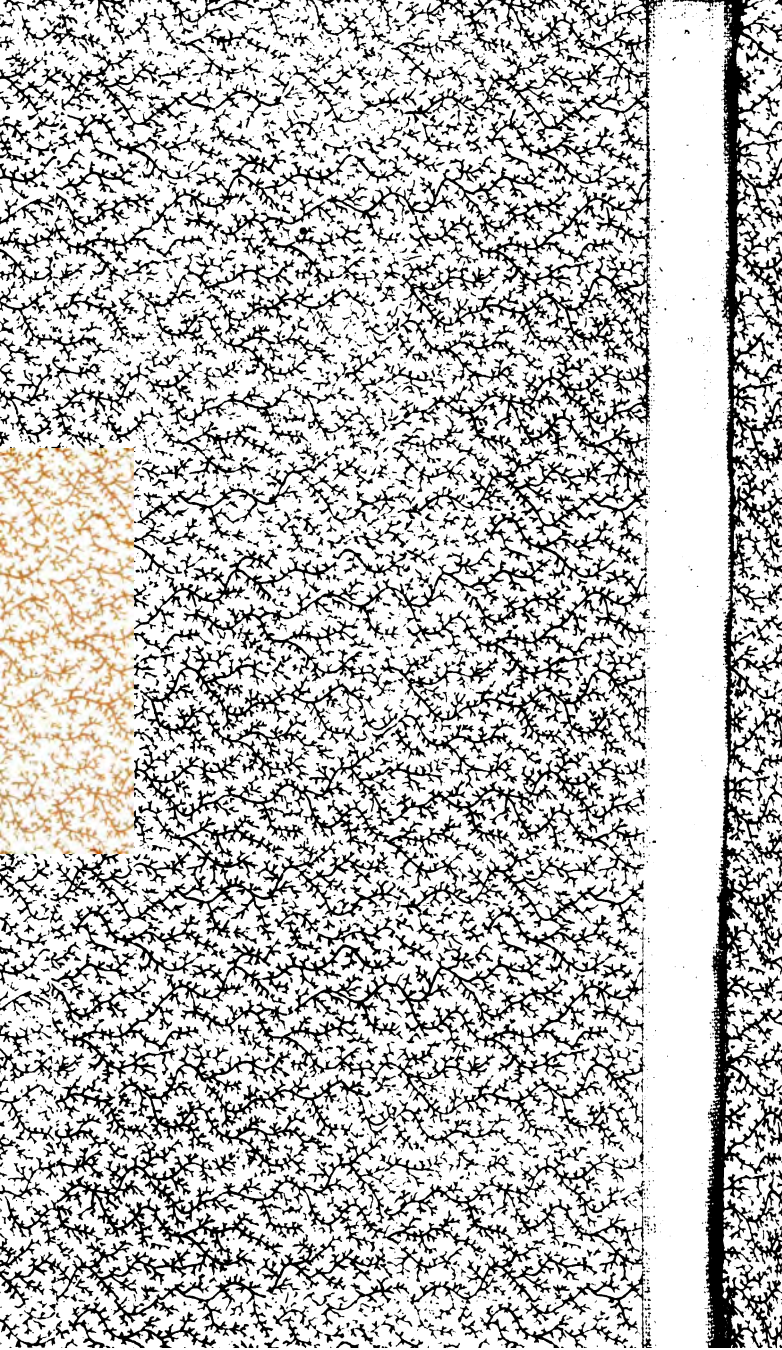
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EXCELSIOR DIALOGUES

COMPRISING NEW AND ORIGINAL MATERIAL PRE-
PARED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK BY A
CORPS OF ABLE AND EXPERIENCED WRITERS ■ ■

Edited and Arranged by

Phineas Garrett

Editor of the "100 Choice Selections" Series



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PREFACE.

OF the numerous collections of dialogues already in print, professedly intended for the use of schools, some are, in the main, abridgments or modifications of productions which have acquired a greater or less degree of popularity from representations upon the boards of theatres—oftentimes so thoroughly expurgated as to have removed nearly all the vitality and point of the original; others are mere compilations, not always the most judicious, of matter which, to speak as favorably as possible, has become somewhat stale; others seek, by labored and stilted platitudes, for the most part put in the mouths of the veriest children, to enforce questions of morals about which there is scarcely any controversy; others can be serviceable to the youngest members only of any school; while yet others, of a better class than either of the former, lack that variety of presentation of character—considered in regard to the number of participators in the dialogue, its adaptability to either sex, and the manifold phases of social

life brought to view—which all who have ever engaged in arranging for an “Exhibition” have found not the least of their many perplexities.

In the judgment of those who have interested themselves in the preparation of the following dialogues—a judgment based upon actual experience in schools and associations in which a dialogue is so often demanded for interest and relief—a variety is indispensable in any collection which aims to meet the real wants of those most immediately concerned.

In the term *variety* are included considerations touching the *number* of the characters introduced in the different dialogues, the *sex* of the characters, and the *expression* sought to be given.

A word or two on each of these heads :

1. *Number of characters.* Instances are comparatively rare, especially in our larger schools and literary associations, where dialogues with but two or three interlocutors are in request, since they afford an opportunity for the display of talent on the part of but a small portion of those interested. Moreover, in a dialogue introducing many characters one person need not—generally speaking, cannot—tower above all his associates, since prominence must be given to several in order that the interest may not flag.

2 *Sex of characters.* Since the question so long

mooted—as to the propriety or expediency of females participating in dialogues under certain limitations suggested by the common-sense of most—may be considered definitely settled by the practice of our best educational institutions, it is certainly desirable that that sex should have as full scope as the other in the representation of characters and scenes from real life.

3. *Expression.* In any book of dialogues, taken as a whole, the range of character should be as great as possible, introducing the familiar, the humorous, the serious, the pathetic, the joyous, the satiric—in short, the actual manifestations of every-day life in this rough-and-tumble world of ours—restrained only by the dictates of pure morality. The good aimed at should be evolved, as it is in society, indirectly, rather than ostentatiously and formally thrust into the foreground to serve as an anvil upon which each participant is to hammer out his truism.

Influenced by these views, this book of dialogues has been prepared. It is intended for advanced pupils in our institutions of learning, for literary associations, and for families. Having in mind those for whom it is written, less attention has been paid to the *minutiæ* of directions and to the manner of representation than would have been requisite, had it been arranged for persons of a tenderer age. It is presumed that the

actors in each dialogue will familiarize themselves with the requirements necessary to a faithful representation of the whole. These could not be conveyed always in printed directions; were that possible, something more appropriate would often occur to the participants, materially enhancing, at different times and in different places, the interest of the piece.

The book, like its fellows, must abide the test of actual trial. Should it fail to supply the deficiency which undeniably exists, its authors, while regretting such result, can console themselves with the reflection that no effort has been spared on their part to make it worthy of success.

PHILADELPHIA, *October 1, 1867.*

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EXCELSIOR DIALOGUES.

"TEACHER WANTED."

CHARACTERS.

'SQUIRE MAGNUS, Examiner appointed by "The Board."

CAIUS CRISPIN, }
DR. JUSTICE, } Members of "The Board."

CHARLES RUGBY, }
MATTHEW BUTTON, }
FRANCIS FRINK, }
WILLIAM DENT, } Applicants for a School.
JAMES BROWN, }
THOMAS HIGH, }
RALPH WATSON, }
NICHOLAS NARR, }
SPECTATORS *ad lib.*

'SQUIRE MAGNUS.—I am glad to see so many canderdates here to-day. It shows that you know how to appreciate the advantages of an edecation, which, we all know, is one of the greatest things in this world. For what is a man or a woman, without edecation? I don't mean a college edecation—but some kind of a edecation—some kind of—of—of—of somethin' which helps him to git on in the world I myself never went to school but six months; but for all that I may say that edecation is of the paramountest importance—and I say agin that I am glad to see that you all think so. You are here to try to git our school. Our Board has appinted me to examine you; and I want to tell you at the fust go-off that we

Intend to be pütty partic'lar. We have a good right to be. The pay is fust-rate—thirty dollars a month and no school Saturday arternoons. Hands in this neighborhood are gittin' by the year only ten dollars a month and board. Of course we want our teacher to have book-larnin'. We can't git on without consid'able of that. But he must have somethin' more to keep a good school. He must have good gumption; and we're a goin' to make up our minds by lookin' at you and a-hearin' on you and any way we can whether or no you come up to our mark. And if you do, we're a goin' to take the one that comes up the nearist and stands the stiddiist. Now you all understand how the land lays. I speak right out just how 'tis without any beatin' round the bush. I think that's the only man-fashion way of dealin' atwixt man and man. Some on you's got to be disappointed, in cours, as there ain't no more than one school; but those of you who do very well and don't git the school we'll testify to in our own hand-writin'—and it may help you to git some other school. Now jest write down on the paper afore you your names and ages—where you were born—how long you've teached—and where you've teached—whether you're married—and if you are, how large a family—and whether you're goin' to teach all your lives—and if you flog in school—and—that'll be enough. We want to know these facts, and have specimens of your handwritin'. When you git through you may leave the papers where they are, and we'll perceed with the examination.

[*Candidates engage in writing.*]

MR. RUGBY, [*entering.*—I hope I am not too late. gentlemen, to be considered an applicant for your school. I was unexpectedly detained by the condition of the roads.

DR. JUSTICE.—Certainly not. Please take a seat.

'SQUIRE M.—It ain't too late, young man; but I'll tell you open and above board, I don't believe there's a bit of use in your bein' examined. You see the Board don't altogether like the way you kep' the school in Egypt last season. You didn't use no books—did you—but jist taught right out of your head?

RUGBY.—I certainly did instruct orally so far as I could; as I consider—

'SQUIRE M.—Oh, we wont argufy that pint, if you please. The majority of this Board's [*looking significantly at Dr. J.*] mind's made up about that. If a master don't know enough to use a book, he don't know any too much—that's certain. And what are books made for, I should like to know, if they aint to be used? Then, young man, over and above that, you didn't flog any at all. We [*looking at Dr. J.*] don't b'lieve in coaxin' and moralizin' and sech. So, as a friend, young man, who wishes you well, I wouldn't, if I were you, be examined here to-day.

DR. JUSTICE.—'Squire, you can speak for yourself, but not yet for the Board. Under our advertisement Mr. Rugby is entitled to a fair and impartial examination.

'SQUIRE M.—Let him take it, if he wants it—and much good may it do him. We'll see by'n by, Dr. Justice, whether I speak for the Board, or who does.

RUGBY.—I thank you, Dr., for your kindness, but I will, under the circumstances, remain as a looker-on. [*Sets himself.*]

'SQUIRE M.—I see the canderdates have got done with their writin' the answers to them questions, so we'll now begin the examernation. Firstly, I shall ask you some questions about jography. The one who sets there [*pointing to his extreme right*] will answer fust, and the next the next, and so on. We can git on more harmoniously that way; and there's nothin' like system in any business, as I used to tell my scholars—for I've teach'd some too, I tell you, [*looking at Dr.*]*—but that's neither here nor there. What's your name? [pointing as before.]*

BUTTON.—Matthew Button, sir.

'SQUIRE.—Mr. Button, what's the highest mountains in the earth?

BUTTON.—The Himalaya.

'SQUIRE, [*taking up a well-worn book.*]*—The what?*

BUTTON.—The Himalaya.

'SQUIRE.—Do you mean the Himmerler! No—that wont do. Mr. Narr—the Board [*looking at Dr.*] knows your name—Mr. Narr, what do you say? which is the highest?

NARR.—The Andés.

'SQUIRE.—That's right—well done, Mr. Narr.

FRINK.—I agree, sir, with Mr. Button. I think all the authorities put the Himalayas down as the highest.

'SQUIRE.—What may your name be, sir?

FRINK.—Frink, sir, Francis Frink.

'SQUIRE.—Well, Mr. Frink, old Malté Brown, sir, which I hold here in my hand, sir—and which was a good jography for us, sir—says the Andés, sir—and so I say, sir—and so I decide.

DR. JUSTICE.—Allow me to look at the geography, 'Squire.

'SQUIRE, [*handing.*].—There 'tis, Dr.—you don't ketch me nappin' often—there 'tis, [*pointing.*]

DR. J. [*reading title-page and returning book.*].—I see this edition was printed in 1815.

'SQUIRE.—What if it was? You don't suppose the Himmelers have growed ahead of the Andés sence, do you? He—he—he! [*laughs, in which Crispin and Narr and several spectators join.*] Now the next to Mr. Narr—what's the name?

DENT.—William Dent, sir.

'SQUIRE.—Mr. Dent, which is the longest river in the earth?

DENT.—The Mississippi.

'SQUIRE.—No—the next—what name?

BROWN.—James Brown.

'SQUIRE.—Mr. Brown, what's your answer?

BROWN.—The same—the Mississippi.

'SQUIRE.—Do you all say so? [*All, except Narr, say "yes."*] What do you say, Mr. Narr?

NARR.—I say the Amazon.

'SQUIRE.—Right agin, Mr. Narr—right agin. Do you want to look agin, Doctor? [*offering the book to Dr. with finger on the place—Dr. shakes his head.*] Mebbe you spose the Misersip has stretched some out sence this book was writ. He—he—he, [*laughter as before.*] Next canderrate—what name?

HIGH.—Thomas High.

'SQUIRE.—Mr High, how many States is there among the United States?

HIGH.—Thirty-seven.

'SQUIRE.—Give us the names of all of 'em. Show us how fast you can say 'em. [*High repeats till he comes to West Virginia.*] Hold on a bit—hold on! You don't call that a State—do you? Why, 'taint no more a State

than our town of Joppy is a State. Virginny—old Virginny—is the name.

HIGH.—All of our latest geographies, sir, class it as a State, sir; and it has been recognized as a State by Congress and by the Supreme Court of the United States.

'SQUIRE, [*excitedly*.]—Who cares if it has? Who cares what Congress does? or the Supreme Court—that is, a part on it? I tell you, old Virginny don't recognize it—and that's enough for anybody. Don't bring in any of your blasted politics into school matters, Mr. High—that's the curse of teachin' and preachin'.

DR. J.—How many States does *your* geography give, 'Squire?

'SQUIRE—That is a small question. Jest as if we couldn't make as many States as we please—we the sovereign, independent people!

DR. J.—Oh, I thought you didn't call West Virginia a State, although she was made such by the people and accepted by the people's representatives.

'SQUIRE.—No more I don't, I say. 'Taint a State more'n I am. But I shan't talk politics with you now—the Board [*looking significantly at Dr.*] are examin'in' now. That's enough for jography. The Board can tell well enough by this time who knows most about that. Now we'll examine in 'rethmetic—and if any canderdate don't know a good deal about that, I can tell him it'll be a poor show for him. 'Rethmetic is the most importance to us next to the Bible and the Constertution. What's your name, sir? [*to the next in order.*]

WATSON.—Ralph Watson, sir.

'SQUIRE.—How fur have you ciphered in 'rethmetio, Mr. Watson?

WATSON.—I have used different text-books, sir, and believe that I understand the principles involved in all the processes contained in them.

'SQUIRE.—That don't answer the question. How fur have you ciphered, sir?

WATSON, [*looking at the others significantly.*]—I have been through the book, sir.

'SQUIRE.—That's the way I like to hear you talk. You've been clear through the book—in course, then, you've ciphered in Dabollses, and Adamses, and Pikeses

Now, Mr. Watson, what do you consider the most important rule in 'rethmetic—the rule, I mean, that'll show you how to do most any sum in the book?

WATSON, [*hesitating.*].—Why—why, sir—

'SQUIRE.—Don't you know that? and ben clear through? Why I knew it afore we got half way to it.

WATSON.—I think addition and subtraction involve every principle in arithmetic.

'SQUIRE.—What! Them easy things! [*looking derisively, in which Crispin joins.*] Way back to the beginning of the book! I'm afraid Mr.—Mr. Watson—you didn't learn every thing, if you did go clear through. What is your rule, Mr. Narr, wherever you can work it in—fust, last, and all the time?

NARR.—The Rule of Three, sir. That'll git us out of about any thing we ought to git out of—and when with that afore us we can't, we may be tol'ble sure we hadn't oughter.

'SQUIRE.—That's so, Mr. Narr—every word is true. Why, gen'l'men, I can show you my sum book if you come to the house now—more than two hundred sums, gen'l'men—more'n two hundred—and there ain't one in the whole kerboodle but what's did—and did all straight, gitting the answer jest as 'tis in the book—did by the Rule of Three. Mr. Bottom—that's your name, I b'lieve, [*pointing to Button.*]

BUTTON.—Button, sir—Matthew Button—

'SQUIRE.—Beg your pardon—Mr. Button—you know all about fractions—don't you? How do you divide one fraction by another fraction? [*setting himself back in his chair and eying the candidate as if he had given him a "poser."*]

BUTTON.—I add, subtract, and divide fractions by bringing them to a common denominator and adding, subtracting, and dividing their numerators as if they were whole numbers.

'SQUIRE.—Whew! Say that over agin! [*Button repeats more deliberately than before.*] Mr. Bottom—beg your pardon—Mr. Bottle—

BUTTON.—Button, sir—

'SQUIRE.—Beg your pardon heartily—Mr. Button—what book tells you to do all that?

BUTTON.—I don't bear in mind any particular text-book that gives such a direction; but I think it results naturally from an analysis of principles.

'SQUIRE.—“From an alosis of principles!” Now what 'rethmetic under the sun and heavens gives you any rule for doin' that? I should like to have you tell me one—and I've seen and handled pûtty consid'ble of 'rethmetics in my day.

BUTTON.—I know of no text-book worthy of a place in the school-room which does not deal largely in the analytic method.

'SQUIRE.—You don't! Well, young man, when you've lived longer in this 'ere world and learned a few more things, mebbe you'll find out there is a few of them that don't dabble in your what-d'ye-call-it method. Haint any of you canderdates been cipherin' in anything but this new-fangled alosis? You hain't, Mr. Narr, I know. How do you divide one fraction by another?

NARR.—I turn the fust fraction bottom side up and then multiply the two upper figgers together and put 'em above a line; and then I multiply the two lower figgers together and put 'em under the same line—and that allers gives me the answer, ef I do the multiplyin' right.

'SQUIRE.—And that's the way to do it, too—the only way. Who ever heerd of 'tother?

DR. J.—'Squire, may I ask you *why* you perform the operation in that way?

'SQUIRE.—“Perform the operation!” Don't hev any of your doctor stuff in along 'rethmetic. 'Twon't work. I do 'em so—and allers did, ever sence I began cipherin' in fractions—'cause it gins the answer. And I s'pose that's why Mr. Narr does so. Aint that reason enough? Or perhaps you think you can't fetch it 'cept by alosis! [*laughter as before.*] And I may as well say right here that, from what the Board [*looking at Dr.*] has seen so fur, 'taint worth while to bother the canderdates any more 'bout 'rethmetic. The Board thinks the Board knows what's wanted here in Joppy—and 'taint any of your alosis, I can tell ye! [*looking at Crispin who nods assent.*] Perhaps some of you canderdates have ben goin' to these Mormon schools—haint you?

DR. J.—You mean Normal schools, I presume, 'Squire.

SQUIRE.—Don't make no difference—Mormon or Norval—it's all the same—them things won't go down yet a while in this 'ere neighborhood. We'll try a little spell in' now, gen'l'men. How many of you can spell the first part of my name? Hold up your hands all who can! [*Narr raises his hand.*] Is that all?

DR. J.—Perhaps the gentlemen are not acquainted with your first name, 'Squire.

SQUIRE.—I should think they might, hein' as I've lived here in Joppy, man and boy, goin' on now hard on to sixty year—and ben Justice of the Peace for more'n eleven on 'em. I think it's a fair question; but I wont stick about that. My full name is Square Jotham Magnus, Now—hands up—who can spell my fust name? [*all hands up.*] Now that's somethin' like. We'll hear you, sir! [*pointing to Dent.*]

DENT.—J-o (jo)—t-h-a-m (tham)—Jotham. [*Hands down, except Narr's.*]

SQUIRE.—I do declare—if that don't beat all! Mr. Narr, you'll hev to show 'em how agin!

NARR.—S-q-u-a-r-e—Square.

'SQUIRE.—In course 'tis—the world over! Who ever heerd of a Justice of the Peace's first name being any thing but Square in the whole United States!

DENT.—I thought 'Squire a mere title, and as such an abbreviation of e-s-q-u-i-r-e—esquire, and added to a person's name.

'SQUIRE.—If that's all the good your schoolin' hez done you, you might ez well have let it all go. Who ever heerd me called any thing but Square (S-q-u-a-r-e) more'n 'leven year now? Don't my own wife call me so—and all the children? And I should like to know what's a man's fust name if 'tisn't the name folks first use—the handle they take hold on. Young man, if you ain't any better booked up in the constertutational law than not to know that a Square's fust name is Square all over the inhabited earth, you're got a good deal to learn yit—I can tell you that. [*Laughter as before.*] Mr. Narr, I'll give you another. How do you spell *beefsteak*?

NARR.—B-e-a-f (beef)—s-t-a-k-e (steak)—beefsteak.

'SQUIRE.—Right—all right—and that's one of the hardest words in the whole English language, I can tell

you. A man who can spell that without missin' a bit, as you d d, can spell any thing he can lay his jaws to.

DR. J.—I may have misunderstood Mr. Narr; but I certainly thought he didn't spell the word correctly.

'SQUIRE.—Spell it agin, Mr. Narr—spell it agin—for the doctor's benefit. But the Board is satisfied, [*looking at Dr.*]

NARR.—[*Spelling as before.*]

DR. J.—So I understood. Do you mean to say that is the correct spelling of that word, 'Squire?

'SQUIRE.—To be sure I do. What does it spell, ef it don't spell *beefsteak*, I should like to know. Come now—tell me that. I haint the dictionary book here, but I looked at it jest afore I left the house, and I tell you that spellin' 's right! [*bringing his fist down with emphasis upon the table,*] B-e-a-f-s-t-a-k-e!

DR. J.—Here is Webster's Dictionary, 'Squire, (*handing it*) and it gives a different spelling.

'SQUIRE, (*examining*)—I tell you that's wrong—I know it is! B-double e-f-s-t-e-a-k! Who ever heerd of sech spellin' afore? 'Taint right, I tell ye. [*Looking at title-page.*] Oh, I might er knowed. It's one of them Yankee school books; and everybody knows they never did spell right nohow.

DR. J. [*handing.*].—Here is Worcester's, with the word spelled in the same way as Webster gives it.

'SQUIRE.—'Taint right, I say, [*excitedly*] 'tain't right, I tell you—and I don't care who says 'tis, [*looking at title-page.*] Jest as I s'posed—another Yankee book.

DR. J.—But you know, 'Squire, the only dictionaries published in this country and recognized as authorities are published in New England.

'SQUIRE.—'Taint so. Let's see an English dictionary—we don't want a New-English dictionary—the old will do well enough for us.

DR. J.—Here are Walker's, and Johnson's, and Todd's, [*handing them,*] and they agree with the others.

'SQUIRE, [*rising and gesticulating violently.*].—'Taint so, I tell ye—and that ends the matter—and if you [*to Dr.*] can't find any better business than interferin' with this ere examination arter the Board's appinted me to 'tend to it, you'd better go somewhere else.

DR. J.—No offence was intended, 'Squire. I merely thought you, in common with other men, might sometimes be mistaken.

'SQUIRE, [*seating himself.*].—When I know a thing, I know it—and that's the whole on it. The Board appinted this examernation fairly—I was fairly appinted to take charge on't—and I mean to do it as fairly as I know how—and ef any man can do more'n that, I should like to see him—that's all. Comin' 'round to business agin—I don't know's there much more to be done. We've examined the canderdates in jography, 'rethmetic and spellin', and we can look at their writin' any time. What do you say, Mr. Crispin?

CRISPIN.—Oh—me! Any thing you say, Square, I'm agreed to.

DR. J.—Don't you propose any examination in grammar?

'SQUIRE.—What's the use of grammar, I'd like to know? I never heerd on't when I was a boy, and I never taught it when I kep' school.

DR. J.—But, surely, 'Squire, you must regard it as an important qualification in a teacher, to be able to instruct others how to write and speak our language correctly.

'SQUIRE.—That's jest the pint. Perhaps you don't know my idees on that subjick. My notion is that the Almighty starts us all off in this world when we're old enough knowin' what to say and how to say it. For my part I think it's flyin' in the face and eyes of Proverdenche meddlin' with grammar and sech things.

DR. J.—Why don't you use the same argument—if I may call it so—concerning any branch of education? Arithmetic, for example, of which you spoke so highly a short time ago?

'SQUIRE.—You don't see the pint, doctor. Figger's a consekence of the fall of our first parents. In the garden of Edin when they was good they didn't need it—but they could talk their language right—whatever it was, mebbe ours and mebbe not—for they were made to; but 'rethmetic came in, arter they sinned and were druv out of the garden. God didn't teach 'em that, and so they have to learn it. Don't you understand now? Them's my views.

DR. J.—Yes—I comprehend you, 'Squire—but about reading.

'SQUIRE.—Wall, about readin' 's about this—'taint much nohow. We can pick that up any time we choose. My opinion is there's too much on't done by some folks. Ef they'd do less on't and use their head-pieces more, I think they'd be a mighty sight better off. I don't s'pose anybody would offer to take our school who couldn't read; and I wouldn't—appointed by this Board to examine canderdates—I wouldn't insult any one by askin' 'em to read. Read! In course they can read, all on 'em! What are they here for if they can't? Aint that so, Mr. Crispin?

CRISPIN.—Sartin, Square, sartin—any thing you say I'm agreed to.

'SQUIRE.—Then we might as well as not call this examernation adjourned *sign dy*. And as I said when we first started off, some of the canderdates will have to be disappointed. The Board has thought this matter over carefully and has decided that Mr. Nicholas Narr is entitled to have our school—firstly, because the Board knows him—and nextly, because he has showed more good horse-sense, by and round, durin' the whole examernation than any other canderdate—meanin' by what I say no disrespect to any of the rest, who can, I reelly b'lieve, pass a better examernation when they're older and have studied harder and thought longer. The meeting is closed, gen'l'men. *[rising.]*

DR. J.—Do I understand, 'Squire, that this is a meeting of the Board?

'SQUIRE.—What else would you call it? Haint the Board met—and haint the Board examined—and haint the Board gin out the school to Nicholas Narr—and aint the Board adjourned? What more'd you have?

DR. J.—Then, here and now I wash my hands of the whole proceeding. *[handing a paper.]* Here, 'Squire, is my resignation as a member of this Board. I had some faint hope, I confess, when I was appointed to the position, that I might be of some service in advancing the cause of thorough common school education; but, if any thing were needed, this day's proceedings have convinced me that my further connection with your Board can only

be maintained at the expense of my self-respect and can in nowise advance those interests which I have so much at heart.

'SQUIRE.—Jest as you please, Doctor—you must act accordin' to your own light, whether it's big or little. The Board accepts your resignin', and Joppy will try and survive till she can get somebody in your place.

DR. J.—To my young friends who have been, individually and collectively, so grossly insulted here to-day by what you are pleased to call the Board, I would simply say in leaving them that the day's annoyances may not prove utterly without profit to them, if they have learned—as I doubt not they have by this time—never to visit Joppa—at least, until civilization shall have dawned upon us—should they again chance to see an advertisement of a "TEACHER WANTED."

Curtain falls.

THE COUNTRY COUSINS.

CHARACTERS.

LIZZIE TWIST, a New York Lady.

KATE CARLTON, her cousin from Vermont.

JANE CARLTON, sister to Kate.

CLARA DEANS, intimate friend of Lizzie's.

COUNT D'ESTANGE, an impostor.

MR. TWIST, Lizzie's father.

SCENE I.—*City drawing-room. Miss Twist at home. Enter Miss Clara Deans.*

MISS TWIST.—I am so glad you have come, dear Clara. I have been looking and wishing for you all morning. I want to consult you about my birthday party. Pa says I shall have one.

MISS DEANS.—Oh, that will be so nice. You told me when you last met that you wanted to have one, and I have been so anxious to hear what had you concluded on,

EXCELSIOR DIALOGUES.

I felt this morning that I could not wait one single day longer, so here am I.

Miss T.—I was just coming around to see you about it. I want your opinion about the arrangements.

Miss D.—You have such splendid rooms, dear Lizzie. You can have so many guests.

Miss T.—Yes; I wanted to have a large assembly, but Ma says not too large, but very select, if we would create a sensation, and you know that is what we shall aim at; your party created such an excitement after you came home from Washington.

Miss D.—Oh, yes. Pa being a member of Congress, he was acquainted with so many; you do not hope to rival that?

Miss T.—No; but then Pa is quite an influential man, and I hope we shall make a fine display, for you know it will be so nice to hear every one praise our splendid entertainment. Oh, I am so anxious for the time to come. Pshaw, there is the door-bell; I wish I had told John I would be at home to no person after you came; but servants are so ignorant, he will bring every one in.

[Enter servant with a letter.]

Miss T.—La, a letter for me; why who can it be from? I am sure I never saw that handwriting before: it is a strange post-mark too. Excuse me, Clara, I must see.

Miss D.—Certainly I will, Lizzie, for you know I am also interested; from some bashful lover, I suppose: mind we have no secrets from each other.

[Miss T. opens and reads, and then dashing it to the floor walks up and down in the highest excitement.]

Miss D.—Mercy on me, dear Lizzie, what have you been reading? what is the matter?

Miss T.—Matter enough; only just think of it; I declare I never was so provoked in all my life. I really shall go crazy!

Miss D.—Do tell me what it is. I am almost dying to know. I never saw you so excited before.

Miss T.—Well, when you hear you will not be surprised at my excitement. Only just to think of it. I wish I had no cousins in the world. I would not care if they did not live in the country, but country people are never more than half witted; it really is too bad.

EXCELSIOR DIALOGUES.

Miss D.—Indeed, dear Lizzie, if you would only tell me what it is, I could sympathize with you.

Miss T.—Well, in a few days, if Miss Jane Carlton has not the good luck to get her neck broken on the way, she will be here to remain half the winter, and Heavens only know how much longer; a pretty time I shall have introducing her to society.

Miss D.—Well, indeed, it is very provoking; but maybe she is not so very ignorant, [*picking up the letter*]; if this is her writing, it is certainly a very elegant hand; she may be well educated.

Miss T.—Well educated or not, I don't want her here just at this particular time. I do not know what evil possessed Pa to invite them. If Ma and Aunt Matilda were there last summer to spend a few weeks, that is no reason we should be harassed with their awkward daughter this winter.

Miss D.—I am sure I feel very sorry for you, dear Lizzie. Could you not write, telling her not to come?

Miss T.—Then Pa would be angry. Her mother is his sister. I don't see what girls marry country clowns for; I think they ought never to trouble their city relatives afterwards. Now if they were coming from the South, I should not mind it so much, it sounds so aristocratic to speak of one's Southern relatives, but these are from the Green Mountains and smell decidedly rural.

Miss D.—I would not let it worry me, dear Lizzie. By the way, I met Count D'Estange this morning; you intend to have him at your party.

Miss T.—That letter has driven all thoughts of party out of my head. I wish I had said nothing about having one. An elegant time I shall have introducing Miss Jane Carlton to my guests.

Miss D.—Dear Lizzie, please think no more about it, and do answer my question—you intend having the Count at your party?

Miss T.—Yes, I wish to have him present, but Pa is no friend to him. He says he is more like a Green Mountain Yankee than a French Count; but Pa has such absurd notions about some things.

MISS D.—Oh, my! Why I think he is a perfect gentleman. I admire him very much. He wears such a splendid moustache.

MISS T.—Oh, dear, that letter; I cannot think of any thing but its contents.

MISS D.—Lizzie, I am so sorry; but were I you, I would write and tell her not to come. You need not let your Pa know you received the letter.

MISS T.—I have a good mind to do so. Come, let's go into the library. You will assist me to dictate it.

MISS D.—Indeed, dear Lizzie, I would willingly do so, but I have other engagements. I have already overstayed my time.

MISS T.—Oh, I do wish you could spend the day here; and what a blunderer I am—so much talking and never asked you to lay aside your bonnet; please excuse my impoliteness.

MISS D.—Certainly; if I had intended more than a short call, I should have laid it off without invitation; you know I am always perfectly at home here.

MISS T.—That is right. I am glad you feel so; it is this feeling towards you that prevents me from treating you with more formality; but as you cannot remain to-day, come soon and spend the day. My party will be in three weeks; come next Thursday.

MISS D.—If nothing prevents, I will; but I shall see you before then; you will be around in the mean time? Good-bye. [*Exit Clara Deans.*]

MISS T.—[*Soliloquizing. Taking up the letter.*—Well, I shall write to her, that's all, and such a letter as will make her give up all intentions of coming here—that is, if she has any spirit at all.

[*Exit. Curtain falls.*]

SCENE 2 — *Country sitting-room. Miss Jane Carlton sewing. Enter Miss Kate Carlton with letters and papers in hand.*

KATE.—A letter for you, Jane, post-mark New York. Can it be possible Cousin Lizzie has received your letter and has answered it already.

[*Jane opens the letter and reads aloud.*]

NEW YORK, October 24th, 1858.

MISS CARLTON:—

I received your note, disclosing your intention of visiting us shortly, and I thought I would write and inform you that it would be extremely obliging to us if you would defer your visit. We anticipate having a very large company here shortly, and as you are not familiar with other society than clodhoppers and country rusticity, it will be extremely mortifying to those so much your superiors to be incommoded with your presence at that particular time. I should feel sensitive about introducing one ignorant of the customs and good breeding which pervade the society in which I move, and I hope you will feel grateful for my trying to save you from a mortification which, I trust, would have been as offensive to you as to me. If at some future time it will suit you to visit our city, we will endeavor to welcome you with the best grace possible.

Yours, &c.,

LIZZIE TWIST.

[Silence for a few moments.]

KATE.—Well, Jane, what do you think of it?

JANE.—Think of it, Kate? such a letter, and from our own cousin too; it must be impossible!

KATE.—But it is possible, though, and that letter proves that it is. What will you do?

JANE.—What will I do? Why, quietly answer it, of course.

KATE.—Quietly answer it, indeed! I should answer it with a vengeance.

JANE.—If she has done wrong, would it be right for me to follow her example? I ought rather to thank her—nay, I do thank her for saving me from the mortification of going where I should not have been made welcome.

KATE.—Then you will not go?

JANE.—Go! why, Kate, did you for one moment suppose I would go after having received such a letter as that?

KATE.—Then I shall go. They do not know either of us, for we were at school last summer when Aunt Ruth

and her sister, Matilda, with their five or six great romping boys, were here for three or four weeks, slashing and destroying every thing before them. We were plenty good enough then. I suppose they saved paying their board while they rusticated here, and then aunt made mother promise we should visit them this winter;—this looks as if they wanted us. Well, I shall go, if you don't; that's all!

JANE.—Kate, have you taken leave of your senses?

KATE.—No, indeed; they never were brighter in my life. Do you know the contempt breathed in that letter has done a deal to sharpen them? I shall let Miss Lizzie Twist know whom she despises. She will know what a Yankee girl is made of before I am there very long.

JANE.—Kate, do act rational. Dear sister, do not go; only think of going where you are not wanted. Why, I am ashamed you should for one moment think of going where they would despise you.

KATE.—Ah, Jane, that is it—she would feel sensitive to introducing you; if she don't have her feelings moved a little beyond the sensitive point when I make my appearance, I'll not give much for my woman's wit.

JANE.—Kate Carlton, you shall not go! I will show this letter to father, and I know you will not go contrary to his command.

KATE.—He must not see it; only think of mother: she was so glad to see her brother last summer, and is so anxious that we should in turn visit them.

JANE.—Yes; but not as you intend going. No, no, Kate, you must not go.

KATE.—I will; my mind is made up, and all you can say will not change it; so you can say that you have changed yours and do not want to go. It will cause no surprise, for you are such a homelady at best; just say I may go in your place; so now come, I shall need your assistance.

JANE.—My assistance—and pray for what?

KATE.—To help me prepare for my intended visit to New York.

JANE.—Why, you have the same as I was going to take; what else will you need?

KATE.—Why, some dresses of real common gay cotton

print, the very ugliest we can find. Then we must go to the attic and rummage over those great chests; perhaps I can find something in them I shall need. There is grandma's wedding gown; it has a short bodice and long train, embroidered off so handsomely; it will be the very thing for Cousin Lizzie's party.

JANE.—Why, Kate, you surprise me.

KATE.—I shall surprise you worse before I am ready. I must have some cheap artificial flowers and red ribbon for my hair.

JANE.—Kate, my dear sister, you are not in earnest?

KATE.—Never was more so in my life. I intend to be as near what Miss Elizabeth Twist supposes I am as I possibly can. We must select the oldest-fashioned bonnet we can find in the attic, and if there is no feather in it, we'll rob the old turkey for feathers. I'll have to be in the fashion.

JANE.—But you will wear your new velvet cloak and bonnet, will you not?

KATE.—I shall take them, of course. I intend to make a visit to Professor Allen's first. I shall lead Jennie into the secret. Won't she enjoy the joke? I expect her father has wealth enough to buy and keep Uncle Twist, and Jennie never puts on such airs. I wonder how much better the society is in which Miss Twist moves. Won't I surprise her, though?

JANE.—Yes, Kate; it will be a sufficient punishment for her to meet you with Miss Jennie Allen, without making yourself ridiculous.

KATE.—Not for me; I feel too utterly indignant to let her off so easily; just let me step into her parlor when it is full of aristocratic society, won't I Cousin Betty her up? [*Kate rising.*] Come, I am anxious to commence preparation. Isn't there an old short cloth cloak about somewhere, mother used to wear when she was young?

JANE.—You surely don't mean to take that.

KATE.—Indeed I do. Won't I cut a spread going down Broadway with my fashionable cousin? [*Flirting across the stage.*]

JANE.—You will never act thus, dear Kate; think how disgraceful—

KATE.—I will do nothing disgraceful; but I will let

Miss Twist know whom she despises. I will teach her a lesson she will not easily forget; but come, come, I must make my preparations before father and mother come home. I can be all ready against Thursday, and mind, you must not give the true reason for changing your mind.

JANE.—Indeed, Kate, I cannot willingly consent to your going thus.

KATE.—You may as well, for I shall go; so come help me to prepare.

SCENE 3.—*City drawing-room. Miss Twist at home. Enter Miss Deans.*

MISS TWIST. [*Rushing to meet her.*—Come at last. I have been looking for you for an hour, and had begun to fear you were going to play me false. Will you lay aside your hat and coat here, or go to my dressing-room?

MISS DEANS.—Oh, I will lay them off here. I am so tired—the morning was so fine I did not order the carriage. I thought I would walk, but I found it plenty far enough.

MISS T.—Do take this rocking-chair, and make yourself comfortable. [*Miss T. touches a bell—maid enters.*] Here, Hetty, take this coat and hat to my dressing-room.

HETTY.—Yes, miss. [*Exit Hetty.*]

MISS T.—I am so glad you are here. I was so fearful you would disappoint me to-day.

MISS D.—Indeed, I denied myself two or three excursions of pleasure for the sake of spending the day with you. Cousin Frank wanted me to go on an excursion up the Hudson, and Harry Walton wanted me to ride out into the country; but I told them both that I was positively engaged to you for the day.

MISS T.—Oh, Clara, I am so anxious to hear what your dress is to be for the party; you have selected it, of course.

MISS D.—Yes, indeed. Oh, it's a perfect love! sky-blue silk, trimmed with white lace. Harry Walton says I look divinely beautiful in blue. By the way, have you written to your cousin? Is she coming?

Miss T.—Yes; I have written, and such a letter as will insure me no intrusion from that quarter.

Miss D.—Oh, Lizzie, maybe she is very lady-like. Only think how it will insult and grieve her.

Miss T.—Lady-like, indeed! Who ever heard of an old rusty farmer having a lady-like daughter? I'm not going to give myself any uneasiness about it; but I must tell you what my dress is to be; you do not ask.

Miss D.—I am almost dying to hear, notwithstanding something very brilliant, I expect, as this is your first party

Miss T.—No, not brilliant; plain white silk, without jewel or ornament save a white rose-bud in my hair. Ma says perfect simplicity will be most becoming. I wonder how Count D'Estange will like it.

Miss D.—Oh, he will like it, no doubt. I understand he is perfectly enchanted with you. I should not be surprised if he made you a Countess one of these days.

Miss T.—How you do talk, Clara; take care what you put into my head, [*starting up and looking surprised.*] Mercy on me, what is a stage-coach stopping at our door for? And did you ever see such an object as is alighting? Look, only look at her bonnet!

Miss D.—And just see the bandbox and bundles—it must be your cousin.

Miss T.—She is coming up to our door! Heavens help me, Clara, what shall I do? [*Sinking on a chair, covering her face with her hands. Enter Kate, who rushes up to Clara, flinging her arms around her—exclaims very loud.*]

KATE.—Lor, Cousin Bets, how glad I be's to see yer!

Miss D. [*Pushing her away.*].—I am not your cousin.

KATE [*Turning to Lizzie*].—You must be my cousin, then, for that feller out there sed you were in here. [*Lizzie turns away.*]

KATE.—Wal, this is a puty way to welcum yer cosin, what's cum so far ter see yer. Haint yer goin' to ax me to take off my fixins'? [*Takes off her bonnet and seats herself.*] I expected you'd have hull lots of manners, bein' brot up in town. Good glory, I wish yer'd say sumthin'.

Miss T. [*aside*].—Oh, Clara, what will I do, what will I do?

MISS D.—Indeed, dear Lizzie, I cannot advise you.

KATE.—Goody, do yer call her Lizzie? Why her dad sed last summer she was called after granmarm, and everybody calls her old Betty Twist. Now I look at yer, you look a site like granmarm.

MISS T. [*aside.*].—Oh, this is horrible.

KATE [*drawing her chair near Lizzie and taking hold of her dress.*].—My golly, I guess you think yourself tarnation grand, to wear silk frocks every day. Why, dad thought he was doin' it when he bot this striped thing; but then it is plenty good enough. Some folks likes to spend all they have on fine harness; goodness knows that's not the way with dad; he's got lots of money—five hundred dollars, I'll bet, clear grit, above old Dobbin and Brownny; plaguey good cow Brownny is too, makes four pounds of butter when she has good pasture. Cousin Betty, does yer know how to milk? Marm said she reckoned you'd cum out next summer to our place, so I'll larn yer ef yer don't know. [*A pause.*] Now, if these 'er winder curtains don't look real harnsome. I was right down sartain they was real silk. Does yer laddy weave this kind of stuff in his factory now-a-days? He used to weave bed tickin' and kalerko in that old factory by our creek. I've hern marm talk about it many a time. [*Looking around.*] Jimminy, but you've got grandified up since you cum to town to live. These here sheers and that settee thing must hev cost a sight of money.

MISS D.—How ignorant you are—that's a sofa.

KATE.—Oh—a—sofy, is it? Wal, I hev herd of them thing afore, but I forgot; but I'm not so tarnal ignorant, for if yer had been at our house, I wouldn't told yer that if yer hadn't knowed more than a two year old heifer.

MISS T.—Oh, Clara, I shall die; such language will kill me, and only think what an object for a party.

KATE.—Gollyopolis, are you gorn to hev a party? Wal, I got gooder clothes than these along. I have one frock what used to be granmarm's. I tell you it is awful slick; it has a great long train embroidered off harnsomy, and I knowed them kind of things are fashionable now-a-days, and marm said I might as well bring it along and

war it if you took me to meetin' or anywars. [*Kate goes to her boxes.*]

Miss T. [*aside.*].—What in the world will I do, Clara! She will expect me to take her everywhere. I know I shall die.

Miss D.—I do wonder if she received your letter.

Miss T.—If she did she has not sense enough to appreciate it. I hate to say any thing to her, or I would ask her about it.

[*Kate, after putting on a huge apron, returns to her seat with a large stocking, partly finished, with her knitting-bag on her arm.*]

KATE.—Don't you gals work any, down here in New York, Cousin Betty? Golly, if a feller comes in up our way and ketches a gal doin' nothin', he puty soon see she's lazy. I reckon you hev hull lots of beaux, Cousin Betty

Miss T.—Do not call me that horrid name. I sincerely hope there will none come while you are here.

KATE [*priming up*].—Oh, dear; I expect yer afeard they will fall in love with me; but yer needn't worry; I hev hull lots of them up to hum. I wouldn't give Jack Jinkins for a hull cart-load of yer pussy-lip'd dandies.

Miss D. [*looking through the window.*].—Is that Count D'Estange crossing the street?

Miss T.—God forbid that *he* should come here now!

KATE [*rushing forward*].—Count De—who?—Lawdy! I do wish he would come in. Which is he? do tell, so I can see a real Count. Is that him cumin' up to the door! Goody, haint I glad! Now you must introduce me, gals, so I can brag about it when I go home.

[Miss T. [*springing forward, gathers up bonnet, cloak, boxes, &c., exclaims*].—Do let me show you to your room, so you can dress for dinner.

KATE [*hastily snatching a box from her hand, at the same time exclaiming*].—Dress, indeed! Dress? wal I gess there will no one kech me dressing. I ken fix up a little 'afore this glass—it's plenty big enough. [*Fixes a large headdress of red ribbon and artificial flowers on her head, seats herself and is busy knitting. The Count enters one side of the stage as Miss T comes forward from the other.*]

COUNT [*drawling tone*].—Good-morning, ladies; wery pleasant mawning. 'Pon honor, I hope you are well [*Raising his glasses, surveys Kate.*]

KATE [*aside, to Clara*].—What a pity he's near-sighted.

COUNT.—When did the last packet arrive from Dublin? 'Judge this is some of its freight.

KATE.—Wal, I guess there's about as much Irish about me as there is French about you.

COUNT.—Why, you *haven't* much of the brogue. Where are you from?

KATE.—What a Yankee question! Wal, I guess I be's from of Varmount. I'm Betty Twist's own first cousin, [*making motions to the girls;*] but I see she's not gorn to introduce me, so I'll make yer acquainted with Catharine Carlton, Mr. Count DeLet's hang—or what's your name? There's nothin' like bein' able to introduce one's ownself.

MISS T. [*aside*].—Is it possible? Catharine Carlton? Why, Clara, it was Jane who wrote the letter; there is something wrong somewhere—it is strange.

MISS D.—Yes, it is. Look at her hands; they are as small and white as ours.

COUNT.—Miss Twist, it cannot be possible that you are related to this uncouth—

KATE [*interrupting him*].—I'll let you know who's who. Didn't I see you turn red and green and all other colors when I sed ould Varmount. Maybe you know sumtin' about Yankee land. I reckon yer thought that har over yer face kivered up Bob Jones; but I know'd it was you the minute I sot me two eyes on yer.

COUNT.—Indeed you are mistaken; you have never seen me before.

KATE.—Never seed you 'afore! never seed Bob Jones the butcher! Wal, I never seed yer in sich good harness. that's sartin. I guess sellin' hide and taller has got to be good business. Where hev yer bin' bobbing round for sich a spell?

COUNT.—I came here to chat with these leddies, and not to be questioned by a raw Yankee girl.

KATE.—Wall, I reckon yer wouldn't want to be questioned'd by a cooked one.

MISS T.—You have quite disgusted me, Miss, and insulted my friends, and now you must be still or leave the room.

KATE.—Hum—me—my tongue's my own, and I reckon I can use it. Good gracious, somebody must talk, and you don't have much to say.

MISS T.—Do please have some manners.

KATE [*very loud*].—Hev som manners! he's me sister's husband. [*Lower tone.*] I'de a tarnal site sooner hev his brother Jake; he's the gooddest lookin'. Bob, I reckon you remember Sumner Manner and Jake? Wall, Sum and sister Sal got married last winter, and we had a hoot lot of good things—it makes my mouth water yit when I think of it.

MISS T.—Well, we care nothing about your weddings—I made no reference to beaux—I wish you would have a little manners.

MISS D. [*hastily*].—Do not talk to her; it only makes her worse.

MISS T.—I do not know what to do. I wish Pa would come in. It is so unfortunate Ma is in Philadelphia this week—if she was only here.

COUNT.—Do not give yourselves any uneasiness, ladies; for my part I am quite amused.

KATE.—Harkee, these gals! you must look sharp or I shall jockey you out of your Frenchman.

MISS T.—Do not talk so! Indeed, you humble me to the very dust. What will my friends think?

KATE.—I reckon I don't hurt you any, if your friends really like you. My talking will not prevent them—

COUNT.—For my part I am continually contrasting your ladylike actions with her vulgar ways.

KATE.—And did you ever contrast my manners with Judy Brown, our kitchen gal, when you used to come to spark her on Sunday nights! Poor Judy! she thought a sight of you, if she did give you the mitten. It went pesky hard with her when you left and nobody 'node for where.

MISS D. [*aside*]. Can it be that what she is saying is true? Does he not appear greatly confused?

MISS T.—Yes, indeed; and Pa said he looked more like a Green Mountain Yankee than a French Count.

KATE.—There, gals, you needn't be whispering—it's not good manners to whisper in company. I can larn them a little if I am from old Varmount. Say now, Bob, be honest: wouldn't you like to see Judy?

COUNT.—Is it possible that you are 'Squire Carlton's daughter? If so, five years has made a wonderful change, or you, Kate Carlton, for some reason, are in disguise.

KATE.—And if I am, though it may not become me as well as yours does you, I can wear it with more ease.

MISS T.—Oh, please do not listen to her!

COUNT.—Will you believe me that what she says is true! I am, indeed, no other than Bob Jones. Miss Carlton referred to the time I left so suddenly. I went to California, where, being successful, I soon amassed a large fortune. Returning home by way of this city, and wishing to figure a while in high life, found I could best do so by assuming a title. But the name of Judy Brown has awakened old memories, and I must see that warm-hearted girl again. Miss Carlton, will you inform me why you are here in this uncouth garb?

MISS T. [*hastily to Kate.*].—You at least are what you seem?

KATE.—Yes, I am a real Yankee girl, I can tell you, and no French Countess. I am sorry, Miss 'Twist, you have been deceived in those moving under an aristocratic title—in the first circle of society. In time you will learn not to take every thing for gold that glitters.

MISS D.—There is not much glitter about you.

KATE.—I may have the ring of true metal, notwithstanding. [*Turning to the Count*] You asked me why I am here in this uncouth garb. Though I had not intended to make the disclosure so early, Miss Twist has already discovered through you that I'm other than I seem. I am here through invitation from Mr. Twist, (my mother's brother,) but in this attire through a feeling of indignation provoked by the tone of a letter penned by Miss Twist to my sister.

MISS T.—Will you not forgive me? I sincerely repent having written it. Let my ignorance of country people be my excuse.

COUNT.—Yes, since a country butcher has had the power to palm himself off as a French Count, you must not trust too far to your own judgment. Since you have discovered my true character, I suppose I shall be no longer welcome. I will return to those who will prize me for my true worth and not for my wealth. Thank Miss Carlton for her timely disclosure, because, had it not been made, it might have been that you would have one day found yourself not a French Countess, but the wife of a country meat-vender. For the future take this advice: do not expect always to find truth in titles, or happiness in wealth, for titles are but a hollow sound, and wealth is easily squandered. I will bid you good-morning, [*moving towards the door.*]

KATE.—I'll see you agin one of these days when you come to spark Judy.

MISS D.—I have this day learned a lesson not to be forgotten.

MISS T.—If I had never taken your advice, Clara, and not have written that letter.

KATE.—Do not lament for what cannot be altered. Indeed, I think it happened for the best. Had Jane come as she intended, and you should have received her unkindly she would have immediately returned and this would have ended all intercourse between our families. I must frankly say that I believe it is your education and not the heart that is wrong, or you could not have borne so patiently my rude behavior this morning.

MISS T.—You are right in referring to my false education. I have been taught to consider country people ignorant and rude; in reality, I knew nothing about them.

KATE.—I believe you, and if you will visit us some time we will try to convince you, though we live among the Green Mountains, we are not barbarians. So now, if you will send for my *fixins* I will follow the Count's example. Though I had nerve enough to wear them here, I do not know how I shall ever appear in the street again in such a garb.

MISS T.—You shall not do it. You must not talk of leaving us; if you do I shall not feel as if I was forgiven.

KATE.—I cannot remain, for I have made arrangements to visit Professor Allen's before I return home.

Miss D. [*surprised.*].—Is it possible you are acquainted there?

KATE.—Oh, yes; his daughter Jennie and I are very intimate.

Miss T. [*aside to Clara.*].—Oh Clara, Ma has been so anxious to secure Allen's presence at our party. [*To Kate.*] Oh cousin, I can never forgive myself for writing that letter. No wonder it offended you. What can I do to convince you that I am heartily penitent?

KATE.—By never referring to it. But will you bring or send for my bonnet? I will return to the hotel where I have left my trunks.

Miss T.—You cannot go. I will send the servant for your trunks, but not a single step shall you go from here. I was the means of your wearing those clothes here, and you must not appear in the street again with them on.

KATE.—I do feel as if I hadn't the courage, but if Jennie Allen knew I was here she would not forgive me.

Miss T.—For my sake tell her nothing about it; but you must have your trunk, so I will not stand talking. I do not want Papa to see you in this garb. [*Turning to go.*]

KATE.—Well, if I remain, please show me to my room, for I do not wish to meet other visitors in this garb.

Miss T.—Certainly; come. Excuse me, Clara. [*Exit Kate and Miss T.*]

[*Clara Deans takes up a book. Enter Miss Twist.*]

Miss D.—Can it be possible that the lady who just left this room, can be the same who entered it scarcely an hour ago?

Miss T.—And my cousin too! What must she think of me treating her as I did?

Miss D.—You could not have acted otherwise; her manners were so rude. She must have been very indignant about that letter.

Miss T.—And no wonder; the very recollection of it makes my cheek burn with shame.

Miss D.—And Lizzie, only think of the Count turning out to be only a country butcher! Isn't it awful! What will our set think, I wonder?

Miss T.—We must never let it be known; we have this to console us: there are others who will be disappointed in him.

Miss D.—That is very true, and then I ad you married him, Lizzie, and——

Miss T. [*sharply.*].—That I would have never done; do you know there was always something disagreeable about him to me?

Miss D.—And to me; I could never endure him.

Miss T.—Now, Clara, you forget you once said to me you thought him perfectly splendid.

Miss D.—Did I? well that must have been when he was new—but isn't it splendid to think your cousin is intimate with Jennie Allen?

Miss T.—Yes, indeed, I am so glad; we shall secure her attendance at our party.

Miss D.—Oh, Lizzie, I forgot to tell you, Papa gave me a new set of pearls yesterday. They were selected from a new case at Preston's. There was but one other set like them, and they would be very becoming worn with your white dress.

Miss T.—I must have them then; but here comes Papa. I must talk to him about them. [*Aside.*] Don't say any thing to him about this morning.

[*Enter Mr. Twist. Salutes Miss D.*]

Miss T.—Oh, Papa, Clara has just been telling me that her Pa has given her a new set of pearls for my party. There is only one more set like them. You will get them for me, won't you?

MR. T.—Ah, ha! that party's getting talked over. How many hundred have you voted out of my purse to supply demands? Will one thousand or fifteen hundred be sufficient? I expect you two will charter Cupid's bow for your own individual use. No doubt the poor fellows' hearts will be terribly shattered.

Miss T.—Pshaw, Papa, you said I should have two thousand if I needed that much; but say, that's a good Papa, shall I have the pearls?

MR. T.—Well, well, we'll see; but did that Yankee Count give you a call this morning? I met him down the street looking very forlorn and wo-begone. I supposed some lady had sent him off in disgrace. How is it, have you given his Royal Highness an invitation to your party?

Miss T.—No, indeed, I have not. Oh, Papa! you couldn't guess who is here?

MR. T. [*looking around.*—Queen Victoria? Lady Adelaide? Emperor Napoleon and his bride?

MISS T.—Oh! papa!

MR. T.—Well, you told me I couldn't guess. Who is it?

MISS T.—Cousin Kate Carlton.

MR. T.—Indeed, I am really glad; she is quite lady-like, I hope. Did she come directly here when she arrived in the city? Where is she now?

MISS T.—Yes—no—I believe so; she is dressing for dinner. I will go see if she is ready to come down.

[*Exit Miss T.*]

MR. T.—Did I understand that Count D'Estrange was here this morning?

MISS D.—He was here. I believe he is going to leave the city.

MR. T.—I am glad of it; he is some New England adventurer. A wooden peg manufacturer, or something of the kind.

MISS D.—Or a Lowell factory man. I heard Miss Carlton say that you once resided in New England.

MR. T.—Hem—m—m, yes, but it has been many years ago; I have not much recollection of the place. While on a visit to Washington last winter I was introduced to a Mr. Carlton, a representative from Vermont, and was surprised on discovering him to be the husband of my sister, whom I had not heard from for many years; but here comes his daughter.

[*Enter Miss T. and Kate in full dinner-dress.*]

MR. T.—I am very happy to welcome my sister's daughter to New York, and I hope we shall be able to make her visit a pleasant one.

KATE.—Thank you.

MR. T.—I suppose you have never visited the city before.

KATE.—Oh, yes; I spent a year in the vicinity of New York at school.

MR. T.—Indeed, and we never knew it! When did you arrive in the city?

KATE.—I arrived in the midnight train.

MR. T.—Why did you not inform us of your arrival, or intention of visiting us, so we could have met you at the station? You should have come here directly.

EXCELSIOR DIALOGUES.

KATE.—How should I know that you would recognize me? Besides, I had other reasons.

MISS T.—And only think, papa, I could not at first realize that she was my cousin. It seems so strange that our family should have remained strangers so long, and she visits at Professor Allen's.

MR. T.—Indeed! ha! there's the dinner-bell; that's what I wanted to hear. After we have dinner I suppose we will have to drive round and look at those pearls.

MISS T.—Oh! thank you, papa. Then we can take Cousin Kate sight-seeing.

[*Mr. T. offers his arm to Kate.*]

KATE [*to Miss T.*].—Had I better wear grandma's wedding-gown?

RUNNING FOR CONGRESS.

CHARACTERS.

PELEG PIPPIN, Independent candidate for Congress

MARK DOOLITTLE, Pippin's confidential agent.

MR. BULL, of the free trade league.

MR. SELFISH, a protective tariff man.

MR. ROOT, an advocate of manhood suffrage.

MR. HIDEBOUND, conservative.

MR. CARPENTER, workingmen's union.

MR. BALLOON, for inflation of currency.

MR. BULLION, a hard-money man.

MR. SUMPTUARY, for prohibitory liquor law.

MR. FOGY, conservative.

GEN. BLATHERSKITE, A. I. R.

HERR GAMBRINUS, free lager.

MRS. STRONGBOW, female suffrage advocate.

CITIZENS AND LOAFERS.

SCENE I.—*Public House—Sitting-Room.*

DOOLITTLE — Well, there is but one thing to be done. We did our best, you very well know, to secure the regular nomination for you. All that money could do was done; and at one stage I would have bet a hundred to one that the game was in our own hands. So it would have been, if that knave of a Riley hadn't played double and sold us out. Never mind, old fellow, we haven't played our hands out yet. [*Shouts outside—"Three cheers for Pippin—hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"*] Do you hear that? I tell you the boys are with you, every one of them! I never saw so mad a crowd in my life as they were when they found that Sappy was nominated. They would have strung him up along with Riley, if the precious pair

hadn't taken pains to show a clean pair of heels each of them. You're bound to win yet, if you follow my advice. It is high time this wholesale cheating at primary elections and nominating conventions was stopped, or it will ruin our party or any other. The only way to break the slate is to run an independent ticket. Now is as good a time as we will ever have to pitch in, and you're just the man to lead off. Don't mince matters one whit. You've been cheated outrageously. Say the word and we'll make an open fight, and no favors asked of Sappy or anybody else. Just hark to the boys! [*Shouts as before.*] We'll organize an independent meeting right on the spot—nominate you at once—you give the boys a talk—and the ball is opened. Do that—manage the campaign as I tell you—and I'll stake my head you'll whip Sappy two to one. Come, my boy [*slapping him on the back heartily*], is it a go?

PIPPIN.—You really think I can beat him, Mark?

DOOLITTLE.—Not a shadow of doubt of it. Just wait till we let the crowd in, and you'll see whether you're popular or not. You go into the parlor, and I'll start the meeting here, and get every thing in ship-shape for you. [*Going.*]

PIPPIN.—Wait a bit, Mark; what will the thing cost? I'm willing to risk a fair amount; but we've sunk confoundedly already, you know, and have got nothing, or next to nothing, to show for it.

DOOLITTLE.—This time I'll attend to the disbursements myself. I won't let a penny go till I *know* where it lands. We can figure up after the nomination. Don't let a thousand or two stand in your way. We'll invest now to save what we've already got in. Face the music, and we'll bring Sappy to his bearings before we are through with it. [*Shouts outside.*] Leave now, and I'll set the machine going. Think over your speech quick—give it to them right and left—don't be mealy-mouthed. War to the knife, remember!

PIPPIN.—I'm in for it, then, Mark. You ought to know the ground. You are sure I can win?

DOOLITTLE.—I *know* it. Hurry up. [*Exit Pippin.*] There—he's fixed—and if he don't get well plucked by the time the race is over, then set Mark Doolittle down

for the biggest fool afloat. [*Shouts.*] Those rascals mean to earn their money. How do I stand in pocket? Pip gave me three thousand—Sappy fifteen hundred; so much to the debit side. Paid Riley five hundred—the boys out there two hundred—little incidentals, a hundred more—balance, thirty-seven hundred. Not bad for the first heat, Mark, my son! Egad! I must make a cool five this go—and then Mark and I will be in training ourselves for the next nomination. Here goes for contract No. 2. Keep steady, my dear boys—drive with a tight rein! [*Opens the door—shouting increases.*] Come in, boys! [*Beckoning. Crowd enters in different stages of drunkenness.*]

1ST CITIZEN.—Hooray for Pippin—the poor man's friend—hip-hip-hooray!

2D CITIZEN.—Hooray for Pippin—the workingman's friend—hip-hip-hooray!

3D CITIZEN.—Hooray for Pippin—everybody's friend—hip-hip-hooray!

[*Vociferous shouting—general disorder.*]

DOOLITTLE [*Mounting a chair and interrupted during his speech by shouts for Pippin.*].—Boys! you know how they cheated us! If anybody in God's world deserved any nomination, Pel. Pippin deserved that one! He's been swindled out of it by a pack of thieving dirty blackguards! Shall we put up with it? [*"No! no! no!"*] Our party didn't make Sappy a candidate. [*Groans for Sappy.*] Our party wouldn't do such a contemptible trick! This thing's gone far enough, boys—it has got to be stopped—and we're just the bully boys to stop it!

IRISH CIT.—I nominate Misther Pippin as our indipindint candidate for Congress!

GERMAN CIT.—I zegons dat! [*Cries of "Bully for you!" "Go in, old boy!" &c., &c.*]

DOOLITTLE.—Those who are in favor of the Honorable Peleg Pippin as an independent candidate from this district for the next Congress will say aye. [*Yells of "Aye!" "Aye!" cat-calls, shouts, &c.*] Those opposed will say "No."

IRISH CIT. [*brandishing stick.*].—I'd break the spalpeen's head who'd dare say it!

DOOLITTLE.—It is a uranimous vote; and the Honor-

able Peleg Pippin is the independent candidate from this district for the next Congress! [*Cries of "Where is he?" "Trot him out!" "Speech!" "Speech!" &c.*] Hold your horses, boys; I'll have him here in a jiffy. [*Retires and reappears shortly, escorting Pippin, who is received with cheers and a tiger.*]

PIPPIN [*from the floor*].—Friends and fellow-citizens—

IRISH CIT.—On the table wid ye, my boy. Show the boys the light of your blessed face.

PIPPIN [*mounting table*].—Friends and fellow-citizens. My friend, Mr. Doolittle, [*"hooray for Doolittle!"*] has just informed me that you have unanimously nominated me—[*"three cheers for Pippin!"*—]nominated me as your independent candidate for Congress. All of you, I presume, are aware of the manner in which I was swindled out of the regular nomination. [*Groans for Sappy.*] If that nomination had been fairly made, I should have given Mr. Sappy my hearty support; but as it is a piece of knavery and fraud—an outrage upon you, my fellow-citizens, as well as myself—I am not bound by it—I shall not support it. [*"You're a brick!"*] I accept with pleasure the nomination you have conferred upon me—[*"three cheers for Pippin!"*—]and will do my very best to succeed. I shall take off my coat, fellow-citizens, roll up my sleeves, and strike right and left at whoever and whatever stands in my way! [*"Go in, old Pip!"*] I ask no quarter of the scoundrels who have acted the part of villains towards me—towards us—and I'll give none! [*"Hip-hip-hip-hooray!"*] I depend upon you, my friends and fellow-citizens, for support. Whatever I may be able to do will come to but little if you do not rally round me. [*"We will, old fellow—we'll back you!"*] Let us all do our duty in the contest upon which we have entered, and so sure as the sun rises in the east and sets in the west, we shall win. Do not let it be said that scoundrelism can succeed among us! Do not pay a premium for black-hearted treachery! Put your feet upon it in all your majesty and crush it out, never to raise its serpent-head again! [*"So we will!" "So we will!"*] You know, my friends and fellow-citizens, my views on the political questions of the day—[*"Yes, Yes!" "Dry up!" "Dry up!" "Let's liquor!"*—]and I am not afraid, either here or

anywhere else, to speak them out and to defend them. So far as the great questions of the day—[*symptoms of uneasiness in the crowd. Doolittle, sitting near Pippin, pulls his coat-tail*—I say so far as the great questions of the day are concerned, I shall be ready at all times to let any of my friends and fellow-citizens know where I stand. [*"We know!" "You're all right!" "Hooray for Pip!" "Hooray for the drinks!"*] I shall be pleased to see any delegations at any and all times who may wish to talk with me upon any subject at issue in this great contest—[*Doolittle pulls his coat-tail*—and my friend, Mr. Doolittle, who is authorized to act in my behalf, will arrange for all such interviews. Again thanking you for your kindly interest in me, and hoping that victory may perch upon our banners, I bid you, friends and fellow-citizens, good-night.

[*Crowd breaks up noisily. "All hands aboard for the bar!" Cheers for Pippin and Doolittle, who remain in the room.*]

DOOLITTLE.—Didn't I tell you? You see for yourself now—don't you? But I was afraid you were going to put your foot in it when you began talking about the issues of the day—that's why I gave you the hint I did. You see, Pip, the fight will hinge on that. Sappy runs as the regular candidate, and will get a fair share of the party vote. We must draw off as many of our folks as we can—bag all of the opposition—and pick up what stragglers are lying round loose.

PIPPIN.—That's true—but I want to show our men that I'm a better party man than Sappy.

DOOLITTLE.—All fudge! Leave yourself in my hands. Don't open your mouth in public if you can possibly dodge it. If you do, don't commit yourself to any thing—talk generalities. In private, to the different delegations, you may say what is necessary. Then you can be all things to all men. We must grind every axe that's brought to us. I can put things up so that there will be no leaking. Secure the vote of every delegation that comes to you, no matter for what, but only by word of mouth, mark you—don't you put pen to paper—don't you answer a letter—I'll attend to that for you.

PIPPIN.—You're right, Mark; you're right. I'm in

your hands, my boy, and I'm thankful I've so good a friend to manage for me. When we're out of the woods, Mark, won't there be some tall crowing done? Make the money tell this time where there'll be no tripping up. I'll do the genteel thing in that line, you know, but don't squander it. How much do you say for a flyer? [*Taking out pocket-book.*]

DOOLITTLE.—I'll leave that with you—you won't be mean.

PIPPIN [*counting and handing*].—Here are twenty-five hundred. Make it get us out if you can—but if more is needed, or any thing special turns up that we can't foresee, you know where to come for more. Get up the delegations to suit yourself, and if pledging myself will do the business, depend on me for that. Let's be going—I'm tired enough with the day's work.

DOOLITTLE.—I'm agreed—let's take a drink and go.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Room in Private House.

PIPPIN [*seated at a table covered with letters, documents and papers*].—The work goes bravely on! Never man had a better friend than I have in Mark! It would kill me to go through what that fellow does every day. He must be iron-clad in and out. When I get my seat, about the first thing I'll do will be to bring in a bill to lengthen the term of service. It's asking altogether too much of us to go through this sort of thing every two years. And as for the constituents calling their representatives to account every other year, we, who are behind the scenes, know that is all bosh. Heigho! [*yawning and stretching.*] This is to be my hardest day—cartloads of delegations, expecting me to lie here and lie there, to swallow my own words, to eat humble-pie for them—faugh! I'll get rid of this somehow before I'm up for my second term—but now I must take the dose, whether I like it or not. I hear Mark's step. Good for the boy! What should I do without him! [*Doolittle enters.*] On hand, my boy, as usual. This is the day of days. Sit down and let me understand the ropes before we push off.

DOOLITTLE.—Hang me if I'd any notion how many issues are involved in this campaign—and the fate of our dearly beloved country hanging on every one. Let me see [*thinking*], there must be a dozen or more. Some of them, though, you can hustle off in a hurry—the nigger-voters, the she-voters, the liquor law men—they don't count much any way. But you must go through the motions with them—don't let them get mad, but say your "yes" in as few and as short words as you can. The bother I've had to get the time right for each, so there should be no clashing! I've come within an ace of botching it with some of the pig-headed fellows. Even yet I'm not entirely sure. However, I've stationed Tom Trusty at the corner—he knows all the delegations, having been around with me—to head them off, if there should be any blundering as to time. A pretty joke it would be to have them tumble in together so as to have a chance to compare notes!

PIPPIN.—That must be guarded against to a dead certainty. Every thing is going so swimmingly, there must be no blundering now.

DOOLITTLE.—We're safe for that. Sappy is shaking in his shoes, you'd better believe. Do you know one of his men had the impudence to offer me to the tune of three thousand this morning to sell you out? I knocked the cur down and left him.

PIPPIN.—He's a bigger ass than I thought. It's about time for some of them, isn't it? Draw on me for more money, Mark, if you need it. What did the Fenians cost yesterday?

DOOLITTLE.—A thousand.

PIPPIN [*counting and handing*]—Here are two. Take these letters with you into the other room, and see what's to be done with them. What delegation comes first?

DOOLITTLE [*looking at memorandum book*].—Free Trade League is booked for ten—and, bless me, where has the morning run to!—it's that now [*looking at watch*]. I'll take the letters, keep watch on the hall, and do the introducing. But you must make it as short as you possibly can without harm. Remember we've but three days more—and think of the work that's to be done! [*Goes out—puts his head immediately inside the door.*] Number

one of the series! [*Exit and returns.*] Mr. Bull, Mr. Pippin wishes a few moments talk with you on the question of Free Trade. [*Exit.*]

PIPPIN.—Take a seat, Mr. Bull.

BULL.—Thank you—but your time is too precious. I have called, more as a matter of formality than because I have any doubt about you. Indeed, I don't know that I should have troubled you at all, if Mr. Sappy's friends were not giving out that you had gone over to the high tariff men. I have called simply to have authority from yourself to pronounce the statement false.

PIPPIN.—That you may, Mr. Bull, unquestionably and emphatically. I have been acting with the party too long for such an imputation to have any influence upon sensible men.

BULL.—You have; indeed, you have. But every thing gets abroad in a heated campaign—especially in a fight like this.

PIPPIN.—When those who had been of our faith in Pennsylvania and New Jersey—and many of them leading men too—went over to the enemy on the tariff question, everybody knows that I stood by the creed of the fathers.

BULL.—So you did, Mr. Pippin—you did, sir—and I am certain that these calumnies will inure to your benefit. You will beat Sappy handsomely, I'm sure of it. I wish you success with all my heart [*shaking hands warmly*], and will trespass upon your time no farther. Good-morning. [*Exit.*]

PIPPIN.—If this visit would but prove a specimen brick of the entire lot! It's hoping against hope.

DOOLITTLE [*head inside of door*].—"Short horse soon curried!" They know you on that, though? [*Withdraws and enters.*] Mr. Root. Mr. Pippin. Mr. Root will explain the object of his call [*winking significantly. Exit*].

PIPPIN.—A seat, Mr. Root.

ROOT.—Thank you, sir. [*Sits.*] I have come this morning, Mr. Pippin, by appointment, as a representative of the Manhood Suffrage League, to ascertain from you personally, your position relative to the great question of the hour—a question, Mr. Pippin, which, in our judgment, towers above every other—a question which—

PIPPIN.—You allude to extending the right of suffrage to negroes, I presume.

ROOT.—Yes, sir—to that vital question. I have here, sir [*taking a roll of papers from his coat*], the resolutions adopted by the National League at its last meeting, together with the interrogatories alluded to in these resolutions, sir, which we propound to every candidate for office throughout the country. I will read them to you, sir.

PIPPIN.—Pardon me, Mr. Root; I will spare you that trouble. I understand the position which your friends take upon that question, and I can say to you frankly and without reserve, that I am in favor of equal and impartial suffrage the world over—nay, more—that I—

DOOLITTLE [*entering*].—Mr. Pippin, excuse the interruption—but another delegation is waiting.

ROOT.—I will leave the interrogatories with you, sir, and you can answer them at your leisure.

PIPPIN.—Not the least occasion for that, Mr. Root. You know my sentiments now—and my time is so occupied that, really—

ROOT [*rising*].—I will leave them, with your permission. [*Placing on table.*] You may wish to peruse them before taking the seat in the Halls of Congress to which I am confident, after your manly avowal, you will be returned at the next election. Allow me to congratulate you, sir, upon the cheering prospect. [*Shaking hands and exit.*]

PIPPIN.—Whew!

DOOLITTLE [*head inside*].—Look out for squalls now! [*Entering.*] Mrs. Strongbow, Mr. Pippin. Mrs. Strongbow wishes a few moments private conversation with you. I have stated to her the pressure upon your time, but have taken the liberty of claiming you in her behalf for a short interview. [*Exit, shaking his forefinger at Pippin.*]

PIPPIN.—Am pleased to meet you, madam. Please be seated. A beautiful morning we are having.

MRS. S.—Excellent weather. Pray, Mr. Pippin—you'll pardon the inquiry—but upon a nearer view of your features the resemblance is so striking—the expression particularly—that I can't help thinking it possible—are you

EXCELSIOR DIALOGUES.

of kin to the Pippins of Poppleton—Thomas Pippin, who married——

PIPPIN.—I believe I can lay claim to no kinship there, madam.

MRS. S.—I certainly never saw two faces more alike I should have taken you, most assuredly, for a brother of Thomas—he married Araminta Hurd, you know—and when I resided in——

DOOLITTLE [*entering*].—A delegation waits outside, Mr. Pippin.

PIPPIN.—Tell them I will be at their disposal in one moment. [*Exit Doolittle.*]

MRS. S.—Excuse me, Mr. Pippin, for detaining you, but I couldn't rid myself of the impression that you must be of kin—an excellent family, Mr. Pippin—an excellent family. [*Loud knocking at the outer door. Doolittle's voice heard outside.* "Have a moment's patience, gentlemen; just a moment!"]

PIPPIN.—My time is so taken up this morning, Mrs. Strongbow, that I am compelled to ask you to communicate to me the business upon which you have favored me with a call this morning. I regret exceedingly being so precipitate, but——

DOOLITTLE [*entering with Hidebound & Co.*].—Pardon me, madam, but I had stated to these gentlemen the exact number of minutes Mr. Pippin would be detained, and as they are obliged to take the next train, and their time is already much overrun——

MRS. S.—I will call again, then, Mr. Pippin, when you are more at leisure. Or, if you are down our way and would drop in some day this week. We live at——

PIPPIN.—I actually shall have no time, madam.

MRS. S.—Good-morning, then, Mr. Pippin—I will call again. [*Exit.*]

DOOLITTLE.—Mr. Hidebound, Mr. Pippin—Mr. Bullion, Mr. Fogy.

PIPPIN.—Give you good-morning, gentlemen.

HIDEBOUND.—A moment only for me, Mr. Pippin. I come at the request of the National Union Organization.

BULLION.—The same time for myself, Mr. Pippin, acting as the representative of the advocates of a specie currency.

EXCELSIOR DIALOGUES.

FOGY.—I will detain you no longer, Mr Pippin, in behalf of your fellow-citizens who are opposed to any further extension of our territory, for the present, at least.

PIPPIN.—You see how I am crowded, gentlemen; but, hurried as I am, I am glad that I have time enough to assure you that I am in favor of restoring the Constitution as it was—of bringing the currency back to a specie basis—and unalterably opposed to annexing another square inch of territory—for this generation, at least.

FOGY.—Here is my hand, sir, which on election-day will deposit a ballot for you. [*Extending.*]

HIDEBOUND.—And mine, sir; [*do.*] for a return to the good old times.

BULLION.—And mine, likewise, for a stable system of finance. Be under no concern as to your election, sir. You will be returned.

FOGY—HIDEBOUND.—That you will, sir—that you will
[*Exeunt.*]

[*Shrill female voice heard out of doors.*]

DOOLITTLE [*head inside*].—Madam Strongbow is haranguing a crowd outside. I'll speak to No. 207 to ask her to move on. [*Exit.*]

PIPPIN.—Poor Mr. Strongbow—if such there be!

DOOLITTLE [*entering*].—Mr. Selfish, Mr. Pippin.

[*Exit.*]

SELFISH.—I just dropped in to give you a hearty shake of the hand, sir. [*Doing so.*] Sappy is making votes for you on all sides—yes, sir, when he thinks he is harming you the most. It is true, then, is it, what he says, that you are with us on the tariff question?

PIPPIN.—I am sorry to be forced to speak disparagingly of an opponent even—but it is the only truth I have heard of his circulating.

SELFISH.—We tariff men will stand by you, sir. You shall be in Washington, sir—depend upon that. It is high time the manufacturing interest had a representative there from this section. Good-morning, sir. [*Exit.*]

DOOLITTLE [*entering*].—General Blatherskite, of the Army of the Irish Republic, Mr. Pippin. I have handed the General five hundred as your contribution to the cause.

GEN. B.—And the sons of the green isle will soon show the world that the valor of their sires is not forgotten.

After your liberal contribution, Mr. Pippin, I need not, as Head Centre, have any doubt as to your co-operation with us, as a free and independent American legislator?

PIPPIN.—None whatever, General! I am with you, heart and soul.

GEN. B.—Every Fenian vote in the district is yours. I will have a chat with you next winter, at Washington. I shall room at Willard's. Good-morning. [*Exit.*]

DOOLITTLE [*entering*].—Mr. Carpenter, Mr. Pippin—concerning the labor movement. [*Exit.*]

PIPPIN.—Be seated, if you please, Mr. Carpenter.

BALLOON [*entering*].—I just ran in a minute, Pip, to ask you if that article in the "Speculators' Gazette" of this morning, signed "P. P.," favoring an expansion of the currency commensurate with the wants of the business community, is not yours? I am sure I can't be mistaken.

PIPPIN.—You are not. It is mine. Do you like it?

BALLOON.—Like it! I'll have five thousand copies of it struck off and distributed through the district. It will elect you, man, by an overwhelming majority.

PIPPIN.—Talk with Doolittle about that, will you—don't interfere with his plans

BALLOON.—We'll settle it between us. Gad! It is a regular clincher. [*Exit.*]

PIPPIN.—Mr. Carpenter, give me your hand! It affords me hearty pleasure to shake a toil-browned hand. If it is ever in my power to help along the workingman, you may rest assured that I shall spare no effort in his behalf. I think you don't go far enough. For myself, I am in favor of dividing the day into four parts: six hours each, for work, for study, for sleep, and for recreation. But, if we can get no more, we will put up with a National Eight Hour Law, till we can do better.

CARPENTER.—Every Workingman's Union shall know of this by to-morrow night—and we'll get up a procession of workingmen to escort you to your seat in Congress. [*Exit.*]

GAMBRINUS [*entering, somewhat unsteady*].—Herr Pepin, ish you for freedom and free lager—or ish you not?

PIPPIN.—I am down upon all liquor laws—now and all the time.

GAMBRINUS.—Den, mein Gott, I votes for you, Herr Pepin—and so does all of us. [*Exit.*]

DOOLITTLE [*entering*].—Mr. Sumptuary, Mr. Pippin—prohibitory liquor law. [*Exit.*]

SUMPTUARY.—I hope, Mr. Pippin, that the individual I just met does not represent your feelings on the important question of temperance?

PIPPIN.—Far from it, Mr. Sumptuary. I am in favor of a national prohibitory liquor law of the most stringent kind. The excise law of New York is too much of a concession to the rum interest to meet my approval.

SUMPTUARY.—Give me your hand, sir. [*Shaking.*] I am rejoiced. Your position has been sadly misrepresented; but I will see that you are placed right before the temperance men of your district. When once in Congress, I trust that you will banish liquor from the entire city consecrated by the name of Washington.

PIPPIN.—I will strive earnestly to that end.

SUMPTUARY.—Good-morning, sir. [*Exit.*]

PIPPIN.—Good-morning.

DOOLITTLE [*entering*].—That is the last, thank fortune! A good morning's work done! Madam Strongbow has been denied admission twice since she left, but she managed to stick some of her she-voting tracts under the door. Now, for dinner, and then for that drive.

PIPPIN.—With all my heart. I wish this business were off my hands.

DOOLITTLE [*going out with Pippin*].—We'll make up for it when we get to Willard's. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Room in a Private House.*

PIPPIN.—What can keep Mark away this morning! He was to have been around bright and early with the full returns of the election. When we left late last night he assured me—and so did everybody I met—that I was a long way ahead. I hope nothing has gone amiss. I wish he would come. Why are not the papers here?

BALLOON [*entering*].—I congratulate you, Pip. I knew you would beat them all hollow! That article did the business! I told you it would! [*Shaking hands heartily.*]

PIPPIN.—Have you seen the returns yet?

BALLOON.—To be sure. Haven't you? Here's the "Gazette"—read for yourself. [*Handing paper.*]

PIPPIN [*reading*].—"From the third district our returns are somewhat indefinite; but as PIPPIN (independent) is reported to have 3,008 votes out of a registered list of but 5,017, we think there can be no doubt of his having beaten SAPPY (regular) by a very handsome majority." [*Returning paper.*] It does look like it, I confess.

BALLOON.—I should think it did—very much like it—and I am delighted. [*Enter Bullion, Bull, Selfish, Root, Hidebound, Sumptuary and Gambrinus.*] We will have one man now in Congress who has both the disposition and the nerve to force an expansion of our currency.

BULLION.—What do I hear? I was coming forward to congratulate you [*to Pippin*] on your election, believing you, from what you yourself have told me, determined to use your influence to place the currency upon a specie basis. Am I to understand that you didn't mean what you said?

PIPPIN [*embarrassed*].—I will explain every thing, Mr Bullion, at the proper time, to your entire satisfaction.

BULL [*advancing*].—Free trade adds another champion to the almost solid phalanx of the mighty West! I congratulate you with all my heart. [*Shaking hands.*]

SELFISH.—Mr. Pippin, can you listen to such remarks without rushing to an indignant denial? You who authorized me to declare you an out-and-out high protective tariff man! What does this mean?

PIPPIN.—Another time, gentlemen—another time we'll talk it over quietly.

ROOT [*advancing*].—It affords me pleasure [*extending hand*] to grasp the hand of an honest manhood-suffrage member of Congress elect.

HIDEBOUND [*looking amazed*].—Mr. Pippin, is that the fact? Do you call such action restoring the Constitution as it was? How are the great National Union Party, to whom you have pledged yourself over and over again, to regard such conduct on your part? Sir, answer me that.

PIPPIN.—You must not worry me, gentlemen. I say again we will talk all these matters over at some more fitting time.

[*Bull and Selfish, Balloon and Bullion, Root and Hide-*

bound, withdraw aside in couples, and engage in earnest conversation, casting glances from time to time at Pippin.]

GAMBRINUS.—Shust so soon mine frau tells me Herr Pippin is in de Congress, I brings round von goot—two—dree goot kegs of bock beer—and dey ish on de drey shust at de door—[*pointing*]*—hoorah!* We puts dose Yankee pfarren down! [*Grasping hands.*]

SUMPTUARY.—I am disgusted, Mr. Pippin, with your duplicity—

PIPPIN.—Hear me a moment, Mr. Sumptuary—

SUMPTUARY.—I'll have no more words with you, sir. [*Flinging himself out. Newsboy cries outside, "'Ere's your Extra Gazette—full election returns—only five cents!" Sumptuary opening the door, throws an extra to Pippin.*] Double-dealing—you'll see, sir—doesn't always succeed even with a politician. [*Exit.*]

PIPPIN [*reads*].—Was any thing ever like it? I see through it, I think. Mark Doolittle—I'll find him, if I have to search the State, and bring him to an account—knaves, tricksters, cheats, scoundrels all! [*Rushes out, leaving paper behind.*]

ROOT [*reading*].—So—so! Well—I never—

ALL.—What? What? What? [*crowding around him.*]

ROOT [*reads*].—"We are now in possession of complete returns from the third district, which in our regular morning issue we conceded to PIPPIN, (Independent.) By some trickery not yet understood, but which we shall assuredly ferret out, a cipher was surreptitiously inserted in the figures indicating PIPPIN's vote, which is 308, instead of 3,008. Full returns give SAPPY (regular) 4,212, a majority of 3,904 over his competitor. If any money has changed hands upon the strength of the statement in our regular edition, we trust that those involved will be honorable enough to rectify. We assure the public that none can regret this petty piece of knavery more than we."

[*Various exclamations of surprise—all leaving except Balloon.*]

BALLOON.—Poor Pip! Somebody has Jewed him. He thought he was *running for Congress*, poor fellow. 308 votes out of a poll of 4,520! Why he didn't even get up to a respectable walk! [*Curtain falls.*]

THE WIZARD OF VALLEY FORGE.

CHARACTERS.

GEN. WASHINGTON.	CHAS. MORELAND,
GEN. LAFAYETTE.	Husband to Charlotte.
WIZARD, who also assumes the character of Mr.	CAPT. DANVERS,
MANDEVILLE.	Husband to Nora.
OFFICER.	IRISHMAN.
LIEUTENANT.	SCOTCHMAN.
MR. SUMMERS.	PHYSICIAN.
MRS. SUMMERS.	MADAM VANDORE, a Tory.
CHARLOTTE SUMMERS,	GEN. REED.
NORA SUMMERS,	COLORED SERVANT.
MARY SUMMERS,	CAPT. MORTON.
Daughters of Mr. S.	Soldiers and others.

SCENE I.—*In a Forest.*

LAFAYETTE.—Think no more of the matter, for I assure you, General, that Congress has seen its error in listening to the machinations of those envious men.

WASHINGTON.—I have never noticed my personal enemies, for I have enough to do to contend with the enemies of my country.

LAF.—You have triumphed over the one, and God grant that you may yet triumph over the other. It is rumored that your countrymen now in Paris—Benjamin Franklin, Silas Deane, and Arthur Lee—have negotiated a treaty with France, and if so, which God grant it may be, you may bid defiance to the lion of England.

WASH.—God grant it may be so, for we are surrounded by dangers on every side, not the least of which are the foes who are in our very midst, yet who profess to be our friends. Nothing but the mighty arm of God can lead us to victory. [*Both silent, Washington with eyes uplifted, as in prayer.*] Yes, I am satisfied the power alone of Him who spoke the universe into existence can give a

handful of men in distress the victory over the legions of England, fresh from the well-fought fields of Europe, and to Him alone I shall look for strength to put down our enemies. If God is with us the treaty with France has been made, and we shall triumph.

WIZARD [*sitting behind a tree unobserved, and speaking in a deep voice*]—We shall triumph.

WASH. [*drawing his sword.*]—Are you a friend or foe? Speak.

WIZ. [*after a short pause.*]—You have nothing to fear from me. You have seen me ere this, and you will no doubt see me again ere the war is ended.

LAF. [*pistol in hand.*]—Your manner, as well as your meaning, is mysterious.

WIZ.—Put up your weapons, gentlemen, for I again assure you that you have nothing to fear, but much to hope from me. I know you both, though I am unknown to you, and must remain so, for my history is beyond your reach; seek not I beseech you to know me any further, that I may voluntarily be of service to you.

WASH. [*approaching the Wizard.*]—Who are you, and from whence?

WIZ.—You do not know who I am and never can, as I told you before. My present habitation, like your own, is in the dark forest of Valley Forge! Yet, mean as I may appear to you, I have moved amid the mightiest men, and shone in the princely palaces and courts of Europe; have trod the halls of grandeur and gayety, and am not unknown in the temples of learning. But pardon me: I can say no more, save to assure you that no coward blood runs in my veins, and that I am not what I seem.

WASH.—We are satisfied that you are not what you seem; and we would fain know your history and render you any assistance in our power, but as you have forbidden any further inquiry, we will not intrude.

WIZ. [*politely.*]—As to assistance, I need it not; but I expect to assist you and your nation in rending asunder the chains that have so long rattled on your arms, and in hurling to the earth the galling yoke that has so long bowed you to the dust. All I ask is to have free access to your person, and permission to enter and leave the camp, when and at what time I please.

WASH. [*scrutinizingly.*]—But we must have confidence——

WIZ.—Ah! when you know me longer, you will like me better—that is, if you will always know me, for I am like Proteus; I assume many shapes. Would you know whether I am an American at heart, look at that. [*Hands him a copy of an oath never to rest until the country shall be free from England*]

[*Enter Lieutenant and Officer.*]

OFFICER [*to Lieutenant*]—His Excellency, the Commander-in-Chief, and General Lafayette, in conversation with the strangest and most mysterious being I have ever seen!

WASH.—Lieutenant, do you know this man?

LIEUT.—As much I presume, Your Excellency, as any one does, for he is the most singular and deceptive being I have ever met.

WIZ. [*haughtily, and drawing himself up to his full height.*]—Did I ever deceive you?

LIEUT.—You misunderstand me. I only meant that it was hard to comprehend you. Why, gentlemen, at the taking of Burgoyne he fought like a tiger; was at one time down on the field with a stalwart Hessian over him in the act of giving him his death-warrant, when he suddenly drew a pistol and sent a ball to the heart of his antagonist. At another time I saw him battling single-handed with three Englishmen, when I went to his assistance. I have met him on several occasions, but had he not made himself known, I should never have recognized him as the same being. He is here, there, and everywhere.

WASH. [*turning to Lafayette.*]—He may be of service to us.

LAF.—Right; especially in secret expeditions.

WIZ.—You will find in me a friend, though you may not at all times recognize me as such.

WASH. [*earnestly.*]—Then I will see that your wish shall be gratified. You shall at all times have free access to the camp, and my person. To have fought against Burgoyne is sufficient recommendation, and entitles you to my regard.

WIZ.—I ask no further favors. What services I may

render will be as much to gratify my own revenge, as to benefit you and your country. Seek not to know who I am, as your curiosity would be gratified at the cost of my services. Be not surprised at any disguise I may assume, or at any situation in which I may be placed, but be assured of my fidelity. Be my disguise still impenetrable, my name unknown. Should I ask any assistance, render it, without seeking to know the why or wherefore. This is all I have to ask and you to grant, and if I do not render you service, it will be because it is beyond my power. If I prove recreant to my vow, may the lightnings of Heaven—

WASH.—Enough. [*Grasping his hand.*] I bid you farewell. I hope we shall meet again, to our mutual benefit.

WIZ.—I hope so. But of present and future interviews let nothing be said. [*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE II.—*In Mr. Summers' Parlor. Mr. and Mrs. S., Charlotte, and Charles Moreland, her intended.*

CHARLOTTE.—Thank God! thank God! that you, Charles, have at last been prevailed on to abandon the unrighteous cause of the rebels, and return to your allegiance to your lawful sovereign. Never could I have accepted your hand on any other terms.

[*Charles hangs his head.*]

MR. S.—Cheer up, my boy: you are not only entitled to the hand of my daughter, but to the thanks of all loyal and well-disposed people.

MRS. S.—Ay, and you will receive a higher commission in the British than you held in the rebel army. Here is Mr. Mandeville, just arrived from England, and with whom we became acquainted by accident, who can inform you of the brilliant offers made to all who will relinquish the rebel cause.

[*Charles looks at Mr. M. and starts.*]

CHARLES [*aside*].—Surely I have seen that face before

MR. S.—As you have just arrived from England, Mr. Mandeville, you cannot conceive with what desperation these rebels fight. Who could have believed that General

Burgoyne and his whole army would have been taken by a shirtless, shoeless and half-starved set of ploughmen.

MANDEVILLE.—Though I am an Englishman, I should say they were the very men to accomplish such a triumph; for what may men not accomplish who will endure such privations, and who are fighting for their own homes, their firesides, their wives, and children, to say nothing of the freedom of their posterity.

MR. S.—They cannot stand the contest long. And though I was born an American, I ardently hope to see the day when Washington will fall into the hands of the British, who have already offered large rewards for him.

MAND.—That will be a difficult matter to accomplish. He is too good a soldier and too wary a man.

MR. S. [*smiling*].—Why, Mr. Mandeville, did I not stand before an Englishman, I should take you to be a rebel.

MAND.—Rebel, or not, sir, I would gladly know the manner in which that hero could be entrapped.

MR. S.—Would you hesitate at being concerned in taking him? I have a scheme on foot.

MAND.—Not a moment! Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to know your plan and to hold a villain up to the execration of mankind.

MR. S.—Come this way, my dear Mandeville.

[*Both retire.*]

MRS. S.—Well Charles, have you told Sir Henry Clinton all about that Frenchman's situation at Barren Hill? [*Charles drops his head in his hands and weeps.*]

MRS. S.—Fie, Charles, for shame! Do you weep that you have obtained the fair hand that you so ardently sought, or that you have done your duty by returning to your allegiance to your lawful sovereign. Neither of these should be a cause of grief. Cheer up, for you'll yet have cause to rejoice that you have done your duty.

CHARLES [*sorrowfully*].—I have a presentiment of evil. As I was walking alone I encountered a strange-looking being, who represented himself as a soothsayer or fortune-teller, and certainly no man, if man he was, ever more thoroughly embodied my ideas of what a wizard should be, than did he. I threw him a piece of silver and humorously asked him to tell my fortune. My blood even now

runs cold at the recollection of his solemn manner and the expression of his face as he foretold my destiny.

MRS. S. and CHARLOTTE [*laughing*].—And what was it?

CHARLES.—Ah! I laughed myself when he commenced, but he seemed so earnest and so emphatic, that though I have never believed in supernatural revelations, a cold chill crept over me, and I shuddered.

CHARLOTTE [*playfully imitating the melancholy manner of Charles*].—But what was it, Charlie?

CHARLES.—I shudder to think of it. He foretold that I should meet the doom of a traitor to my country and that those by whose influence I was actuated would——

MRS. S.—My dear child, what is the matter? You are pale and trembling!

CHARLES.—I cannot go on, for the bare recollection of the man and his manner freezes my very soul.

CHARLOTTE.—Well, well, these notions will pass away when you are a great officer in the King's army.

[*Enter Mr. S. and Mr. M.*]

MR. S.—What is the matter?

CHARLOTTE.—Oh, nothing! only Charlie has been frightened at the goblin story of a wizard.

MR. MAND. [*apparently musing*].—The wizard! Right! I have seen this same wizard of the forest, and never were the predictions of a prophet more certainly verified. If he forebodes you good or evil you may rely upon its fulfilment, for I am told he is deeply skilled in astrology, and reads events in the stars as others do in books. [*Charles starts.*] Well, we must part for the present.

MR. S. [*advancing and taking Mandeville by the hand.*].—And may we meet again to the fulfilment of our wishes and the triumph of the King.

MRS. S.—And may we all triumph as well as the cause of the good King George, in spite of the wizard.

CHARLOTTE [*with a loud laugh*].—AMEN!

[*Exit Mandeville.*]

MR. S.—You seem dejected, Charles!

CHARLES.—I know not what to do.

MRS. S.—Can you hesitate a moment, when fame, fortune, friends, and a beautiful bride await you?

CHARLES.—I am fearful that dereliction from duty will bring ruin on us all. In the perplexity of my mind I

know not what to do. To delay even will be fatal. May God direct me what to do for the best.

MR. S.—Poh! poh! Charles, give not away to foolish fear! What harm can reach you when under British protection?

MRS. S.—Indeed you pay but a poor compliment to Charlotte, whose heart and hand you protested you prized above all price, and now you hesitate in doing that which is plainly your duty to do. You hesitate in laying down the arms you had raised in rebellion against your lawful King, and in returning to your duty, when honor, wealth, friends, and the hand of her you profess to adore, are to be your reward.

CHARLES [*taking his hat and leaving*].—Well, I'll think of it further. [*Exit Charles.*]

MR. S.—Oh, what a fearful fellow! He starts at his own shadow. But we shall bring him to the sacrifice of his darling hobby and mushroom reputation. We'll rob the rebels of one brave fellow at all events, and Nora shall be made to repent her bargain and her rebel notions before a great while.

MRS. S.—Yes, her ragamuffin husband, like the rest of the rebel officers, has scarcely enough to eat and cover his own nakedness, without having a wife depending on him.

CHARLOTTE.—You'll see her sneaking home before long.

MR. S.—She need not come here. Let her find friends among those whose cause she has espoused. She has no reason to expect sympathy from us.

MRS. S.—Right! If she had not been told beforehand what she had to expect, I would not be so severe; but when I remonstrated with her respecting her marrying that Captain Danvers, she had the impudence to stand up for the rebel cause. But she'll repent her rash runaway adventure, as sure as I'm a dutiful subject of the good King George.

MR. S.—Ay, how willingly will she sneak back to the family when George Washington shall be delivered into the hands of the British general, and the upstart rebels shall have been put down, as they ought to be. If we succeed in the undertaking, as I expect to do, we shall be immortalized in history and celebrated throughout the

world. Wealth will be showered upon us, and I expect nothing else but that we shall be among the nobility.

MRS. S.—Ha! ha! ha! But wont that be a glorious triumph! We can then look down upon those who now hate us because we do not favor the rebel cause.

CHARLOTTE.—Oh, happy, happy day! How I should like to move among the nobility and be styled her Grace and her Ladyship!

MRS. S.—Oh, yes! Wont it sound grand to be styled his Grace the Duke of Summers, and the Duchess of Summers, or Lord and Lady Summers.

CHARLOTTE.—And the Marquis and Marchioness of Moreland! Wont that sound delightfully grand? Oh! it makes my heart leap with pleasure to think of it.

MR. S. [*putting his fingers on his lips.*—You must remember that all this glory depends upon your keeping it a profound secret. The truth is, I never should have confided it to women; for it has been discovered by profound naturalists what the cause is that a woman cannot keep a secret.

MRS. S. and C.—And what is it?

MR. S.—Why it has been discovered that Eve, the mother of all mankind, instead of being made out of one of Adam's ribs, was manufactured out of the greater part of his tongue.

CHARLOTTE.—How in the name of sense can that prevent her from keeping a secret?

MR. S.—Because she has an irresistible propensity to talk, and she must and will talk. Nothing gives her greater pleasure than to have something to tell.

MRS. S. [*with dignified courtesy*].—You have a very contemptible opinion of our sex, my Lord Summers.

MR. S.—Nothing more than the sex deserves.

CHARLOTTE.—It shows the generous, confiding, social disposition of woman. If she enjoys any thing, she is willing to share it with her neighbor, unlike the selfish disposition of man. She wishes others to know what she knows, to feel what she feels, and to enjoy what she enjoys.

MR. S.—Yes, and if the revelation would hang a dozen men, she could not resist the pleasure of telling what she hears. But I hope you will take heed and be silent. Our intention is not known but to ourselves and Mr. Mande-

ville. Should it be revealed, it would bring eternal ruin on us all.

Mrs. S.—It will never go from us.

[*All rise to leave.*]

CHARLOTTE.—No, never.

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE III.

LAFAYETTE [*soliloquizing*].—Strange, that man, with all his reason and all his capabilities of appreciating and enjoying the beautiful in nature, should mar it by the horrors of war! Strange, that one portion of mankind cannot, or will not, suffer another portion to enjoy life and liberty without bloodshed to obtain the privilege! Here is a beautiful country, a perfect Eden, where peace and plenty alone should dwell, but, owing to the selfish nature and vile passions of man, it is turned into a slaughter-house, where, instead of the hum of peaceful industry and the music of nature, the roar of cannon is heard, and instead of the husbandman returning to his happy home, to be cheered by the smiles of his wife and children, he returns to see midnight glitter with the blaze of his burning cottage, and the bleeding bodies of his children butchered by the hands of the Indian, or no less savage white man. Strange, indeed, are our notions of murder: if one man kill another in time of peace, he is execrated as a foul murderer; while he who butchers by wholesale is immortalized on the pages of history as a great man—when at the same time, too, he butchers those who are struggling for their rights and privileges which God has decreed to the whole human race. When will men learn to live in peace!

WIZ. [*enters, dressed as an old woman with staff and basket.*].—Good-morning, General! I am happy to meet you again, and alone too.

LAF. [*scrutinizingly.*].—I know not that we have met before.

WIZ.—It matters not, General, as respects that. I have come to ascertain something more important.

LAF.—And pray what may that be?

WIZ.—I come to know whether you are ready to meet the enemy

LAF.—What enemy, madam, do you mean?

WIZ.—I mean your enemy in Philadelphia, the British, sir.

LAF.—There is no prospect of an attack from that quarter at present.

WIZ.—You are mistaken.

LAF.—In what manner?

WIZ.—Has not an officer deserted from your command?

LAF.—He has—Charles Moreland.

WIZ.—The same, sir, and he has communicated to the British general some particulars which I expect will induce an attack. I come therefore to warn you to be in readiness to receive them.

LAF.—I thank you for the intelligence. [*Offers her some pieces of silver.*]

WIZ.—Nay, sir, I ask and can receive no reward.

LAF. [*viewing her in wonder.*].—Did you say we had met before?

WIZ.—Ay! At Valley Forge in the forest.

LAF.—Good heavens! can it be possible that you are the same unknown that Washington and myself met in the woods?

WIZ.—The same, General. By my disguise as a fortune-teller I am enabled to wander where I could not otherwise go, and to obtain knowledge that I could not otherwise acquire.

LAF.—I should never have recognized you. [*Taking him by the hand.*] You must be some extraordinary being.

WIZ.—To my art in disguising myself I am indebted for my safety, for I have been in the presence of, and conversed with those, who, had they known me, would have rejoiced to sacrifice me.

LAF.—May God protect you.

WIZ. [*grasping his hand.*].—Farewell! and remember to say nothing of our interview, or of my disguise. I should not have made myself known had I not wished to impress it upon your mind that there is danger of an attack.

LAF.—You may rely upon my secrecy. Farewell!

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE IV.—*In a Hospital. Captain Danvers lying suffering from his wounds. Nora watching by his side. Irishman and Scotchman wounded lying on the floor.*

[*Enter Doctor.*]

NORA.—Oh! Doctor, tell me candidly, is there any hope?

DOCTOR.—He may recover, but at present the chances are against him. He has lost so much blood that the energies of nature are destroyed.

NORA.—Tell me in one word, must he die?

DOCTOR.—He will die in less than three days.

[*Nora bursts into a paroxysm of grief.*]

DANVERS.—Do not weep, Nora. 'This is the fate of war, and if I die, I die nobly in the cause of my country.

DOCTOR.—I thought he was delirious. Dry up your tears; a change has taken place, and he will recover.

NORA [*clasping her hands in an attitude of prayer*].—Heaven be praised! Then I shall have one friend remaining this side the grave.

DOCTOR.—I will call soon again.

[*Exit Doctor.*]

IRISHMAN.—Och! noo, an' it's a mighty great blessin' till hev a lovin' wife till sit by ye the day an rade and be spakin' the word o' comfort whin ye hev a British ball in yer body. Och! but it's meself that 'ud be after heven that same meself.

SCOTCHMAN.—Hoot, mon, awa', ye winna think sic a thing as to hae the puir guid lassie yousel. I wadna think o' sic a thing, Tam.

IRISHMAN.—Hoot, mon, yersel, ye don't understand my maning at all, at all. I didn't be afther sayin' I'd hev the lady meself. I intended till mane that I'd be afther heven one jist like herself. There's a mighty great difference betwaine the two, though they're jist alike.

SCOTCHMAN.—True, I dinna ken the meaning o't, but I spake out, an' a guid advisement comes nae ill. I dinna care at all, for I never felt the luvver's joy, but I mauu think the guid dame has nae love to spare ye.

IRISHMAN.—Och, ye spalpeen! The back of me hand till ye, an' sure I never meant till mane that I'd begrudge

another man's wife, an' it's meself 'ud say ye'er a foolish felly, ye are.

SCOTCHMAN.—Gae mind yer business, Tam. I'd make ye tak that back, but I hae twa wounds already.

IRISHMAN [*taking a crutch in his hand and shaking at the Scotchman*].—I'll fight ye wid a shelalah on the flure; and ye don't hold yer tongue, I'll put me foot in yer face. [*They try to strike each other lying on the floor, and make quite a disturbance.*]

[*Enter Officer.*]

OFFICER.—Hold here! What's the matter? Order at once, or I'll have you both marched off to the guard-house.

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE V.—*A Party at Mr. Summers' house.*

MADAM VANDORE.—What do you think, General, of the cause of freedom? Can it succeed, think you?

GEN. REED.—As sure as there's a God in heaven.

MADAM V. [*looking the General in the face.*].—I hope it may; but I have my fears. Indeed, I have had several fearful omens, in dreams and otherwise, that make me tremble for the result; and I have heard that the Wizard, who roams the forest and who is so deeply skilled in astrology, has foretold the speedy fall of our high-built hopes.

GEN. R. [*bluffly.*].—I neither put faith in dreams nor astrology; and if all the wizards in Christendom were to tell me so, I would not believe them.

MADAM V. [*seemingly having paid no attention.*].—Oh, it will be a sad affair and an awful reckoning with the Americans—better had they never been born than to have taken up arms against the Mother Country. I tremble when I think of the awful consequences.

GEN. R. [*jocularly.*].—It will only be the present of a hemp collar or cravat, and we shall not be the first who have been elevated for having loved liberty.

MADAM V.—Ah, General; but think of the anguish that such a catastrophe would carry to the bosoms of mourning mothers, weeping wives, and fatherless children, to say nothing of the odium, the deep disgrace that—

GEN. R. [*warmly.*—No, madam! you should call it glory! I should consider it glory to hang for the sacred cause of liberty; and as to mourning mothers, wives, and orphans, they must take the fate that awaits them, as we shall.

MADAM V. [*silent and baffled.*—If we should fail, it will be awful indeed. We have disregarded the repeated admonitions of the Mother Country to desist, and if we are forced to lay down the weapons of war, which I religiously believe will be the case, death and distraction will fill the land. The cry of mourning will be in every habitation, and it will cost the lives of most of our great, talented and distinguished men.

GEN. R.—And what would you do, madam, in such a case?

MADAM V.—Why, sir, if I were an American general, I would lay down my arms and accept not only mercy, but brilliant reward.

GEN. R. [*interrupting.*—God of Heavens! and would you turn traitor to your country, to your home, to your God? Then indeed would that American general deserve hanging.

MADAM V.—Had you rather suffer ignominious death, and send sorrow to every bosom in which your blood runs, than to return peacefully to your allegiance, blessed with wealth, honor—

GEN. R.—But what surety is there of that? What surety, madam, has a general of reward who should agree to assist in bringing the colonies into subjection?

MADAM V. [*brightening.*—Why, sir, he has the solemn assurance of the British government that if he forsake the rebel cause, and assist in putting down the rebels, he will be rewarded not only with showers of gold, but with honors and a title.

GEN. R. [*affecting a serious air.*—That is very tempting.

MADAM V.—General Reed, I am empowered to make you a confidential offer, if you will seriously listen to it, and the terms will lift you above the frowns of the world.

GEN. R.—I am anxious, madam, to know it.

MADAM V. [*delighted.*—It is this: if you renounce the fallacious cause of freedom, and do all in your power

to put down the rebels, your immediate reward will be ten thousand pounds, and any office in the colonies within the King's gift.

GEN. R. [*earnestly*.]—It is folly, madam, to trifle any longer. I am not worth purchasing, but such as I am, the King of England is not rich enough to buy me.

SERVANT [*in livery*]—An 'omen in de yard, massa, what want to speak to you.

MR. and MRS. S. [*at once*.]—Who is she?

SER.—Can't tell dat, massa, for she's a cryin' so dat de poor gal can't speak. She has on an ole bonnet and linsey-woolsey frock, an' hardly hab no shoes on de feet.

MRS. S. [*sourly*.]—Can it be Nora who has come here to pester us at such a time as this?

SER.—'Taint Miss Nora, don't think, massa; howsumd-ever I see.

MRS. S. [*in an undertone to servant*.]—Tell the good-for-nothing trollop to clear out. She has no business here at such a time, be she who she may. [*Exit negro.*]

SERVANT [*outside*].—Miss, you must lebe de place.

NORA.—Oh, God! oh, God! can I not then see my parents, whom I have ever loved so dearly, and whose injunctions I have never transgressed but once?

SERVANT.—Dar den, I gib you tree cents; go away now; de great folks am not to be 'sturbed.

[*NORA sobs loudly.*]

[*Mr. and Mrs. Summers both go to the door.*]

MRS. S.—What do you want here, girl, that you are yelling like a screech-owl?

NORA.—Oh, my dear mother, do you not know your poor Nora?

MR. S.—We do not wish to know you. But what brings you here at such an unseasonable time?

NORA.—Oh, my dear father, pardon me for the intrusion; nothing but necessity, the keenest pangs of—

MRS. S. [*frowning*].—Oh! ho! You'd better go to your rebel friends for assistance, as none but an upstart rebel captain could satisfy you for a husband. I said you'd be sneaking home when pierced with want, and now, Madam Trollop, you'd better be off, or Mingo shall take you off

[*NORA looks imploringly at her father.*]

MR. S.—You have come to the wrong place to beg.

Had you not meanly stolen off with that ragamuffin captain of yours, you need not have been a beggar.

NORA.—But, dear parents, I have never transgressed but once, and then——

MRS. S. [*haughtily.*].—That was enough; you'd better be moving, for we've nothing to give beggars, and we will not support rebels and their brats.

NORA.—For mercy's sake forgive an unhappy daughter, if you will not listen to her tale of woe.

MRS. S.—We have no time for either; you should have thought of that before you eloped with your pretty jewel of a rebel captain. Not a cent of ours shall go to minister comfort to him if he dies, and you need not expect it.

MR. S.—To cut the matter short, you must leave here immediately. I will not have our respectable friends interrupted in their enjoyment by such characters as you are. [*Takes Nora by the arm to lead her away; she utters a piercing shriek and clings to his arm.*] Take her away, Mingo. [*Guests rush to the door.*]

FIRST GUEST.—Who is she?

SECOND GUEST.—What is the matter with her?

MRS. S.—Oh, she's nothing but a beggar woman, who is in the habit of pestering us at such times as this.

NORA [*led away by Mingo.*].—Oh, forgive me, my father and my mother!

MR. S.—Poor thing, she's somewhat deranged, and imagines we are her parents.

MRS. S.—Yes, poor creature, I pity her. In her crazy moments she's so troublesome that we have to drive her away, although it makes my heart ache to do so.

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE VI.—*Washington in his tent engaged in devotion.*

[*Enter Attendant.*]

ATTENDANT.—General, there is an old man in the camp who wishes to see you.

WASH.—Let him enter.

[*Enter Wizard.*]

WIZ.—Well, General, we have met again, as I told you we should.

WASH. [*surveying him from head to foot, puzzled; then recognizing, takes him by the hand.*—Had you not used the expression you did, I should not have known you. [*Motioning him to be seated.*]

WIZ.—I have come, General, upon momentous business—business that closely concerns your welfare.

WASH.—And pray what is that?

WIZ.—You are aware, sir, that Johnstone, with his associates, sent from England with offers of what the colonies demanded, being foiled in their attempt at negotiating a treaty, are employed in attempting to corrupt the people, and are offering bribes to any who should be treacherous enough to receive them.

WASH.—I am; and they richly deserve the halter.

WIZ.—Well, General, an infamous offer of twenty thousand pounds, and a patent of nobility, has been made to any one who will be base enough to betray you into the hands of the British.

WASH.—And has any one accepted the brilliant offer?

WIZ.—Yes, sir. Odious as it is in the eyes of the upright, it has been accepted, and by one you would little suspect: by one who pretends to be the friend of freedom, by one who would flatter you to your face, who is already wealthy and stands in high society.

WASH.—And pray who may the honorable gentleman be, who would reap so great a reward by the capture of my humble self?

WIZ.—You may rely upon the truth of the matter, General. The bargain has been struck, the plan arranged, and the villain is no other than your *quondam* friend Thomas Summers.

WASH. [*surprised.*—Merciful heavens! How can it be possible for a man to be so deceitful! How can he express the warmest friendship of the heart, at the same time that he is planning the ruin of his misnamed friend!

WIZ.—Ah, General, the word gold can solve the mystery. Ambition—unlawful ambition—has been, and will be the bane of thousands.

WASH.—But how do you know this?

WIZ.—I have it from his own mouth. I was introduced to him in Philadelphia, by accident, as an Englishman, and he believes me to be the bitter enemy of those he stig-

matizes by the name of rebels. I have had two interviews with him—the last in the presence of Johnstone, Carlisle and Eden—and heard the matter discussed. It is to put you on your guard, that you may keep your eye on Summers, that I came here at such an hour. He is treacherous, and will stab while he flatters you. He is in raptures with the prospect and the emoluments he will reap by the consummation. Beware of him!

WASH.—Is it his intention to take me dead or alive?

WIZ.—Alive, of course! The triumph would be half lost if you were not taken alive; and then it is desired by hanging you to strike alarm to others, and thus crush at one blow the cause of freedom in America.

WASH. [*proudly.*—That can never be done! The fire which has been kindled will continue to burn until the long-oppressed people of this country shall be free! That man shall yet repent his treachery. Ay, he shall repent it in sackcloth and ashes. But what is the plan fixed upon for carrying the capture into effect?

WIZ.—Why, General, he intends to make a grand party in honor of the taking of Burgoyne, and you are, of course, to be the principal and most honored guest. Here you are to fall into the hands of a detachment of British soldiers, detailed for the express purpose from a camp near Philadelphia.

WASH. [*pausing thoughtfully.*—At what hour are the soldiers to arrive?

WIZ.—Precisely at three o'clock. It is growing late, General, and I must leave you.

WASH.—Thanks! thanks! Farewell.

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE VII.—*A Room in Mr. Summers' House.*

[*Enter Mrs. Summers and Servant.*]

MRS. S.—Tell General Washington that he must be certain to give us the honor of his company on Wednesday, as the party is given entirely to do him honor.

SERVANT —Yes, ma'am. [*Exit servant.*]

MRS. S.—To do ourselves honor I mean, for if he comes he will certainly be in our power, and if he becomes our

captive, oh! happy day! What honors will await us!
 [Enter Mr. S.]

MR. S. [*breathless.*].—Good wife, good news!

MRS. S.—What is it? what is it?

MR. S.—Why, General Washington is to be here on a certainty, without fail. [*Claps his hands.*]

MRS. S.—How do you know, husband?

MR. S.—Oh, I met him, and he assured me he would be certainly with us on Wednesday, and do himself the honor to——

MRS. S.—To do us everlasting honor! [*Laughs with joy.*] Good news, indeed!

MR. S.—I guess he'll catch a tartar this time.

MARY S. [*rushing in frightened.*].—Oh, father, I'm so frightened! there's the strangest-looking old fellow in the yard I ever saw.

MR. S.—Oh, it's the wizard, I presume. [*Steps to the door.*] Come in, Mr. Fortune-teller, and we'll have some fun. Here's some money for you, [*giving him a piece,*] my good fellow. Now tell us what will happen at our house this week. [*All laugh as the wizard draws forth his mysterious implements and stands in the middle of the floor, waving his wand and drawing an imaginary circle.*]

WIZ.—I am now in a charmed circle. [*Draws out a scroll on which are strange characters.*]

MRS. S. [*winking at the others.*].—Well, what's to happen?

WIZ.—The horoscope is obscured to-day, and I cannot read the stars distinctly, but I see a great and grand assembly of military men, among whom is George Washington.

MRS. S. [*starts with surprise and the giggling ceases.*].—Strange!

MR. S.—What more?

WIZ.—I see a party coming on horseback, covered with dust, that look like British soldiers. They arrive and dismount.

MRS. S.—Good heavens! this is strange.

MR. S. [*joy on his face.*].—What next, Mr. Wizard?

WIZ.—George Washington, or some one else, is a prisoner in the hands of a party I cannot distinguish. All else is in obscurity.

MR. S. [*rubbing his hands.*—Enough! enough! [*Exit Wizard.*]

MRS. S.—Well, it's mighty strange, indeed, that he can tell what is to happen.

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE VIII.—*The Grand Party at Mr. Summers' house. Summers and family, Washington and others.*

MR. S.—Well, General, what is your opinion of the war?

WASH.—In the first place it is a just one on our side, and in the second we shall triumph.

MR. S.—Just my opinion precisely. It would be a pity to fail now after being so deeply plunged into it. [*Mrs. S. motions her husband to look from the window.*] But on second thought I am inclined to think you will not succeed.

WASH.—Why do you think so, sir? [*Looks out of the window, but betrays no emotion*]

MR. S.—Because you have many obstacles to overcome, which I fear will be insurmountable.

WASH. [*coolly.*—Never fear.

MR. S.—You have cause to fear. [*Sound of steps.*]

WASH.—Why so?

MR. S.—Because you are already in the hands of the British.

WASH.—I hope not, sir!

MR. S. [*with pride and pleasure, slapping him on the shoulder.*—You are my prisoner, General, in the name of the King.

WASH.—I presume not, sir.

MR. S. [*laughing, in which Mrs. S. joins.*—You will find it so, General, in a few minutes.

WASH.—You may think so, but I know you are my prisoner, in the name of outraged America! [*Enter officers.*] Captain Morton, seize him and bear him instantly to the camp. [*Mrs. S. utters a piercing scream.*]

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE IX.—*The Execution. Soldiers arranged on one side. General Washington and Lafayette on the end. Summers blindfolded in the centre. Gallows rope in sight. Executioner near by. Wizard and Priest. All solemn and silent as the curtain rises.*

PRIEST [*solemnly*].—Oh Lord, we thank thee that thy justice prevails. We are made to remember that thy arm of power is extended to succor the outraged and oppressed. That all the machinations of the wicked are brought to nought. That Thou hast blest and favored the cause of American liberty—converting defeat into victory and darkness into light. Oh Lord, we adore Thee for Thy divine goodness in preserving thus far the precious life of our noble commander-in-chief against all the attacks of his open enemies and the snares of his secret foes, who, under the mask of friendship, would stab him to the heart. And oh, gracious Father, when the ends of justice here on earth are answered, as relating to this poor, miserable, deluded culprit, who shall shortly present himself before the awful tribunal of Thy justice and mercy, we humbly beseech Thee to grant him all the mercy consistent with Thy holy will, and Thine be the glory forever and ever. *Amen.*

[*Enter Mrs. Summers and Mary habited in deep mourning.*]

MRS. S. [*kneeling at Washington's feet.*].—Spare! oh, spare my husband!

MARY [*in tones of anguish*].—Spare the life of my poor father! [*swoons and falls.*]

[*Enter Nora hastily.*]

NORA [*kneeling by her mother*].—Oh, General, save us from sorrow too deep to be borne. Spare the life of my poor deluded father. I pledge my life that he shall serve you and honor you and never sin against you again. Spare him, and we will bless you forever. Oh, noble General, we pray to you, we beseech, we implore you to exercise your great clemency and mercy.

WASHINGTON.—Why, Nora, how is this? Has your father not driven you from his house, and rudely alienated you from his sympathies and care, and can you thus plead for those who despitefully use you?

NORA.—Oh, General, I know he has wronged me, but I forgive him. I love him although he hates me. He may disown me, but he is my father still. Spare him! Oh, spare him!

WASHINGTON [*in undertone*].—What a godlike spirit. [*A pause.*] Conduct the prisoner back to the guard-house. We will suspend the execution, at least, for the present.

NORA.—God bless you, General.

MRS. S.—Oh, noble General, then you will spare my poor husband?

WASHINGTON.—Yes, madam, for your outraged Nora's sake, not yours; and, woman, remember this: as thou receivest mercy, learn to render it.

[*Curtain falls.*]



LATEST SENSATION IN PODUNK.

CHARACTERS.

ELDER JOB WISEACRE.	MADAME BONNE BOUCHE.
JUDGE PROPRIETY.	MRS. WISEACRE.
MR. FARDINGALE.	MRS. FARDINGALE.
MR. HIFALUTIN.	MRS. HIFALUTIN.
MR. FLIRT.	MRS. FLIRT.
TOWN CRIER.	MRS. NON-COMPOS.
MRS. PROPRIETY.	MISS SERIOUS.
FANNY FLIRT.	MISS CREDULOUS.
MRS. HEADY.	MISS CURIOUS.

SCENE I.—*Main Street in Podunk.*

TOWN CRIER [*with flag—ringing bell*].—O yes! O yes! O yes! Madame Bonne Bouche! Direct from Paris! Will give a lecture and *matinée* to ladies only, this Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock, at Mummy Hall! Subjects of Life, Health, Business, Fortune, Politics, Art, Poetry, etc., treated scientifically and practically! Be wise in time! Admission free!—Mummy Hall! Three o'clock this afternoon!

SCENE II.—*Mummy Hall—Spectators ad lib—Prominent among them the female characters—Five minutes before three—All waiting appearance of lecturer—Salutations exchanged, etc.*

MISS CURIOUS [*peering around to discover who are present; smiling and nodding occasionally in recognition*].—So many present! I declare I didn't expect quite such a rush! How select, too! I was quite sure it would bring out the *élite*. Katy Credulous [*crossing to her*], I'm going to sit by you. Where have you been this age? At the Springs? I was certain of it. Tell me all about it. If there isn't Mrs. Wiseacre! [*Calling.*] Mrs. Wiseacre—Mrs. Wiseacre! Are you here? Just to see the vanity

of the thing, I suppose. What will the Elder say? [*Shaking finger significantly.*]

MRS. WISEACRE.—I didn't tell him I was coming. He don't believe in woman lectures, or woman any thing—especially furren—except woman's spere!

MRS. PROPRIETY.—No more don't my husband! He says we should be stayers-at-home, as the Good Book says; but I tell him that was written for them heathen gad-about's and don't concern me who don't go out of the house once in six months—unless it is to meetin' or a-shoppin'.

MRS. HIFALUTIN.—For my part I see nothing wicked in our learning something of the ways of the world. I think it is certainly desirable to guard ourselves against the reputation of being unconfiscated. I am very much pleased with the style of this. Nothing in the least vulgar.

MISS SERIOUS.—We'd better look pretty sharp, then, to see that it isn't no man in woman's clothes with some infernal mesmerizing machine!

MRS. HEADY.—Oh, who could be so suspicious?

MRS. NON-COMPOS [*deaf*].—Do you think, Mrs. Wiseacre, that anybody is dead? I couldn't exactly make out—but I thought we should hear a funeral sermon.

MRS. W. [*raising voice*].—I judge not, Mrs. Non-Compos! We shall be taught how to live.

MRS. N. [*nodding assent and smiling.—Sensation.*] Very important!

MRS. FARDINGALE.—I thought it would be very proper for us older ones to lend the moderation of our presence.

HIFALUTIN.—Such a preponderation is very essential, in my humble opinion.

MISS FLIRT [*exclaims in ecstasy*]—Oh, admirable!

[*Attention of all directed to platform. General buzzing dies away as the lecturer, blooming, fussy and Frenchy, sails in, bowing and fluttering.*]

MAD. BONNE B. [*after preliminary movements by way of flourish*].—Ladées of Podung: How may I express to you my sensibilities to speak to so zhanteel and refined—so *recherché*—a compaanee of peeples? I never did feel so mooch togezer. *Pardonnez-moi* if my accént is not zat of Americáh. I speak to ladées—I speak *from ze*

heart—I speak to ze heart—and I moost be heard! Vat vill I say zat you may imázhéen my sympatéé? Zis vill I say—Pahrées is ze center of ze univérsé—for zat every one does know zat to be out of mode is to be out of ze world, and from Pahrées alone does every mode—all fashions you call—come! In every langázhe do I discover zat Pahrées does viz ze lettáre Pay begeén—and so vell likewise does Podung! Vy, zen, vill not Podung in all zat is becoming and grassful and posséeble reevál ze Pahrées of my heart? Ze troot is above all zings and moost be speakéd! Only since so short a time I vas been in Pahrées and vas enraptured viz ze butée of ze new costumes zat vere everyvere—and vat do I now see? Here in Podung I see ze same *chiynons*—ze same *queues*—ze same *pétits chapeaux*—and feel at home! In fact, I may say ze same of every zing—and voud ze time perméet, I voud give you ze historée of zem all. For I moost tell you, my dear friends, zat in zese matters I have been at times ze sole *confidante* of my Emprées Eugenie herself! One grand sorrów is mine! Zat I do not hesitate to conféede to you zat we may better comprehend ze one ze ozer. It vas ze deceáse of my devoted *compagnon* zat occasioned me to resign my beloved France and voyázhe to Americáh. For vy? It was too sad alway to be reminded of my loss by every fahmeeliar *object*, and I vill devote myself to those meesterées of *science* zat formed ze *object* of his life. Viz him I have voyazhéd far and wide, and have adviséd meellions of peeple on ze most important *sujets* of zis vorld! I makes corséts zat vill dével-up évén ze *figure* of a hunchbáck—I gives powdér, pills, and balsams zat vill restore yout and butée and takes away every twinge of *conscience*—I knows how to ensúre life and *fortune*, healt and *compagnons* to all of my sex zat pays me! I have procured a Count or a Duke for innumerable *demoiselles* at a veek's notées. I makes recipés of zings useful in every famileé—and in ze state *clairvoyant*, viz onleé a lock of hair or leetle morsél of writing, I can tell every zing zat has occurred to you, or vill—and give you pictúres of friends deceased and friends unborn, and foretell to an *instánt* ze destinée of zis *nation*! I furnishes certified certificátes, *vivá voce* and written *garantées* of my world-renowned abceletée!

I tries heads and makes hearts vare zare neváre vas none—and, more zan all, I vill confess to you ze grand desire I have to practées my skill in Podung—zat my dear ladées may receive ze beneféet of my art. I am ze pupéel of Madame Rachel zat is so famous in Pahrées—zat vas so successfúl at ze time of ze *Grande Exposition* in ze use of her Creestallized Dew of Arabée! I alone share her secrét, and vill practées in Podung, if I receives sufficient *encouragement*. I stands before you viz no assistance in my art! I am ze vondáre of ze age—and in ze proof of my grand powáres zat I vill give you aftáre a short recés, you vill be *correct* to know for yourself!

[*Pause—murmurs of the greatest satisfaction heard.*]

I vill fategúe you no more longáre at zis time, ladées, viz my vords—but you vill see, ladées—you vill see—for yourself! [*Retires, bowing.*]

MRS. PROPRIETY.—Was there ever any thing like it for modesty and becomingness? I shall wait and see it through.

MRS. WISEACRE.—What a blessing to Podunk!

HEADY [*strong adventist*].—The millenium is at hand! I am sure of it!

CURIOUS—Oh, I am dying for her to re-appear!

HIFALUTIN.—I am perfectly distracted with her charms!

CREDULOUS.—I can believe any thing now!

NON-COMPOS [*wiping eyes*].—Really, it is too touching! Poor man!

[*Madam Bonne Bouche re-appears.*]

MADAME.—Ladies, I am at your *service*! I vill make onlée a short stay in zis place, and zis evening I vill read ze past, ze *present* and ze *future* for any ladée zat is vil-ling. Be not alarmed if I seem in a trance at any moment; for viz ze inveesible world I am perfectly *en rapport* and often speaks correctlée ze langazhe of zose zat I address!

[*Closes her eyes—strikes her fist on her forehead three times—assumes an oracular, sepulchral tone, with but slight accent.*]

Hail, Aphrodite! fresh, as of yore, from the foam of the sea! To thee this hour is consecrated. I follow thy word!

[*Head droops on her shoulders—hands hang in a life*

less manner at her side—starts forward a little—relapses—speaks.]

I see her, that charming *mademoiselle*! Will she come? What a destiny is hers!

[*Several voices*: “Fanny Flirt, she means you! Go—go! Yes—go!”]

[*Fanny, with little urging, goes forward. As she advances, Madame continues*:]

She that approaches! She that, hardly past sweet sixteen, has had ten offers, and counts her admirers by scores!

[*Voice among spectators*: “Did you ever!”—“I know that to be true!”]

Let me take your hand!

[*Takes it—and with eyes closed pretends to read its lines.*]

Long life—lands—legacies! Behold, the Pride of Podunk! Only a few years hence you will have a letter from England—follow its directions—an entailed estate is yours—ten millions! Where Podunk Pest-House now stands your cis-Atlantic palace shall rear its stately head!

[*Spectators agape with wonder—hands raised in amazement.*]

Your affinity! He waits across the sea!

[*From the crowd*: “Well done! I know of four she’s solemnly engaged to!”]

And, after the *matinée*, for a little sum, by the aid of the Psychomotrope, I will show you his perfectly life-like picture! Would you know more, maiden?

[*Fanny, blushing and excited, shakes her head and withdraws. Madame presses both hands to her forehead—after a moment revives, and invites any lady to come forward—especially the lady with green spectacles. Mrs. Heady complies. Madame rising, eyes still closed, asks her to take a seat—begins rubbing Mrs. H.’s bonnet—with impatient gesture.*]

Not harmony! Not harmony! oh—*pardonnez-moi*! Will the lady remove her hat?

[*Mrs. H. complies—Madame examines her head, rubs hands over forehead, and manipulates her shoulders.*]

Such reverence! [*Feeling just above forehead.*] Such faith! Such devotion! But united to such a man! What a pity!

[Voice: "That's so! I used to think he'd reform!"]

Yours is a ship well-freighted—hard-ship! You don't get credit for half you do! They call you a perpetual whiner—a know-nothing; but, could they see the glory reserved for you——

[Mrs. H. mesmerized into a superior state. Sways herself in the chair, makes an effort to rise, and shouts, "Glory—glory! How happy I be! Isaac—Isaac! The time has come, said I. Isaac only looked out and said, 'The stone wall has tumbled down,' said he. How happy I be!" Madame proceeds:]

You are too excitable! I will not reveal more to you at present!

[Among the audience: "Yes—yes!" "Please go on!" Madame, with a few manipulations, bids her rise. Mrs. H. starts up, as from a sleep, with "Where am I?" is reassured, and resumes her seat. Miss Credulous hurries forward and begs Madame to answer her a question in private. Crowd in a ferment. As she returns, face beaming with satisfaction, Mrs. Hifalutin and others approach Madame.]

MRS. HIFALUTIN.—Madame Botch, we cannot congratulate ourselves enough for this wonderful entertainment; and I speak for several when I say that we believe you can do all you profess, and vastly more. It must be fatiguing to remain so long in that trance, and all for our benefit; and, as we wish to ask some very practical questions, we desire you to be one of us.

MADAME.—Wait a moment, ladées! [She sits a moment perfectly quiet, as if reposing—makes a few nervous jerks—winks and wakes.] I am all attention, ladées!

MRS. HIFALUTIN.—We want to ask you to describe your *modus operandi* with that enamel you spoke of.

MADAME.—I do not altogezer comprehend you!

HIFALUTIN.—I mean, how do you apply that "Crystalized Dew of Araby"—and what is your fee?

MADAME.—Oh—oh—*pardonnez-moi!* Now I comprehend! Vill many of ze ladées like it? Zen I vill not account so moosh *argent*—I vill receive not so larzhe *monnaie*. Ven it is applied to ze face and ze hands it vill stay so long as seex year, eef you puts on no *vatäre*

[From all sides: "Possible?"]

HIFALUTIN [*who has been conversing with others*]. There are six, at least, who wish an application this very afternoon. Mrs. Wiseacre says she certainly would, if she only had her purse here.

MADAME.—Oh, my *ladée*—*zat* make no difference! Ze Madame can pay some day! I be vary happée to gratify all ze *ladées*.

[*Crowd disperse. Several go with Madame — Mrs. Wiseacre among them.*]

SCENE III.—Elder Wiseacre's Parlor.

MR. FLIRT [*entering*].—Good-evening, Elder.

ELDER W. [*spectacles raised on forehead—hands clasping knees—looking solemnly into vacancy.*].—Good-evening—good-evening, Mr. Flirt. [*Looking up and becoming more natural.*] Pleasant evening.

MR. F.—Indeed! I can't say it is! Rained all day—and raining pretty hard when I came in.

ELDER W.—Well—what am I thinking of? Of course, it was raining like shot when I came in myself.

MR. F.—To make a long matter short, I can tell you what I'm thinking of—last Sunday's text—pretty good, wasn't it?—"Remember Lot's wife!"

ELDER W.—Why good, Mr. Flirt? Any thing special?

MR. F.—Better yet, Elder! I didn't think that of you! To pretend such ignorance! Do you believe in the Witch of Endor, Elder?

ELDER W.—Witch of En-dor! I don't think I see the pint yet, Mr. Flirt.

MR. F. [*drawing paper from pocket, reads:*]

Mr. Flirt,	To Mad. Bonne Bouche,	Dr.
Embellishing Miss Flirt—warranted six years,		\$50 00

Have you received one of these documents? Been requested to pay a similar snug little sum to the same enterprising individual?

ELDER W.—I remember now that a paper like that was handed to me, but I haven't examined it yet. [*Feels in pockets—finally produces from hat a similar bill against*

himself—"For embellishing Mrs. W."—*which Mr. F takes and reads.*] "Embellishing Mrs. Wiseacre!" [*repeating, thunderstruck,*] "Fifty dollars!" Well—as I am a living man!

HIFALUTIN [*entering*].—Elder, how's this!

JUDGE P. [*entering*].—Good-evening, Elder. I hoped to see you alone for a few moments. [*Mr. Fardingle enters.*]

MR. F.—No need to mince matters, Judge. I reckon we're all here on the same errand. How do you like fifty dollars for an item of embellishment? Ha—ha—ha!

JUDGE.—I don't like it at all! Are many such documents floating around Podunk, I wonder?

MR. F.—I can't get the women to say much, so I've come to consult with the Elder. I believe my girl's bewitched—to say nothing of what she was before she went to see that French fortune-teller. She's tossing her head about, putting on such airs, and looks so like a painted doll, and lays it all to Mrs. Wiseacre, that I'm determined to look into the matter.

ELDER W.—Lays it all to Mrs. Wiseacre? Well—that sets me a-thinkin' agin. Jerushy would wear her veil over her face Sunday, and hasn't showed her face much about the house lately. T'other mornin', kin' o' playful-like, I pretended I was goin' to dash some water in her face, and she screamed and run away so fast that I said, Why, you haven't the hydrophoby, have you, Jerushy? But I allers was rather short-sighted, and don't know whether she's embellished fifty dollars worth or not.

FARDINGALE.—Well, gentlemen, I've gone a step farther. This bill [*showing*] was sent to me this afternoon; and I read it and walked right around to the hotel where the Madame stops, and demanded information on the subject. My wife always was pretty good-looking, and I've always had bills enough to look after—but this beats me! Madame told me she had painted up I can't tell how many wives and daughters, and warranted them for six years, and must be paid, or she'd bring suit. What's to be done?

HIFALUTIN.—Can't we prosecute her, Judge, for having no license, or something of that sort?

JUDGE.—Possibly we might; but then she would make

such notorious capital out of us that we shall wish we had paid double.

FARDINGALE.—That's so. She told me she had reduced her price one-half to accommodate the ladies.

JUDGE.—Suppose Mr. Flirt goes round and compromises the matter in some way. We'll each of us stand our share, I know. [*They nod assent.*] Offer her a hundred dollars—her expenses in town—and a through ticket to New York—eh? What do you all say? We'll try to keep a better look-out in future.

ELDER.—Won't the women be gettin' off too easy? If I'd supposed Jerushy could have been drawn into any such trap as that, or been the means of drawin' anybody else in, I'd just as soon ben indicted as a pickpocket! It ain't a matter to come afore the church, is it?

MR. F.—You ought to know, Elder. Looks as if it might. Scripture has a good deal to say against such doings.

HIFALUTIN.—The women will pay dearly enough for it—a six years' laughing-stock will be retribution enough for any of them.

JUDGE.—It's agreed, then, Mr. Flirt, that you negotiate with Madame in some way. Pay more, if we must—but hush it up—hush it up! It's scandalous. Be sure that she's sent out of town immediately—to New York! We will meet here to-morrow evening to hear the *finale* of this LATEST SENSATION IN PODUNK!

[*Curtain falls.*]

CHANGING
THE HUNDRED DOLLAR NOTE;
OR,
FALSE PRETENSIONS REBUKED.

CHARACTERS.

JOHN APJOHN, a cooper, a very small man.

PRUDENCE APJOHN, his wife, an exceedingly robust woman.

TASSO SMITH.

SCENE.—A Kitchen. *Mrs. Apjohn preparing Dinner.*

[*Enter John Apjohn.*]

JOHN [*putting his feet on the stove with a prodigious sigh*]—To be sure. It is a sad world, Prudy. What would old Abel Dane have said, I wonder! I'm glad we've no children To be sure—to be sure. [*Takes a stick from the wood box, and opens the stove-door.*]

PRUDENCE.—There now! let that stove alone. You burn out more wood when you are in the house five minutes, than I do in all day.

JOHN [*timidly glancing up at Prudence and laying the stick back*].—It's a cold world. [*Sighs.*]

PRUDENCE.—So much the more need to be savin' o' fuel. We should be in the poor-house 'fore spring, if 'twan't for me, [*treading heavy and strong about her work.*]

[*Exit Prudence to the Pantry.*]

JOHN [*tries again to put the stick into the stove, but drops it as Prudence reappears*].—Changes in this world is very wonderful, [*rubs his hand over the stove.*] Who knows but what it'll be our turn next? I know'd our neighbor there, old Mrs. Dane, when she was as far removed from trouble as anybody. Then she lost her husband. Then she was afflicted in her speech. And now to be sure—to be sure.

PRUDENCE.—What now? Has any thing re'ly happened? or is it only your hypo'es?

JOHN.—My hypo'es? As if I didn't have reason to! Hain't I seen 'Lizy take the stage this morning, goin' nobody knows whar, to arn a livin' among strangers. Abel, you know, is going to be married shortly to that Faustiny Clark, and 'Lizy naturally enough takes it to heart I spose. She's growed just as thin as a stave lately, and she looked like death when I put out my hand to say good-bye. Massy on it. I just remember when ol' Abel Dane adopted that girl, and a faithful dauter she's been to 'em. To be sure—to be sure.

PRUDENCE.—Why, I want to know, [*talking from the pantry,*] has she re'ly gone? Wal, I can't blame her, as I know on, but I should most thought 'Lizy stayed to the weddin'; most gals would—I hear that stove—[*John closes the griddle*—] but probably she felt the necessity of doin something for herself, for Abel can't afford to support three women in that house massy knows. Faustiny have to put them perty hands of her'n in dish-water. For my part, I don't think she's any more fit to be Abel Dane's wife, than you be to be President, John Apjohn.

JOHN.—To be sure—to be sure, [*mournfully,*] or than you be to be one of them circus-ridin' women. To be sure—[*with a cackling laugh.*]

PRUDENCE [*cutting the bread against her bosom.*].—Wal, come to dinner.

JOHN [*sitting up to the table.*].—Ain't we going to have nothing but bread and milk? [*imploringly.*]

PRUDENCE.—Bread and milk is good enough. I couldn't afford to cook any thing to-day. Here's some o' that corned beef, and beautiful apple-sas!

JOHN [*mildly*].—Cold day this, ought to have somethin' warmin'. Cup o' tea, bile an egg; some sich thing.

PRUDENCE.—Eggs! when we can get thirty cents a dozen for 'em.

JOHN.—To be sure. Did you hit the table then? [*With a look of alarm.*]

PRUDENCE.—No! Wasn't it you?

[*Another knock at the door.*]

JOHN [*gasping*].—There's somebody at the front door, Prudy! What shall we do?

PRUDENCE.—Let 'em in, of course; they ain't robbers this time o' day. [*She tramps ponderously to the door, and admits Tasso Smith, a flushily-dressed young man, with soft simpering face, greased hair, tender moustache, and a very extensive breast-pin.*]

PRUDENCE.—Tasso Smith! [*with a half contemptuous lifting of her brow-wrinkles.*]

JOHN [*springing to his feet, upsetting his chair behind him, and spilling the milk from the pan with the jostle he gave the table.*] I shouldn't have knowed ye, you've altered so!

[*Tasso looks conscious of having altered very much, to his own satisfaction, and gave John two fingers.*]

JOHN.—Seddown, seddown! [*Righting his chair and placing it for the visitor.*] Don't it beat all, Prudy! Where did you come from, Tasso—Mr. Smith?

TASSO [*grimacing*].—From the city.

JOHN.—To be sure, to be sure!

PRUDENCE.—Been making money, I guess, hain't ye, Tasso?

TASSO [*twirling his rattan*].—Managed to live, [*nodding significantly at Prudence.*] City's good place for enterprisin' young men, [*nodding to John.*] Thought I'd come out'n see what I could do for the ol' folks. [*Crossing his legs, he thrusts his rattan into a button-hole of his brass-buttoned coat, hangs his hat on the toe of his tight-fitting patent-leather boot, and pompously takes out his pocket-book.*] I've called to pay—to remunerate you—ye understand, for them barrels pa had of you some time ago. Can you change a fifty dollar bill?

[*John sits down and stares. Tasso smooths his moustache and smiles.*]

PRUDENCE.—I declare, Tasso, I never expected you would turn out so well. Re'ly payin' your pa's debts, be you? I remember when you used to be around, the dirtiest, raggedest boy't ever I see! [*Tasso looks uncomfortable.*] And now you're payin' your pa's debts! Think o' that, John Apjohn.

JOHN.—To be sure, to be sure, [*looking awe-stricken at Tasso,*] only ten and six, I believe the account is. Isn't it, Prudy?

PRUDENCE.—With interest, it's more'n two dollars by this time.

JOHN [*in a weak voice*].—Oh, never mind interest, Prudy.

PRUDENCE [*insisting*].—Yes, I will! Call it two dollars, anyhow.

TASSO.—Sorry I hain't got no smaller bills, [*glancing over a handful of bank notes,*] but you can probably break a fifty.

[*John and Prudence look at each other, then both look at the visitor.*]

PRUDENCE.—Why, if you can't do no better [*hesitatingly*]
—I don'o—mabby I can change it.

TASSO [*reddens with embarrassment, fumbles his money, and mutters as he turns each bill*].—Hundred, hundred, I declare! don't believe I got a fifty—hundred—hundred—thought I had—remember, now, paying it out. Can you break a C? [*with a foolish smile.*]

JOHN.—What say, Prudy?

PRUDENCE [*nodding assent*].—Yes, I can break a C, [*with disdain.*] Though you thought it would break me, I guess.

[*Tasso sweats over his bills, and wipes his red pimply face. Prudence takes a key from the clock-case and proceeds to an adjoining room, followed by John. Tasso gets up, and peeping through the crack, sees the thrifty couple on their knees by an open chest, counting money. He slips back to his seat, puts his pocket-book out of sight, and is twirling his rattan when John and Prudence enter.*]

PRUDENCE [*clasping a handful of money*].—I'll look at your bill, if you please.

TASSO [*indifferently*].—Oh, le'me see! Oh, yes; after you went out, I found some small bills in my vest pocket. Save you the trouble. [*Fingers his vest-pocket, and brings to light a dirty rag of paper.*]

PRUDENCE [*laughing*].—“He put in his thumb, and pulled out a plumb, and what a brave boy was I!” [*scornfully unrolling the rag.*] Two one-dollar bills! Wal, that's what I call comin' down a little. Great deal of talk for a little bit of cider.

TASSO [*wincing and switching his stick*].—Might ge'e

me back the change 'f you're mind to, as pa didn't authorize me to pay no interest.

PRUDENCE [*angrily*].—Idee o' your hagglin' 'bout a little interest money, arter such a swell with your nundred dollar bills!

JOHN [*deprecatingly*].—Come, come, Prudy.

PRUDENCE.—I don't believe you've got a hundred dollar bill in the world. No Smith of your breed ever had!

JOHN.—There, there, Prudy.

PRUDENCE.—You'd no more notion o' payin' that debt, when you come into this house, than I had to fly; and you wouldn't, if I hadn't ketched ye in a trap ye didn't suspect.

JOHN.—Prudy, Prudy, you're sayin' too much.

PRUDENCE.—I ain't saying any thing but the truth, and he can afford to hear that arter all the trouble he has put me to. Here's a ninepence—I'll divide the interest with ye, and say no more about it.

[*Tasso sneaks out.*]

JOHN [*looking wretched*].—I wouldn't have had it happen, Prudy——

PRUDENCE [*with scorn and triumph*].—I would! Such a heap of Pretension, with that little bit of a cane, and them nasty soap-locks, and all that big show of *one dollar* bills! I like to come up with sich people.

[*Curtain falls.*]



THE FALSE ACCUSATION.

CHARACTERS.

JUDGE CLAIRMONT.

HENRY, son of Judge.

BERNARD, the Accused.

MAUD, Bernard's Betrothed.

Clerks and Lady Attendants in Court-room.

SCENE I.—*Cell in Prison—Bernard sitting with head buried in his hands—Maud seen entering cell door.*

BERNARD.—What now, jailor? Did I not beg to be free from thy babbling intrusion? Four times this day hast thou rudely ignored my request. Art a spy upon me? Dost think I'll do myself damage? I am not a coward; believe me, thou canst safely leave me to myself.

MAUD.—Look up, Bernard, it is Maud who would speak to thee! Wilt thou call me intruder also?

BER.—Didst come at last! So long hast denied me thy presence, that thy coming has lost half its cheer. If to reproach my disgrace thou hast come, say on: I will not interrupt thee. I am no longer proud, since honor is denied me. See [*rising*] I'll stand in courtesy to what thy tongue may utter.

MAUD.—My sorrowing Bernard, thou art more than proud in thy judgment of me. Thou art unjust!

BER.—That is the reflection left in my heart of those with whom I come in contact. What wouldst thou?

MAUD.—I would have thee know that love and sympathy do not harbor reproach. For I believe thee as free from guilt as is my devotion.

BER. [*taking her hand.*].—Do not mock me, Maud. I would cast away this doubt of thee; but tell me, why so long in bringing this balm to my wretchedness?

MAUD.—Every day have I begged for a sight of thee, but admittance was prohibited. To-day, in frantic despair, I went to the good wife of the jailor, and so earnest

was my pleading it touched her woman's heart, and thus her influence gained the keeper to our cause.

BER.—Thy parents, Maud, they have ever considered my lowly station and small means a crime; what say they now of me? Do they believe me guilty?

MAUD.—Circumstances are against thee, Bernard, but we cannot blame them for judging as does the world. You know they do not know thee as I do.

BER.—And hast thou risked their displeasure in coming hither? Hast not their consent?

MAUD.—A child's obedience is paramount. But I also owe thee a duty: 'twas thus I reasoned with them in my presumption. They did not *forbid* me.

BER.—Noble girl! how can I ever prove myself deserving of this confidence! Oh! how helpless I am in my poverty. Maud, money would, no doubt, detect the culprit for whom I now am punished, but alas, without that and without friends, all that is left me is disgrace; but thou, Maud, how will thy tender heart bear up under years of waiting? Think, Maud: waiting for a *convict*, an outcast. Oh! it's maddening to dwell on this. How canst thou link thy fate to one who has no hope in the future, for never again can I look on life a free man, shackled by the horrible names of forger! thief! Oh, what a fate is this!

MAUD.—Bernard, give me thy hand—so—[*placing the other about him*]. Thus we will give the world scorn for scorn. Though all humanity look on in contempt, and fortune be ever so treacherous, thus will we rise above them to the eye of the JUST, for thou art innocent! I will work, search, and supplicate, and I tell thee, Bernard, thou shalt be righted yet. Though circumstance control men, Justice will bring it to naught. Truth must and will conquer.

BER.—Maud! Maud! To see such glorious courage and nobleness of soul as thine, will reconcile even selfish man to such a lot as mine. Hark! they are coming to tell thee time is up. Thanks, a thousand heartfelt thanks, for thy visit—my *consolation*. I shall be a man, since I am richer than if possessed of the world's gold, for it could not purchase your confidence nor my innocence.

SCENE II.—*Representing Court-room—Judge seated back of desk—Bernard, with folded arms, standing in front—Maud and group of ladies at one side.*

JUDGE.—Prisoner, thou art found guilty of the awful crime of forgery and theft. It now becomes my duty to pass upon thee the sentence of the Court. What makes this duty doubly painful, is to see thee before me as a criminal. Thou, whom I have loved and protected with mine own son, under mine own roof, and at mine own table. Thou didst abuse my confidence and insult my love by forging my name to the sum of ten thousand dollars. Thou didst at divers times steal to my treasury and purloin therefrom moneys, for which the leniency of the Court has been asked in its judgment. Before I pass the sentence, hast thou ought to say?

BERNARD.—Nothing more than I have said before: I am innocent of the charges brought against me; that is all, sir.

JUDGE.—Then by the edict of the Court, I do sentence thee to ten years of hard labor in the State Penitentiary. May thy conduct be such that the stringent rules of the place may be ameliorated to thy comfort. I now remand thee back—

MAUD [*interrupts by casting herself at his feet*].—Oh, sir! give him but a little respite, wherein to clear his name of this shameful stain. By the love thou aver'st once was his, grant but a few days!—he is innocent! I who can read his inmost thoughts, say it!

JUDGE.—Thou art an eloquent advocate; but cease—'tis loss of time, and we have other cases to discharge.

MAUD.—Sir, I will not leave thee. Thou hast an only son; is he less fallible than human kind, think, fond father, were he placed thus, with only his youth to resist the temptations that beset it? Speak—couldst thou then, in cool judgment, take from him the best years of his life, and doom that holy gift of God to disgrace?

JUDGE.—Thou reasonest like a woman. Men look from sterner heights, else crime would rule and justice be but a name. He has been fairly tried, and the good of mankind demands this sentence.

MAUD.—Then I will share his ignominy. I, too, will be called a robber, sir! [*seizing a pin on his bosom.*]

JUDGE.—Thou art mad, child, and shouldst be taken care of. Who art thou?

MAUD.—Not a child; but, in the sight of heaven, a wife, pleading for that dearer gem than life—a young man's honor. See to it, cold-hearted Judge, that thy boasted sense of justice find never an occasion to plead with a father's love!

[*During this time, Henry Clairmont advances to Bernard's side—addressing Judge.*]

HENRY.—Father! Judge!

JUDGE.—Well, my son.

[*Maud takes the hand of Bernard: they step aside.*]

HENRY.—I am—oh, father, I cannot see another suffer for my sins—I am the criminal!

JUDGE.—What freak is this, boy? But thou wert ever generous and soft of heart; go to,—thy foolishness cannot avail thee here.

HENRY.—Hear me, sir; but do not curse me, for I speak truly. 'Tis Bernard who is generous: he well knew it was I, thy worthless son, who robbed thee. 'Tis I who have insulted a father's love. Not daring to ask thee for so heavy a sum lost at play, being carried beyond myself in fear of immediate exposure, I forged thy name, hoping to replace the amount by some more fortunate stroke. Oh! in mercy, speak my punishment, that I may be gone from thy sight. [*Judge drops his head on the desk and groans.*]

JUDGE.—Is this my boy who speaks? Friends, is this not a nightmare? Let me clear my vision—[*wipes his eyes*—surely that is my son. Yes, truly, mortally fallible. I, too, am very human; can I then judge my son? See, friends, he is not all bad: he did confess, when I did not suspect. Oh, evil fate, that bade me these five-and-twenty years to sit in judgment until my son should rise up in sin to give the sentence to his father, [*with emotion.*] A childless and dishonored man, such is his decree. Come, boy, let us hide ourselves until some worthier man than I pass sentence on thy double crime. And, girl, [*to Maud,*] think not too meanly of the would-be stern Judge, whom thou seest sacrifice justice to his flesh and blood

[*Curtain falls.*]

HIRING HELP.

CHARACTERS.

CHARLES EARNEST, a clerk on a small salary.

MOSES SCHALK, keeper of an Intelligence Office.

SIMON, confidential clerk of Moses.

SUSAN EARNEST, sister of Charles.

AUNT NANCY, housekeeper for the Earnests.

WIDOW MORAN, professional cook, &c.

SCENE I.—*Room in a Private House.*

SUSAN.—I don't care, Charlie, if you are my only brother, I think you are real mean! Here it has been dear knows how many weeks that I have been trying to get you to talk with me about that dinner-party which you know I am dying to give; and not one single word can I get out of you! Now I propose having the matter settled this morning. It isn't time for you to go to the store, I know, and you must listen to me! No dodging now! What do you say? Can I, or can't I?

CHARLES.—Really, Sue, if I could see any good reason for the party; or if I knew how we could afford it—why I might——

SUSAN.—Ah, there it is! How can you men be expected to see any reason for such things, unless, indeed, it is an affair which concerns only your own selves? Then, to be sure, you can find reasons as plenty as blackberries. Don't you know all our neighbors have been giving them? and many of them no better able to do it than we are. Besides, you know, my heart is set upon it; and I should think you might grant me just this favor. You know I don't often trouble you.

CHAS.—Such affairs cost money; and that is a commodity of which we have by no means a surplus, Sis. We shall gain nothing by the proposed party; and we are under no obligations to others to give one, as we have never accepted any of their invitations.

SUSAN.—True enough; but then everybody knows that was your own fault—that I should gladly have gone to every one of them, if you hadn't objected. But that is neither here nor there. I want to give the party. Now come right to the point! If I can arrange the expense so that we can see our way clear, what have you to say then?

CHAS.—Why, so far as I am concerned, I don't fancy the idea at all. Still, if you can show me how we can manage the financial department, I am willing to yield my opposition and gratify your wishes in this particular instance.

SUSAN.—That's a dear, good brother! I knew you would let me have my way when I could have an opportunity of setting the matter before you in its right light. About the cost now—that can be fixed nicely. Of course, we shall need a cook. Aunt Nancy is excellent for the plain style in which we live; but for such an occasion she would never answer.

CHAS.—You don't mean that we must employ a servant!

SUSAN.—Just wait a moment till you hear me out! I've been looking through the papers for some time past to see if I couldn't run across something that would suit us in such an emergency—and here it is to a T. Read that! [*Handing a newspaper.*]

CHAS. [*reads.*].—REFORMED INTELLIGENCE OFFICE. NO MORE IMPOSITION. Moral and religious families desirous of obtaining servants, of the same character, can be accommodated by applying at No. 303 Confidence Street. Refer to the Mayor and City Councils. Satisfaction guaranteed in all cases, or no charge. Cooks and other accomplished servants furnished for private parties at reasonable rates.

M. SCHALK.

SUSAN.—Could there be any thing more to our mind? And I have been to this office and find that I can get just the woman I wish, and for the time I shall need her, for three dollars. And even that I am not to pay till after the party, nor then, unless I am perfectly satisfied. What would you have better than that?

CHAS.—Cheap enough—perhaps.

SUSAN.—Oh, you always will have your *ifs* and your *huts* and your *perhappses*. I declare it seems sometimes as if you think I don't know anything! But Aunt Nancy

is to go with me when I engage the cook; and you'll admit that she knows how to make a bargain.

CHAS.—Well—well—let that pass! Considering your superlatively excellent cook engaged on such wonderfully cheap terms, what do you propose doing for crockery and silver? You know the extent of our resources in that direction. Does somebody engage to pay you something handsome for taking what you will require in those two lines?

SUSAN.—There now, Charles! Why will you be jesting or sneering all the time when I am anxious to have a business talk with you? You have acted so unhandsomely about the servant arrangement that I am determined to furnish you with none of the details about other matters. Enough for you to know, that I can procure a complete outfit for the table for ten dollars.

CHAS.—Plate and plated silver?

SUSAN.—Good enough for anybody, I assure you. The entire expense of the party shall not exceed fifty dollars. Isn't that cheap enough in all conscience?

CHAS.—Yes—but——

SUSAN.—There it is again! But what?

CHAS.—But it's half a month's salary.

SUSAN.—Pshaw! We can save it on the next month's; or, at all events, on the next quarter's. Do own up like an honorable man! Could you have imagined that I could carry out my plans for so small an amount of money? Honestly—could you?

CHAS.—Well—no! That is, if——

SUSAN.—Never mind your *if*, if you please. The thing is settled, then—is it? Aunt and I will engage the cook and table furniture this very day. What do you say to this day week for the dinner? Any objection?

CHAS.—No—if it is to be—as the man said who was to be hanged—one day will suit me as well as another. Whom do you invite?

SUSAN.—Oh, I'll attend to that! You'll be satisfied. Give me the money and you may go. I won't detain you any longer.

CHAS. [*giving money.*].—Sue, do you flatter yourself that this will cover the expense?

SUSAN.—Most certainly I've figured out every item Not a cent above fifty dollars.

CHAS.—May I make a suggestion as I go, without being deemed impertinent?

SUSAN.—Yes. What is it?

CHAS.—It won't!

SUSAN.—It will, I tell you! Good-bye! You'll have to grant when I get through with this, that I know somewhat more about business than you give me credit for. [*Exit Charles. Susan calls after him.*] Oh, Charlie! what if I save ten dollars of the fifty? I attend to the inviting—remember!

SCENE II.—*Office, desk, table and chairs.*

MOSES [*at desk writing*].—Simon! Simon!

SIMON [*entering from rear*].—Well!

MOSES.—Have you seen Smith this morning?

SIMON.—Smith? Which one? The pawnbroker, or the junk-shop man, or the auctioneer, or the common councilman, or the——

MOSES.—The detective.

SIMON.—Oh, him! Yes.

MOSES.—Has he fixed that all right?

SIMON.—Which? The sneak thief, or the pickpocket, or the burglar, or the——

MOSES.—The Widow Moran. Is that all straight?

SIMON.—All square—says he'll warrant her the best house-thief in the city; but you must give him a quarter of all she gets. He says he ought to have more, but he'll put up with that for this job.

MOSES.—The scoundrel! It's double what any one else would give him. However, he helps the shop all he can, and we won't grumble. Tell him it's agreed. Look here, Simon! I think we can make a good thing out of this. You know that young woman who was here yesterday——

SIMON.—She as kicked up a row about them dresses one of our folks took!

MOSES.—No—no—the one who wants a good honest cook for a dinner-party.

SIMON.—Oh, her! humph! Yes—thinks she has all her eye-teeth cut—don't she? Asked if we were regularly licensed—didn't she? Do you see any thing green? What an innocent!

MOSES.—I'll lend her the Widow Moran.

SIMON.—It won't pay—not enough to take. Brother is only a clerk and gets about a thousand or fifteen hundred a year. It won't pay, I tell you!

MOSES.—Trust an older head, will you! The young woman is after hiring some crockery and silver. I can work them in. Now do you see?

SIMON.—What? No! Do you?

MOSES.—You know that plated set Jane Briggs brought us last week? I'll have that put up in shape—it's at Gutman's. I recommended him to her—valued at five hundred—party over—silver missing—ditto Widow—reward offered—no takers—brother forced to pay! Hum! Now you see!

SIMON.—The Widow is the piece for that job—talks like a parson. We must look out and keep her sober, though. She is to be around this morning—coming in the back way. I'll see that she don't get too much whiskey. Set her tongue going right—that's all! By the way, the committee have called for some more money on that School Commissioner nomination of yours.

MOSES.—Confound the rascals! What do they expect to do with it? They've had more than the thing's worth already. If it weren't for it's putting me on the track for Common Council, I'd throw it in their faces. All the contracts have been given out, and there isn't a show to make election expenses even. Tell them to keep easy for a day or two. We'll see what for a present the Widow makes us.

SIMON.—Leave that to me—I'll manage it. I put your name down this morning for that church concern on Doubleyou street—fifty.

MOSES.—Rather steep—but it will pay, I reckon. Put things straight there on the table! For heaven's sake take away that *Police Gazette*! Where's the *Religious Intelligencer*? You haven't used that for kindling, have you? It was the only one about the establishment.

SIMON [*arranging papers on table*].—Here are some benevolent reports and tracts—just as good! [*Looking out of door.*] Here comes the Widow Moran woman—and some one else in tow—an old 'un! Quick! I'll cook them till you're ready! [*Exit Moses hurriedly.*]

SUSAN [*entering with Aunt Nancy*].—Is Mr. Schalk in? [*to Simon at desk.*]

SIMON.—Not this moment, mum. Take seats, ladies. He'll be in shortly. Dr. Bungle sent his carriage down for him about an hour ago. Is there any thing that I can do for you? I represent Mr. Schalk in his absence. Would you like to look at our lists?

SUSAN.—I was here yesterday making inquiries of Mr. Schalk about engaging a cook for a party. He mentioned a person who would answer very well, I should judge, from his description. He said he would have her here this morning.

SIMON.—What may I call your name, mum?

SUSAN.—Earnest—Miss Earnest.

SIMON.—Beg your pardon, mum—will look at the book. [*Examining.*] Yes, mum—Mrs. Moran is the cook's name, Mr. Schalk mentioned. Excuse me a moment. I will send our boy for her. [*Exit at rear.*]

AUNT N. [*looking around.*].—Indeed, Susan, this appears to be a very respectable place. I was afraid it might be one of those Jew holes where no decent person could venture. Quite a respectable place! And the young man is very polite.

SUSAN.—I am so glad you think so, aunt; for I should never hear the last of it from Charles, if any thing should miscarry. But we'll look sharp for that, won't we?

MOSES [*entering*].—Good-morning, ladies. Ah, Miss--

SUSAN.—Earnest.

MOSES.—Ah, yes—excuse me—Miss Earnest. Didn't think you would call so early. Will try and meet your wishes, however. You haven't told me when you desired the cook's services.

SUSAN.—This day week.

MOSES.—Ah, sorry for it! [*meditating.*] But I'll see if it cannot be remedied; [*going to book.*] As I thought—she is engaged—Mrs. Moran is engaged for that day; but I know the family very well—Judge Partial's, brother-in-law of Dr. Bungle's, from whom I have just come. Yes, we will accommodate you, Miss. You will pardon me, but I have made inquiries and find your family satisfactory in the highest degree. [*Susan looks at Aunt N. in astonishment.*] You look surprised, ladies; but it is the in-

variable custom of this office. We insist upon good character in both employers and servants. Any other course would most certainly involve us in trouble. We desire, and—I may safely add—have none but patrons of the highest respectability.

SUSAN.—I was not aware, sir, that such a custom prevailed; but it is, certainly, an excellent idea. If the matter had been named to me yesterday, I could have satisfied you on that point.

AUNT N.—Our acquaintances are among the very best families in the city—Rev. Dr. Thunder, Lawyer Quick—

MOSES.—So I have been informed. That question is happily disposed of. Mrs. Moran [*looking at watch*] was to be here by this time. Would you like to examine her testimonials, or do you prefer personal inquiries? Strangers to the office generally choose to make inquiries for themselves. When they become familiar with our mode of doing business, they are saved the necessity of subjecting themselves to that inconvenience. [*Widow M. enters.*] Ah, good-morning, madam! We were just speaking of you. This is the lady who desires your services as dinner-cook. Miss Earnest—Mrs. Moran.

WIDOW M.—Your servant, Miss—and yours, madam.

SUSAN.—My aunt—Mrs. Moran. [*Aunt N. bows.*]

WIDOW.—I should have been here earlier, ladies; but I was kept up-town longer than I intended.

MOSES.—Some charitable affair, I am positive. Mrs. Moran's heart, ladies, is so easily touched that any call for assistance meets with a prompt response from her. Really, I fear that she is often imposed upon.

WIDOW.—If you please, Mr. Schalk, don't talk about it. It is our duty to relieve others who may need it [*looking meaningly at Moses*] to the extent of our ability. With consequences we have nothing to do. What day, Miss, did you wish me?

SUSAN.—This day week; but Mr. Schalk says you are engaged.

MOSES.—But I told the young lady that the Judge's lady would relinquish her claim for that day at my request. [*Winking, unnoticed by Susan and Aunt N.*]

WIDOW.—That I should leave entirely in your hands, Mr Schalk; but I must insist upon it that Mrs. Partial

is perfectly willing. My word is pledged; and I must fulfil my engagement at all hazards, unless released.

MOSES.—My word for it, madam, that Mrs. Partial is satisfied.

WIDOW.—How large a party do you have, Miss Earnest?

SUSAN.—About thirty.

WIDOW.—Quite a select affair! When I lived at Mrs. Sharp's—you may know Mrs. Sharp of Seventeenth Avenue—I lived with her five years—it was not an uncommon thing to have plates for seventy-five or a hundred. But we'll talk these matters over by ourselves—that is, if my references are acceptable.

MOSES.—Ah—yes! The references! [*Calling.*] Simon!

SIMON [*entering*].—Sir!

MOSES.—Give the ladies Mrs. Sharp's address, that they may make inquiries about Mrs. Moran.

SUSAN.—No—no, sir! No occasion for it! I am satisfied—perfectly satisfied.

AUNT N.—Not by no manner of means! If Mrs. Moran will call upon us soon——

WIDOW.—Will Saturday morning do? [*Exit Simon.*]

SUSAN.—Certainly. Saturday morning, then, we shall expect you.

WIDOW.—Excuse me, ladies, if you please, as I have an appointment. Saturday morning it is. Good-day, ladies! [*Exit.*]

MOSES.—I will return in a moment, ladies. [*Exit.*]

AUNT N. [*snuffing*].—Don't you smell something like rum hereabouts, Susan?

SUSAN [*snuffing*].—Now that you speak of it, I do smell something. [*Looking around and discovering bottle on desk.*] Oh, I see! [*pointing.*] That alcohol for wiping off the furniture!

AUNT N. [*relieved*].—Why, bless me! So it is! Aren't they proper neat, Susan?

MOSES [*entering*].—About the crockery and silver, Miss Earnest. I have attended to that, and can save you the trouble of calling upon Mr. Gutman. Please sign this receipt for the articles named—to be returned on Thursday of next week in as good condition as taken—any loss or damage to be made good—and I will order them sent to you a day in advance.

SUSAN.—Thank you for your trouble. [*Reuls and signs, Aunt N. looking over.*]

MOSES [*rubbing hands and smirking*].—All is arranged, then! If your patronage of our establishment, ladies, fulfils your expectations, please mention us favorably to your friends.

SUSAN.—With pleasure, Mr. Schalk.

AUNT N.—You may depend upon it we will. [*Exeunt.*]

MOSES [*to Simon entering*].—Easily managed—weren't they?

SIMON.—Done like a brick! What would you have done, though, if they had taken it into their heads to go to Sharp's?

MOSES.—Pooh! I knew they wouldn't; and, if they had, didn't the Sharps have a servant of that name who stayed with them five years, and they don't know where she is now? That would have been all straight, you may bet! And isn't the Sharp certificate in my hands?

SIMON.—Tight as a drum! Didn't the Widow play it well? But I had all I could do to rein her in on the whiskey.

MOSES.—I believe you! She must be put on a double short allowance when she takes hold of the job—a gallon after it is done. Nothing like having eyes and ears for business, you know!

SCENE III.—*Room in a Private House.*

SUSAN [*walking about the room excitedly*].—I declare I thought Charles would never finish his breakfast. I never knew him to stay so long before going to the store! I was aching every minute to have him out of the way that we might talk the thing over by ourselves. What shall we do? What shall we do? Are you sure she has gone?

AUNT N. [*equally agitated*].—As sure as I am that I am alive this blessed minute—the lying, thieving baggage! I only wish she were here! She took herself off some time during the night.

SUSAN.—And the crockery and silver all gone?

AUNT N.—All gone—all gone!

SUSAN.—How could she get at it? Here is the key of the chest [*holding it up*] where I put them so carefully

before I went to bed—the very chest in which the things were sent—I locked it myself. And you say the chest is still locked? She must have had another key. How could she carry them off? What shall we do, aunt? What shall we do? I can't pay for the things, and I dare not tell Charles. Oh, dear—oh, dear! What shall we do! What shall we do!

AUNT N.—Dear only knows! I wish we hadn't never touched the party at all—that's what I do! You know I never wanted it! How could you have coaxed me into it, Susan?

SUSAN.—Now, aunt, you know that is unkind. You know you didn't require much urging. Don't—I beg of you—add to my troubles. Charles can say that; but, indeed and truth, aunt, you know *you* can't. What shall we do! What shall we do!

AUNT N.—Wait a minute—I'll go up-stairs again. [*Exit.*]

SUSAN.—To think of such an ending to the party! After all my teasing to bring Charles around—after all the worrying, and fussing, and working, and bothering to get things right! Oh, dear! oh, dear! But it was a nice affair, everybody said—better than the Timmins's, or the Wiggins's, or the Stubbs's—at least, half a dozen told me so! And I thought Charles enjoyed it! What did he bring that odd-acting man with him for, I wonder, after all I had said about inviting! I didn't like his prying looks and ways. But they are gone—gone! What shall I do! What shall I do!

AUNT N. [*entering.*].—What *do* you think? Who *would* have believed it! How could she do it, and we—none of us—know it?

SUSAN.—What—what? Any thing more?

AUNT N.—My watch and chain——

SUSAN.—Gone?

AUNT N.—Gone—and my watered silk—and my velvet bonnet—and my portemonnaie!

SUSAN.—Why in the world didn't you lock your door? Why didn't you? I thought you always did!

AUNT N.—I did—I did—just as I have every mortal night since I've lived here. Didn't you lock the plate chest? And haven't you the key in your pocket now? And aren't the things gone?

SUSAN.—True enough—true enough! I must run up and see if any thing has been taken from my room. [*Exit.*]

AUNT N.—Why did I let Susan talk me over! I might have known no good could come from such goings-on! We hadn't no business to meddle with such! As old as I am I ought to have known better. My watch and chain—oh, dear! My silk—oh dear, dear! My bonnet—oh dear, dear, dear! My portemonnaie—oh dear, dear, dear, dear! I never liked the woman's looks from the very first. I always thought there was something that shouldn't be about her! Could the man at the office have known any thing wrong? Not he—impossible! What a blow it will be to him, poor man! What villains there are in this wicked world! My watch and chain—my silk—my bonnet—my portemonnaie! Oh, dear, dear, dear!

SUSAN [*entering*].—My locket—my best grenadine—my pink sash! Oh dear, dear, dear! I didn't dare venture into Charles's room. Nobody knows what is missing there. Oh, aunt, aunt! We are ruined—completely ruined! What will Charles say! What shall we do! What shall we do! Let us put on our things and go right to the Intelligence Office! Hurry—hurry! Do—do! No—no! We mustn't do that! She may be around here yet. It isn't safe to leave the house. She may carry off all the furniture yet—who knows? Oh, dear, dear! What a fool I was! Charles was right—yes, he was! But, aunt—truly, truly—wasn't it a good party? And wasn't it better than the Timmins's, or the Wiggins's, or the Stubbs's?

AUNT N. [*testily*].—How should I know, child, being as I wasn't at none of them? [*Wringing hands.*] My watch and chain! Gone—all gone! Oh dear, dear!

SUSAN.—But, aunt—now didn't Arabella and Lou, and a dozen others tell me so? And didn't you hear them with your own ears? Oh, aunt—aunt! But, dear me, that don't bring back the crockery—nor the silver—nor my locket—nor my grenadine—nor my sash—

AUNT N.—Nor my watch and chain—nor my silk—nor my bonnet—nor my portemonnaie!

SUSAN.—What shall we—shall we—do! I will go at once to the store and tell Charles! Why didn't I own up at breakfast? But I couldn't beneve it—I wouldn't! Oh

dear! I was a fool—I am a fool—I always have been a fool—I always shall be a fool—I never can be any thing but a fool! Oh dear, dear, dear!

CHAR. [*entering.*—Tut—tut—tut! What's that you say, Sue? You a fool! Impossible! Even if you knew you were, you never would acknowledge it.

SUSAN [*throwing herself upon him and clinging to him*].—I am so glad—so sorry—so happy—so miserable—now that you have come! You know all, don't you? Come—there's a dear, good, nice, loving brother! Do tell! You can help us, can't you? Is any thing of yours gone?

CHAS.—Why, Sue, what does all this mean? And you, too, aunt? Are you crazy, both of you? Sit down, Sue—sit down, both of you. [*They comply.*] Let me understand what you are at. *Is any thing gone of mine?* I should think something of yours had gone, Sue—your wits! Now be quick and talk to me.

SUSAN [*jumping up and walking the room*].—I can't—I can't—I can't! Oh, aunt! you tell! Please do! I'm to be blamed! I'm the fool—I'm the fool!

CHAS.—There it is again! I'm ashamed of you, Sue!

SUSAN.—So am I, Charlie! I am ashamed of myself! Why did you let me? You might have known better—you men—you business men, who know every thing! You might have told me—you might have told me! Oh, Charlie, Charlie! [*sobbing and gesticulating violently.*]

CHAS.—Sue, I can have no patience with you. Aunt Nancy, if you have a particle of sense left, do compose yourself and tell me what all this means.

AUNT N.—Charles, I always opposed it—you know I always did—always!

SUSAN.—Oh, aunt—aunt!

CHAS.—Opposed what, aunt?

AUNT N.—Why, the party—the dinner-party.

CHAS.—The party? Why, didn't it go off admirably? Both of you declared it did, over and over again, only last night. Didn't Sue say that it capped the Wiggins's and the Stiggins's and I don't know who elses?

SUSAN.—Arabella and Lou and a dozen of them told me so with their own lips.

CHAS.—Well, it must be very difficult to please you! Aren't you delighted with your success? Remember.

Sue—you promised not to ask my consent for another. You'll keep to your word, won't you?

SUSAN.—As long as I live, Charlie—as long as I live!

CHAS.—The cooking was excellent. I don't remember eating a better served dinner. And then the——

AUNT N.—But, Charles—but——

CHAS.—But what?

SUSAN.—Tell, aunt; tell him all—tell him all! He'll help us—he can—I know he will! I don't know any thing—not a thing!

CHAS.—Well, aunt, I am waiting patiently.

AUNT N.—That cook, you know, Charles, whom Susan hired——

SUSAN.—Aunt, you liked her—you praised her—you told me to—you were with me when I engaged her.

AUNT N.—That cook, Charles, went away last night——

CHAS.—Without waiting for breakfast? But you had paid her, hadn't you, Sue? The poor woman has her money, I hope. She worked hard enough, I'm sure, to earn that pittance. *Such a dinner!* [*smacking lips.*]

AUNT N. [*not appearing to notice what he says.*].—And has taken my watch and chain——

SUSAN.—And the crockery——

AUNT N.—My watered silk——

SUSAN.—The silver——

AUNT N.—My velvet bonnet——

SUSAN.—My locket——

AUNT N.—My portemonnaie——

SUSAN.—My best grenadine—my pink sash! Oh, Charlie, Charlie! I never will again—never while I live! Do something for us, won't you? Quick, or we are ruined!

CHAS.—You surprise me! That model of all the virtues——

BOTH.—Oh, Charles—Charles!

CHAS.—A moral and religious servant from a Reformed Intelligence Office——

BOTH.—Don't—don't!

CHAS.—Recommended by the Mayor and City Council! It can't be! It is impossible!

BOTH.—But it is—it is!

SUSAN.—She has gone!

AUNT N.—And my 'wat—

SUSAN.—And my crock—

CHAS.—Did you save that ten dollars, Sue, from the expenses? You know you thought you might.

SUSAN [*crying*].—Charlie, Charlie! why will you tease me so? You know I know I was wrong—you are not kind—a brother would not treat me so!

CHAS. [*going to her*].—Sue, my only sister! I am kind. You know I have ever been. I will not tease you. You are already sufficiently punished; but you could have learned so well in no other way. Make yourself easy—every thing is safe!

SUSAN } [*springing up together*.] { The crock—
AUNT N. } { My watered—

CHAS.—Every thing; and Mrs. Moran—*alias* Fanny Maguire, a notorious house-thief—with her accomplices, is in a fair way to get her deserts.

SUSAN.—Dear, kind, good, loving brother Charlie! [*embracing*.] Tell all about it.

AUNT N.—Do tell us all about it!

CHAS.—Not now—wait till tea-time. I am in haste to return. I just ran in to relieve your minds. Enough to say now, that there is a prospect of justice getting the due of which it has long been defrauded. You remember that friend whom I introduced to you, Sue, just before dinner—and you showed so plainly so many times that you disliked him? Well, it is through his instrumentality that so favorable a conclusion has been reached. He is one of the best detectives in the city, and, what is more, a thoroughly honest man. I understood their plot from the beginning, and made my arrangements accordingly. But it is time for me to leave.

AUNT N.—Poor Mr. Schalk, Charles! He knew nothing of all this!

CHAS.—The veriest scoundrel in the gang! Luckily, after braving the law so long with impunity, he will meet a just fate; that is, unless some Judge Partial interferes. Come, [*taking each by hand and leading to front*], our friends here must by this time grant that even we men know something about HIRING HELP!

[*Curtain falls.*]

THE OLD MAID.

CHARACTERS.

MISS TABITHA FLINT.
MISS JENNIE LEE.
MISS ANNA STEELE.

DR. THORNTONGROVE.
DEACON WHITE.

SCENE I.—*A Country Sitting-room. The Three Ladies
Sitting Conversing.*

JENNIE.—Oh, it is so pleasant this afternoon, aunt! May Anna and I go over to Thorntonville? Anna has not been there yet and she goes home to-morrow. Anna, will you go?

ANNA.—Yes, indeed, I will, if aunt Tabitha's willing!

TAB.—What now are you plotting, girls? It seems to me, Jennie, you never are satisfied without you are gadding somewhere.

JENNIE.—Now, I am sure, aunt, we have not been out so often since cousin Anna came down.

TAB.—Not been out often, indeed! I don't know what you would call often, I'm sure. Haven't you been at two parties within the last week? I'm sure I wouldn't like to be seen so much from home.

ANNA.—I suppose we don't go more frequently than you did when you were young.

TAB.—When I was young, indeed! when I was young! If I am old, whom do you call young, I should like to know? It's a strange thing to me as soon as little girls lay aside pantalettes they think all girls who are a year or so older than themselves old maids.

ANNA.—Now, aunt, that is too bad! But who is that driving up the avenue? It's a splendid horse and wagon!

TAB. [*jumping up and looking.*—That! Why, as I live, that is Dr. Thorntongrove. Anna, run quick and bring my other headdress and fine collar, or stay: I will go myself. Jennie I forgot: didn't you say you wanted

to go to Thorntonville? Well, I do not know that I object. You may go.

[*Exit Tab. Enter Dr. T.*]

DR. T.—Good-afternoon, ladies; I hope I find you well this afternoon. The weather is so fine I scarcely hoped to find you in-doors.

JENNIE.—Anna and I were speaking of going over to Thorntonville, but we did not get started.

DR.—Well, it is not too late yet—that is, if you will allow me the pleasure of accompanying you. My wagon is at the door, but, unfortunately, I cannot offer a comfortable seat for more than one. This is the disadvantage of falling-tops. To be candid, Miss Jennie, my object in calling was to invite you to take a ride. I supposed your cousin had returned home, as I understood at Pratt's the other evening that she did not intend to remain more than two days longer at the most.

ANNA.—True, I had expected to take the cars for the city yesterday, but Jennie prevailed on me to remain until Wednesday, with the promise to accompany me as far as Philadelphia.

DR.—Indeed, I do not wonder, then, that you deferred your visit.

JENNIE.—Indeed, she needs your sympathy more than your compliments, for I assure you I am a perfect traveling nuisance. I have never been in the cars more than three times in my whole life, and I was then in a perfect fright.

DR.—Well, that whole life I should not think had been *very* long, and I can easily imagine what a perfect little fright you would be. But come, about this ride! Will you go, Jennie?

JENNIE [*hesitatingly*].—Not to-day. I don't think I can unless Anna could go too.

ANNA [*aside*].—Oh, yes, you can, Jennie, there is nothing to hinder you. Indeed, I know you will enjoy the ride. Now do not let the thoughts of my remaining at home deter you from going. You know I shall have plenty of amusement in teasing Aunt Tabitha. Oh, just go, it will be so much fun. I shall get along nicely. I have letters to write; so just say yes, and go make preparations, or I will answer for you. [*To Dr T*] Yes.

Dr. Thortongrove, Miss Jennie Lee will be happy to accompany you.

JENNIE.—Well, really, Anna, you are very decided. You are always determined to have your own way, so I may as well submit with a good grace, [*moving to the door.*]

ANNA [*aside*].—Won't Aunt Tabitha be raving though? She told you, you might go, and all she wanted was to have us out of the way. [*Exit Jennie.*]

DR.—Where was it you said your home was, Miss Anna? You told me, I think, the other evening, but I do not recollect. Are you and Jennie cousins?

ANNA.—Yes, our mothers were sisters. We have been very little together. I have always lived in Pittsburg, the city of smoke, as it is not inappropriately called. It seems like living in perpetual sunlight to be in this part of the country; still it is not home, though the sky does look brighter. Poor Jennie! I have been trying to coax her to go all the way home with me.

DR.—Why do you say poor Jennie, with such a sigh? Is she not happy?

ANNA.—Oh, yes, she is happy; her sweet disposition prevents her from being any thing else but happy; but her aunt is very exacting, you know. Jennie lost her parents when quite young, and Aunt Tabitha has supplied a mother's place to her since then, and though in reality she intends to be very kind, still her disposition, which has grown somewhat soured through disappointment, makes her very hard to please, and I often wonder how Jennie can bear with her as well as she does. I am sure I could not, but I do delight in tormenting her.

DR.—Well, I really entertained no such idea. I thought Tabitha very amiable.

[*Enter Tabitha.*]

TAB.—Well, Doctor, how do you do! this is a pleasure, indeed. Why, I began to think you had forsaken us entirely: you have been away so long.

DR.—It was only a week ago to-day I spent the afternoon here, and I called one evening since to accompany the ladies to Pratt's. I am sure I feel flattered by your kindness. Here comes Jennie. Are you quite ready, Jennie?

JENNIE.—Yes, sir.

TAB.—Quite ready for what? Why, Jennie dear, you are not going to act so unladylike as to go to Thorntonville without your cousin, are you? Indeed, I will not allow it. Anna, go immediately and get ready—the Doctor will excuse you. [*To Dr. T.*] Little girls will be little girls even after they reach a womanly height. I really sometimes despair of ever seeing our Jennie act with a womanly thoughtfulness, but she is yet very young. [*Doctor rises and looks out towards his wagon.*]

TAB.—Well, I declare, if that isn't too bad! John has never seen to having that horse stabled. Anna, as you go for your bonnet, step to the back-door and tell him to come instantly and take the Doctor's horse.

DR.—Oh, no, Miss Flint, I thank you, I am going—

TAB.—Going now? No, indeed, Doctor, I cannot think of your going until after tea! Do have your horse—[*interrupted.*]

ANNA.—Oh, yes, aunt, they will be back to tea. Will you not, Doctor?

DR.—It is quite probable.

ANNA.—I see, aunt, you do not comprehend. The Doctor called to take Jennie out driving in that new buggy of his; so I believe they are going to Thorntonville. [*Dr. T. and Jennie moving off.*]

TAB.—Going to Thorntonville! The very place I was talking of going to. I wanted to make some purchases at the store—[*aloud. Doctor spluttering to the door*—Doctor, if it would not be inconvenient to you, I—

DR.—Not in the least. We can call and Jennie can get what you wish.

TAB.—Jennie purchase any thing! Why, law, Doctor, I should never think of trusting to that child's judgment. There is nothing to prevent me from accompanying you. Anna will superintend and have tea on the table by the time we return.

DR.—There is nothing to prevent but this: my buggy accommodates but two, or I should have invited Miss Anna to accompany us.

TAB.—Oh, trust to a woman's wit to remedy that. Our carriage horses are idle. We can all go in our carriage.

DR.—I fear that arrangement would make us entirely too late. [*Exit Dr. T. and Jennie.*]

TAB.—Well, if that isn't impudence personified! Who ever saw any thing like it. He just walks off with that child and from right under my nose too just as if he had some authority. Who ever would have thought of a widower of his age wanting to ride out with a child like Jennie, and only think his wife has been dead so short a time! I declare I never saw the like of it.

ANNA.—Why, aunt, I think he said the other evening that it was near'y, if not quite, two years since she died.

TAB.—Two years, indeed! Well, I don't know what lady who thought any thing of herself would want to be seen in company with a man that soon after his wife's death. People might say, with some reason to, that she was wanting to get married pretty badly.

ANNA.—Well, I'm sure I would not object to have my name mentioned in connection with the Dr.'s in that light any time, for I think he is perfectly splendid, and if I was in Jennie's place, it would not take me long to say, Yes, to a certain proposal I think he is likely to make to her shortly.

TAB.—What! What did you say, Anna Steele? I think it is nearly time for you to go home. I expect you will have Jennie's head stuffed as full of nonsense as your own. Dr. Thorntongrove marry Jennie Lee! Marry that child! Anna Steele, you talk like one who does not possess good common-sense.

ANNA.—Well, maybe I have not, but it seems to me I have sense enough to see that Miss Tabitha Flint would like to have the chance of lengthening her name to Thorntongrove.

TAB.—Anna Steele, if any thing was wanting to confirm your silliness, that last remark would do it; how dare you even hint at such a thing to me! Now, Miss Steele, I want you to understand, while you are here under this roof, that I will hear no more such talk as this; and mind, dare you to mention such a thing to Jennie as Dr. Thorntongrove making her his wife at your peril. Dr. Thorntongrove's wife, indeed! Preposterous!

ANNA.—Well, I should like to know what he comes here for, if she is not the attraction?

TAB.—Jennie the attraction! I suppose there are more than her about the house.

ANNA.—Well, then, I suppose he comes to see you aunt; no wonder he said to me to-day that he thought you very amiable.

TAB.—Did he say that? Did Dr. Thorntongrove say that? Well, I am sure it was very complimentary. [*Coaxingly.*] How came he to say it? But then he never had cause to say otherwise! How came he to say that? Was he talking about me? Do tell me what was said?

ANNA.—Oh, he said so much, aunt, I can't remember.

TAB.—Did he ask for me when he first came? I expect he did, though. I wish I had not left the room.

ANNA.—Well, you know, aunt, they will soon return.

TAB.—So he will; and that reminds me that I must go and have a nice dish of tea ready. [*Exit Tabitha.*]

ANNA [*soliloquizing*].—Humm—me! she thinks I lack good common-sense; well, if I acted as silly as she does, I should not doubt it. The old dunce—any one could see she is setting her cap for the Doctor, red ribbons and all. Won't there be a fussing time about tea?

[*Enter Tabitha.*]

TAB.—Yonder comes old Deacon White up the road. I don't see what the misery he is coming here for. I am sure no one wants to see him.

ANNA.—Coming to see you, no doubt!

TAB.—Coming to see me! That is likely, indeed! He had better think about seeing his grave, the old dunce! Why he must be fifty.

ANNA.—And how old are you, aunt?

TAB.—How old am I, Miss Impudence? How old would you suppose me to be?

ANNA.—Oh, I should think you—are—forty—five.

TAB.—F-o-r-t-y-five! out-rageous! Well, Anna, I know you have no more judgment than a child of ten; if you had said twenty-five—

[*Enter Deacon.*]

DEACON.—Well, Tabitha, how is your health to-day?

TAB.—Oh, it's very good, thank you, Deacon. Will you be seated? Anna, place that cushioned chair here for the Deacon.

DEA.—We have very fine weather now.

TAB.—Yes, very fine.

DEA.—The Lord has seen fit to bless our land with a plentiful harvest, and is now promising a glorious seed-time; we should be very thankful for so many blessings.

TAB.—We should, indeed, and yet how many ungrateful ones there are around us who never give a thought of the great Giver of all this good.

DEA.—I am satisfied, Tabitha, that you are not one of the number.

TAB.—I trust, Deacon, I am not. The spiritual welfare, Deacon; the spiritual welfare—I have always endeavored to make it the first object in life.

ANNA [*aside, grimacing*].—Getting married excepted.

DEA.—Ah, yes, Tabitha, no one would doubt that, I am sure.

TAB.—I hope not, Deacon; your dear deceased wife was, you know, a very dear friend of mine, and I always endeavored to be worthy of that title while she lived, for I always thought, one on whom she would bestow her regard must necessarily be very good.

ANNA [*aside*].—I wonder if that is not what the Yankee would call saft sodder.

TAB.—But, my Anna, it is almost time for them to be back. I wish you would see to arranging the tea-table, and the Deacon and I will go out and look at the flowers. Deacon, I have an oleander in full bloom; it is very beautiful; would you not like to go look at it?

DEA. [*rising*].—I certainly shall be pleased to do so [*Exit*].

[*Tabitha lingers to speak to Anna.*]

TAB.—Now be sure, Anna, put on the best china, and have every thing in print. I will be in again in a few minutes.

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE II.—*Table set—Anna arranging it—Enter Tab.*

ANNA.—What have you done with the Deacon, aunt?

TAB.—He sat down on the piazza to enjoy the sunset, he said.

ANNA.—And I am sure he would have enjoyed it much better if you had remained. I can do very well.

TAB.—Remained? fiddle-de-dee! I didn't want to sit

out there with him. I thought when I got him started out he would go home; but do hurry—there comes the Doctor and Jennie. [*Enter Dr. T. and Jennie.*] Well, you are just in time—we have tea all ready. Jennie, hurry lay aside your bonnet.

ANNA.—Tea is ready.

TAB.—Be seated, Doctor; hurry, Jennie. Anna, do tell the Deacon to come in to tea. [*Addressing Dr. T.*] Old Deacon White came just after you left. What a sanctified old dunce he is!

DR.—Why, Miss Tabitha, you should not talk that way; he will be looking out for another wife one of these days.

TAB.—Indeed he need not look this way; I would as soon think of marrying my grandfather.

DR. [*laughing.*].—I don't know about that.

TAB.—Now, Doctor, you do know—beg your pardon. [*Enter D*] Deacon, take that seat—Anna, you take this one.

[*A pause—servant passes the tea.*]

TAB.—Now do reach to and help yourselves. Doctor, let me help you to some of this chicken salad. I assure you it is very nice. I prepared it with my own hands. Anna, pass the bread—now do help yourselves. Doctor, here is sausage—do try some, it is some of my own curing. I never can eat the Bologna sausage we buy. Now isn't it nice?

DR.—Yes, thank you, it is very good.

ANNA.—Deacon, you try some of it. I assure you, Aunt Tabitha makes an excellent housekeeper; if you need one, maybe you can secure her services.

TAB. [*sharply.*].—Anna!

DEA.—Indeed, Anna, if I could I should feel as if the Lord had blessed me tenfold: she is so much like my dear departed wife.

DR.—I should think Miss Tabitha a much younger lady.

TAB.—Oh, yes; quite a number of years.

DEA.—Not a great number. Had she lived, she would have been forty-eight last Christmas, and you, Tabitha, were only about five years younger.

TAB.—You are very much mistaken, Deacon. But

—My wife was very amiable, and I cultivated her friendship, being much older, her experience in life made her an invaluable friend. It was not because we were so near the same age that we were so intimate. But she was old enough to be my—Anna, pass the chicken salad. Doctor, won't you let me say something more? Do drink another cup of wine. Was your last one palatable?

—Yes, thank you, it was very good.

—Aunt, perhaps the Deacon will have some

—Not any more, thank you. I declare I am very satisfied that the man who secures Tabitha for his daughter will receive a gift from the Lord.

—I have been thinking of setting up an establishment myself. I think it would be well for me to look in for myself, [*glancing from Jennie to Anna.*]

—Indeed, Doctor, you are very flattering, I am

—Well, aunt, Jennie and I are here. If you do not like the situation may be he will look in our direction. Jennie, I am sure, made this bread and butter with her hands, and that cake the Doctor was praising, now, I made.

[*rising.*—Anna, do you know that self-praise is commendation. Doctor, do come out and see my daughter. Jennie, you and Anna entertain the Deacon. And to him.] You will excuse me, Deacon. You have already seen them.

—Yes, aunt, you were out when the Deacon was; but let Jennie and me go now. Will you accept my company, Doctor?

—Certainly, with pleasure! Miss Tabitha, I have something particular for your private ear, but never mind, don't forget. [*Exit Dr. T., Anna and Jennie.*]

—I think I never saw Anna Steele's match. She has the tact of doing every thing as she pleases.

—A very bright little girl, that!

—Yes, she is bright with impertinence. I shall tell her when she is gone home. She has always a word to say for something. [*Deacon drawing his chair near Ta-*

DEA.—Yes, those words she said to-night were well said. It does seem as if the Lord had a hand in the matter and put it into her mouth to open the way.

TAB.—Oh, nonsense! nonsense! nothing but nonsense!

DEA.—I believe the Lord has revealed it to my mind that you are to be a second wife to me. Will you be willing? [*Taking her hand.*] Dear Tabitha, will you answer me?

TAB.—Indeed, Deacon, your proposal surprises me. I had never thought of the possibility of such an event.

DEA.—And yet such an event is possible. My dear departed wife, I am sure, would have sanctioned my proposal, and if her spirit has the power to leave Paradise, no doubt it is at this moment hovering near us.

TAB.—And do you believe, Deacon, that spirits have the power to leave the realms of the blest to guard over us poor mortals of earth?

DEA.—I sometimes feel that such is the fact; but, Tabitha dear, you have not replied to my question.

TAB.—Oh, law! I do not know what to say. I am sure I have always had the care of Jennie, and I do not see how she is going to get along without me.

DEA.—Oh, Jennie is old enough to take care of herself or take a husband to do it. That objection is easily overruled. Come, now: make up your mind to say Yes.

TAB.—Indeed, Deacon, I don't think I can. I must have some time to think about it.

DEA.—How long will it take you to think, and will you think Yes when that time expires? [*Approaching steps. Tabitha gives her head a short quick nod, and the Deacon moves his chair to a distance, rising, proposes to depart. Exit Deacon as Anna enters.*]

ANNA.—I'm sure, aunt, you need not have left me disturb you. I declare you make a right cosy couple seated together.

TAB.—Anna, you really have a tongue that can say almost any thing. I'm ashamed of you.

ANNA.—Why, I didn't say any thing wrong, did I, aunt? I was just out there, and I could not help seeing the Deacon raise your hand to his lips, and I could not help his speaking so loud when he popped the question.

TAB.—And was the Doctor out there too, and did he

hear what was said? Anna, do you hear me: was the Doctor there?

ANNA.—And what if he was, aunt? There was no harm done, was there?

TAB.—Oh, dear, [*pacing the floor,*] and the Doctor heard all that was said?

ANNA.—Said! What about?

TAB.—Why, what the Deacon said about us getting married.

ANNA.—Ah, ha, ha, ha, ho, ho!

TAB.—Anna! Anna! What's the matter?

ANNA.—What's the matter! Why, the Deacon's proposed! Ha—ha!

TAB.—Anna, you're simple: did you not just tell me you heard him?

ANNA.—Why, no! I only said I could not help his speaking so loud when he popped the question. I did not say I heard him, now, did I? Ha, ha! I can't help laughing, it's so funny. I expect you said no, did you, aunt, for his wife, you know, has not been dead over a year, and you said to-day you would not have a widower of two years' standing, didn't you?

TAB.—Well, what if I did! I think I am at liberty to say what I please.

ANNA.—Ha! ha! It's so funny! I do wish the Doctor and Jennie would come in! I must tell them.

TAB.—Yes, Anna Steele, you tell them at your peril. Thank the goodness you go home to-morrow. I declare if you were going to be here much longer I should go crazy or die.

ANNA.—Oh, my! aunt, you must not think of such a thing as doing either. Why it would break the Deacon's heart.

TAB.—Break the Deacon's fiddlesticks.

ANNA [*throwing up her hand in amazement*].—Break the Deacon's fiddlesticks! Well, who would have thought one who was so sanctified as the Deacon would have musical instruments, and a violin at that! Now if it had been an organ——

TAB.—I declare, Anna, there is no living with you. Where is the Doctor and Jennie?

ANNA.—I left them out on the lawn. I thought two was

company and three was none, as the old proverb goes. I did not think I should disturb a tête-à-tête inside. Somehow it seems I'm in the way everywhere. It's queer no one proposes to me!

TAB.—The Lord help the man who gets you; but I shall go and call Jennie to come in; she will catch cold.

[*Exit.*]

ANNA [*soliloquizing*].—She is dreadfully worried about Jennie catching cold all at once. [*Enter Aunt, Jennie, and the Doctor.*] Well, aunt, you found them, did you?

TAB.—Oh, yes; I have just been reading the Doctor's lecture for allowing Jennie to detain him out so long—there is quite a heavy dew falling.

DR.—I did not notice it was getting damp.

TAB.—Anna has been in for some time.

ANNA.—Yes; I feared aunt would need me to help entertain the Deacon, but when I came in——

TAB.—Anna, have you made all preparations necessary for going home in the morning? Mind, you will have to start early. Jennie, I have been thinking that as Anna wishes you to accompany her home, you may as well go. The preparation you have made to go to the city will be sufficient; perhaps you had better take a few more clothes—you can get them ready—the Doctor will excuse you.

JENNIE.—I think I would rather not go, aunt.

TAB.—Not go! I thought you wished to go.

JENNIE.—So I did, but——

TAB.—But what?

ANNA.—Why, she is afraid she will not be here to attend the Deacon's wedding.

TAB.—Anna, I wish you and Jennie would go at my bidding.

DR.—Yes, go; and I hope, if I can win Tabitha's consent, to summon you to attend my wedding shortly.

ANNA.—Good; if there is a wedding on the carpet I want to be on hand. Aunt Tabitha, be sure and give your consent, and let me be bridesmaid. [*Girls going to the door.*] We'll see you again, Doctor, before you go.

[*Exit.*]

TAB.—Are you in earnest, Doctor? Do you really contemplate marriage?

DR.—I do, indeed; and you, Miss Tabitha, have it in your power to make me the happiest of mortals!

TAB.—I have the power? Indeed, Doctor, this is quite unexpected; you have never given me any reason to suppose you had any preference.

DR.—And do you think one could frequent this house, as I have done for the last six months, and his heart remain invulnerable to so much beauty and goodness?

TAB.—I have only been conscious of having done my duty. Do you know your words are very flattering?

DR.—No flattery, Miss Tabitha. I never was more in earnest in my life. I believe my love is reciprocated—nay, I am sure, and it only remains for your consent to call the dear treasure mine.

TAB. [*affected.*].—I cannot find it in my heart to say nay—but Jennie—

DR.—I know, Tabitha, she must be very dear to you, occupying a mother's place as you have since infancy; but believe me, I will cherish her as never wife was cherished.

TAB. [*surprised.*].—Cherish her as wife! What mean you?

DR.—Why, I mean, with your consent, to marry Jennie, certainly.

TAB.—Marry Jennie? Marry Jennie Lee?

DR.—Yes, certainly; is there any thing very strange in the sound? You certainly didn't think it was Anna I meant, [*drawing his hand over his whiskers and smiling.*]

TAB.—No matter what I thought. I suppose you must have her. It's strange to me, a man of your age should want to marry such a mere child.

DR.—Of my age, Miss Tabitha! why, I have not reached the shady side of thirty!

TAB.—Hem-m-m.

DR.—I do not know how to sufficiently thank you for the inestimable treasure you have bestowed upon me believe me, my sole object will be to make her life happy. [*Tab. raises her handkerchief to her eyes. Enter Anna.*]

ANNA.—Well, Doctor, have you won aunt's consent, and am I to be bridesmaid?

DR.—You will have to talk to Jennie about the bridesmaid arrangement.

RECEIVED

... you did
... your intentions?
... [unclear]
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... ready for
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like dogs, to eat the crumbs that fall from their tables. But there's a good time coming, Patrick, a good time coming. A little while, and there will be a great change.

PAT.—Yis, y'r honor, that th'r wull.

MR. R. [*advancing towards the bar.*].—What will you take, Mr. Murphy?

PAT.—Any thing ye plaze.

MR. R.—Say brandy and water.

PAT.—Fust-rate.

MR. R. [*they take the glasses.*].—Here's to your good health, Mr. Murphy.

PAT.—The same till you. [*Pat swallows a whole tumbler of pure brandy.*]

MR. R.—And now, my worthy friend [*drawing aside*], how is the good cause progressing in your particular neighborhood?

PAT.—You're safe in our ward by a hundred majority.

MR. R.—D'ye think so?

PAT.—Faith an' ye are. I was down at McPhelin's ~~tavern~~ last night until twelve o'clock. There warn't but three men there who dared to open their mouths for Lysle, and I rather think that their bones ain't done aching yet.

MR. R.—How so? [*Murphy doubles his fists and assumes a pugilistic attitude.*] No fighting, I hope.

PAT.—No—no. Only a bit of scrimmage. There was a rowdy Yankee there, who insulted y'r honor, and the way I chastised him would have done y'r heart good.

MR. R.—Insulted me? Ah, what did he say?

PAT.—Yis; and he insulted the great body of y'r constituents into the bargain, the spalpeen!

MR. R.—How? What did he say of me?

PAT.—He said that y'r honor cared no more for a poor man than for the dirt under y'r feet; and that after the election, you wouldn't let me, in particular, touch you with a forty-foot pole.

MR. R.—He said that, did he?

PAT.—Indade, y'r honor, and that's just what he did say. But if he didn't feel the weight of a heavy bunch of bones, call me a liar. He'll have blue ribbons around his eyes for a month. It'll be as much as the bargain if he gets to the polls to-morrow.

MR. B.—And so we are certain of your ward?

PAT.—Sure as death; and I take credit to meself for one-half the success. I've worked hard in the good cause, Mr. R.

MR. R.—It's the cause of the people; or, more emphatically speaking, the cause of the poor man. The rich and the privileged classes—the capitalists and monopolists of the day—are crushing the very life out of you. This is the time for effectual resistance. You must break the chains of oppression now, or they remain fastened upon you forever. The country of your adoption expects much of you, Mr. Murphy; do not disappoint her. Remember, that the vote of a poor man is equal in value to that of the proudest nabob in the land. Never lose sight of that fact, my friend. A convert to our side, no matter who or what he is, a drunkard in the gutter, or a lazy pauper in the almshouse, balances off the vote of one of your silk-stocking gentry on the other side. Votes are what we want, then—votes—votes—votes. Let that be ever before your eyes. You'll be at the public meeting to-night?

PAT.—Dade, and it's what I wull.

MR. R.—That's right; and you must bring along as many staunch adherents of the good cause as you can find.

PAT.—Trust me for that, Mr. R.

MR. R.—Mr. Parker is not on our side?

PAT.—He! No—no! He belongs to the silk-stocking party. What do you think he said to me yesterday? 'See here, Murphy,' says he, 'if you don't quit this drinking and rowdying about, and attend better to your business, you and I'll have to part.' Drinking and rowdying about, indade! I knew what he meant. It was the political matters he objected till. He wanted to interfere with my freedom and compel me to vote his way.

MR. R.—Is it possible?

PAT.—Dade, and it is.

MR. R.—What did you say to him?

PAT.—Say till him! Why, just nothing, at all, at all. But didn't I look as black as a thunder-cloud?

MR. R.—Don't be afraid, my excellent friend. [*Laying his hand on the Irishman's shoulder and speaking deliber-*

ately.] Do your duty as a man and fear nothing. What wages does Parker give you?

PAT.—A paltry twenty dollars a month, bad luck till him.

MR. R.—For the valuable services of a man like you!

PAT.—It's ivery cint.

MR. R.—Possible! it's little better than starvation.

PAT.—Dade, and ye may well say that. It's little more nor starvation. I wonder how much better he is nor me, or any of the poor men around him, out of whose sweat and blood he is coining goold and dollars.

MR. R.—He's not half so good, my honest friend. You're worth a dozen like him. It's you that ought to be ridin in a carriage instead of one like him.

PAT [*contemptuously*].—The likes o' him.

MR. R. [*encouragingly*].—There's a good time coming. Work hard and push through the good cause at this election. Once let our party come into power, and you will see a change that will be worth calling a change. There are plenty of fat offices waiting for the working friends of the cause, and you belong emphatically to that class.

PAT.—Yis, indade! I'm a working man out and out.

MR. R.—That's well known. I've heard you spoken of a dozen times. More than one of our leading men have their eyes on you.

PAT.—We're bound to bate.

MR. R.—But we will have to work for it. Don't forget that. Our opponents are wide awake.

PAT.—Och, and ye needn't to tell me that, Musther Ross. Don't I know? But, as I said, we're bound to bate, and we will bate. And when we've won the election, what kind of an office do you think I can get? How large will be the salary?

MR. R.—Nothing less than seven or eight hundred dollars.

PAT.—So much as that! Och! blood-er-nouns, but won't I be illigant! Eight hundred dollars! I feel rich already. Who cares for Mr. Parker! Bad 'cess till him!

MR. R.—Don't forget the meeting to-night!

PAT.—Never fear; I'll be there. Good-bye, now. I must be off at once.

MR. R.—Be sure, and above all, be at your post to-

morrow. It is the great day of battle, and unless every soldier is in the field, the enemy may conquer. Go early to the polls and vote your ticket, and then see that every man over whom you have an influence does the same thing. "A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together," will do the work for us. Then you know the motto: "To the victors belong the spoils." But if you must go—Good-bye, my friend. [*Shakes him warmly by the hand.*]

[*Exit Pat.*]

MR. R. [*with disgust.*—Pah! I shall be glad when this work is over. I'm half-sick with disgust, and half-mad with a fretting sense of humiliation. But they are our tools, and we must work with them. After our work is done, it will be an easy matter to throw them aside.

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE II.—*Mr. Parker's Store.*

[*Enter Pat.*]

PAT.—I shall be absent the rest of the day, Musther Parker.

MR. P.—How so, Patrick?

PAT.—It's 'lection day.

MR. P.—Well, what of that! Have you a vote?

PAT.—Sure and I have as much as the best of yez.

MR. P.—Then you're naturalized?

PAT.—Dade, and I am that.

MR. P.—But it won't take you all day to vote. Half an hour, or an hour at most, is long enough for you to be absent from the store.

PAT.—I've something else to do besides voting. I'm one of the ward committee to attend the polls.

MR. P. [*contemptuously*].—You are!

PAT [*indignantly*].—Yez needn't fash a body in that way Mr. Parker, I'se got rights and privileges as well as any other mon—if I am poor!

MR. P [*seriously*].—I've no wish to interfere with your right, Patrick. As a citizen your right and duty is to vote, and time enough for that I have no desire to withhold. You can go and cast your vote, and then return

to your work, as I shall do. But to release you from your obligation to me, that you may have time to meddle in what doesn't concern you, and interfere with other men's freedom in voting, is what I cannot do. To-day is a busy day in the store. We have a large amount of goods to pack and cannot dispense with your services.

PAT.—My duty to my adopted country——

MR. P.—You needn't talk to me after that fashion, Patrick. Vote your vote if you wish to do so, and leave the country to take care of itself. It will get along well enough without your meddling interference.

PAT.—O yis; that's the way ye nabobs try to lord it over us poor men, when ye think ye have us in y'r power. But I'm not just ready to kneel down and let yez put y'r foot on my neck.

MR. P. [*sharply.*].—My friend, I don't want to bandy any words with you. You can go to the polls and vote. I'll give you an hour for that purpose; and you can vote for his Satanic Majesty, if it please your fancy, for all I care. But if you are not here at the expiration of an hour, I'll hire a man in your place.

PAT.—Musther Parker——

MR. P. [*turning away.*].—I'll hear no more on the subject.

[*Exit Mr. Parker.*]

PAT.—No purse-proud nabob shall lord it over me.

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE III.—*After the election—A street—Pat on his way to Mr. Ross's.*

PAT.—I've made some powerful acquaintances, ony how. Musther Ross is a jewel of a man, worth his weight in gold. If I have lost the situation at Mr Parker's, it was in his cause, and he'll not see me suffer. [*Enter Mr. Bluff and gentleman.*] How are you, Musther Bluff? [*advancing toward him.*]

MR. B. [*looking indifferently—answers contemptuously.*] How are you, Pat? [*Turns his back toward him. Enter bar-room loungers.*]

BAR LOU—Hallo, Pat! How d'ye feel this morning? Didn't save the nation after all. Never mind, Pat! don't

look so cast down about the matter. Better luck next time. You've one consolation: you did your duty

2D LOU. [*sneeringly*].—Yes, and who thanks him to-day? Yesterday he was one of the people—patted on the shoulder and cajoled by Mr. Broad-cloth-and-calfskin, but to-day he is a foolish Irishman. Ha! ha! We, the people! It's very fine, and sounds first-rate; but it's all sound and fury, meaning just nothing at all, at all. Pat Murphy, my darlint, come, Pat, on to the bar; won't you treat, Pat?

PAT [*Thrusting his hand in his pocket, and drawing it out slowly, shakes his head and sighs*].—Haven't a red cent left to bless myself.

1ST LOU.—Just my own interesting condition, Pat.

PAT.—Have you seen Mr. Ross the day?

2D LOU.—Yes; but he looked as sour as a lemon; it would take a power of sugar to sweeten him.

PAT.—He's disappointed, in course.

1ST LOU.—Ain't he?

PAT.—Well, as for Musther Ross, I can say won'thing of him honestly. He's a jontleman, ivery inch of him. He knows a mon when he sees him, and can appreciate merit in the humblest. Bad luck till the party that bate him, say I.

1ST LOU.—He's like all the rest of 'em. Mighty fine and nice when they want your vote; but too good to share the same sunshine with you, after the election. I know 'em all, from A to Z.

PAT [*indignantly*].—I'll not stand and hear a jontleman like Musther Ross abused after that fashion.

2D LOU [*sneeringly*].—Won't you, indeed?

PAT.—Indade and I wont thin. He's my friend, and I'll hold ony mon till account that speaks against him.

[*Enter third bar-room lounge*]

3D LOU.—Ha! ha! Pat, how d'ye like Mr. Ross by this time? ha! ha! ha! Ah, Pat, he's a honey, my darlint. He cares a deal about you now, don't he?

PAT.—Hould yer tongue, you fool, or I'll put my fist in your mouth.

3D LOU.—You darn't!

PAT.—Don't I thin' [*striking him with his fist*]. Thin

take that and be quiet. [*All crowd up—a fight ensues, and they pitch Pat into the street.*]

[*Exit loungers.*]

PAT [*gathering himself up, looks round and walks sheepishly up to Mr. Ross's door and rings bell. Enter servant*]. Can I see Musther Ross?

SERVANT.—He's engaged, and cannot be seen.

PAT.—He'll see me, I know. Tell him that Musther Murphy wishes to spake wid him just a minute.

SER. [*goes and returns.*].—Mr. Ross is engaged and cannot see any one.

PAT.—Did yez tell him me name?

SER.—I did.

PAT.—And what did he say?

SER. [*sharply.*].—I have told you what he said. He cannot see you. [*Servant shuts door—Pat walks slowly away. Enter Mr. Parker.*]

PAT.—Sure, Musther Parker, it's back in yer own store I would like to be.

MR. P.—Why, how is this, Pat? You wouldn't live with a nabob?

PAT.—Indade, an' plaze yer honor, it's no nabob ye are, but a jontleman; an' it's Patrick Murphy 'll sarve ye to yer heart's contint, if iver ye'll give him a chance agin. I've bin badly desaved, Mr. Parker.

MR. P. [*coolly.*].—Well, it's too late now. I have hired another man.

PAT.—Then yez proscribes me for opinion's sake.

MR. P.—No; I merely filled the place you left. I don't care any thing about a man's opinions. I regard only his ability to serve me in the place I want filled. If he leaves my work to go and interfere with the freedom of elections at the polls for a whole day, I will discharge him, no matter what his political opinions may be, and I told you that beforehand; so you've only yourself to blame. Here's the balance of money due you; and when next you get a good place, don't throw it up for the sake of some brawling candidate, who doesn't care three beans for you.

[*Exit Mr. Parker—Pat mortified. Enter Mr. Ross with two gentlemen.*]

PAT [*going toward them*].—How are yez, Musther Ross?

MR. R. [*angrily*].—Who are you, and what do you want!

PAT [*smiling, and going closer*].—Don't yez know Murther Murphy?

MR. R.—Murphy? Pah! I've had more Pat Murphys running after me than would freight a ship. What do you want?

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE IV.—*Second election—Pat carrying a hod of brick up a ladder.*

PAT [*half angrily as he reaches the top of the ladder and deposits his bricks*].—Bad 'cess till Mистер Ross! Bad cess till Mистер Ross! If it hadn't been for him I'd still be houlding my good situation in Parker's store, instead of being kilt to death with this hod-carrying. [*Shoulders his hod and goes down; just as he reaches the bottom enter Mr. R.*]

MR. R.—Why, Mr. Murphy, is this you? How are you, my old friend and fellow-citizen? How are you? [*Smiles and extends his hand.*]

PAT [*pleasantly surprised, allows Mr. R. to take his hand and shake it heartily*].—How are yez, Mr. Ross!

MR. R.—Oh, bright as a May morning! [*Still holding his hand.*] But how are you getting on now, Mr. Murphy?

PAT.—Bad enough, and plaze y'r honor.

MR. R.—Ah! I'm sorry for that. Have you been unfortunate?

PAT.—Dade, thin, and have I. That 'lection business kilt me dead.

MR. R.—How so, Mr. Murphy? We were beaten, it is true, but how did it affect you personally?

PAT.—Mr. Parker turned me off for going to the polls on 'lection day, and it's been hard wid me ever since, I can tell yez.

MR. R.—Turned you off, Mr. Murphy, for voting your sentiments as an American citizen!

PAT [*with much feeling*].—Yis, it's just that, Mистер Ross.

MR. R.—Vile proscription! Thus it is that these nabobs

of our land seek, as in the old country, to bind the free consciences of the people, and to trample on their political rights. You felt this in Ireland, Mr. Murphy; and it was to escape such tyranny that you left the beautiful home of your fathers and came to happy America. Shall the heel of the oppressor be on your neck here also? Spirit of Liberty, forbid it! Mr. Murphy, we must break down this league of the rich against the poor. We can do it and we will. In this cause I have embarked, and I will die by it. What greater glory can any man desire, than to be known as the friend of the people?

PAT.—Nabobs! Yis, vile oppressing nabobs! If I had my will o' them! [*Clenching his fist.*]

MR. R.—This is rather a hard kind of business, Mr. Murphy. A man like you ought to be doing something better than carrying bricks up a ladder.

PAT.—Dade and he ought, Musther R.

MR. R.—Come round to my house to-night, Mr. Murphy; I'd like to have some talk with you.

PAT.—Yez lives in the same place?

MR. R.—Come about nine o'clock. I will be disengaged then.

PAT.—I'll be there to the minute, Musther Ross.

MR. R.—Very well, and now good-day; I rather think we'll find you some better work to do than this.

PAT.—Thank yez, sir, thank yez! I'll be a thousand times obleeged till yez. [*Exit Ross. Pat carries up another hod of bricks and comes running down whistling.*]

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE V.—*In Mr. Ross's house—Several citizens with Mr. R. seated round a table, on which are wine-bottle and glasses. Door-bell rings—Mr. R. moves to the door.*

[*Enter Pat.*]

MR. R.—Ah! you're the man after all, Mr. Murphy! Punctual to the minute! [*grasping him by the hand and leading him.*] Come in, my good fellow, come in. Mr. Murphy, gentlemen!

CITIZENS.—How are you, sir?

FIRST CITIZEN.—How are you, my honest friend? how are you? Happy, indeed, to see you!

MR. R.—Take a chair, Mr. Murphy. Gentlemen, have something to drink. [*Drink all round.*] Well, gentlemen, this is the Mr. Murphy of whom I was speaking to you, an honest hard-working man, who has been proscribed for opinion's sake. No man has labored harder, or more efficiently in our cause than he, and it will be a burning disgrace to our party—the party of the people, the sworn advocate of the oppressed and trampled upon—if we let him suffer for his devotion to true principles. This man has a family, sirs—a family to whom he is dearly attached, and for whom he's toiling like a galley-slave at the oar. Previous to the last election he had a good situation and a good salary in the store of Mr. Parker; but because he worked in our cause Parker turned him off, to starve with his wife and little ones, for all he cared.

FIRST CITIZEN.—Impossible! To think that such a spirit exists in our country.

MR. R.—A spirit that, if not checked, will prostrate our liberties beneath the iron heel of oppression. What is a poor man in the eyes of one like Parker? Of less value than his horse. And he is but the type of his party.

CITIZENS.—That is true, sir.

MR. R.—And now, Mr. Murphy, the time has come when another strong effort must be made to break through the party lines that have been drawn by these poor-oppressing, blood-sucking aristocrats. At the last campaign we drove them back and came near routing them—horse, foot and dragoons. This time, if we unite our forces, victory is certain, and you know, my honest friend, that “to the victors belong the spoils.” No man did better service to the good cause at the last election than you, Mr. Murphy; and now that the tug of war is about to come again, your bleeding country calls upon you and asks for aid. Shall she call in vain? No, not when her voice reaches the ears of Patrick Murphy, the man who has felt the crushing weight of oppression. What say you, Mr. Murphy? Are you with us again?

PAT.—Faix an' am I then, Mr. Ross. Bad 'cess till the nabobs! I'll have it out wid 'em yet.

1st CITIZEN.—You've got the right kind of stuff in you, Mr. Murphy.

PAT.—I'm an Irishman.

MR. R.—And an honor both to the country of your birth and the country of your adoption. We looked upon you as one of our best men at last election. Already more than a dozen of your old friends have been inquiring after you. Your appearance in our ranks will put new life into our people, for they know you of old. [*Taking out his pocket-book and handing Pat a five dollar note.*] There, Mr. Murphy, is the beginning of your pay, and there [*handing another*] is a V to be used for the good of the party, you know.

PAT.—Thank yez, sir! thank ye. Much obleeged to ye. I'll make it go as far as it wull, sir. I'll get ye a deal of votes, niver fear me. Good-night, jontlemen, till yez all.

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE VI.—*At Pat's house. Biddy at her work.*

[*Enter Pat, groggy.*]

BIDDY.—Why, Pathrick, ye convict, an' where have ye bin all the day? Musther Parker sent for yez the day and wants to see ye.

PAT.—Bad luck till Mr. Parker! bad luck till him, I say! [*Stagger into a seat.*]

BIDDY.—Are ye crazy, mon? No doubt Mr. Parker wants ye back agin in his store.

PAT.—Bad 'cess till him. I'll niver darken his door agin—the aristocratic, silk-stocken nabob! Didn't he turn me off for votin' me sentiments as a free American citizen? Didn't he, I say? Bad 'cess till him, the spalpeen!

BIDDY.—Ye're a drunken fool, that's what ye are. I've a good mind, Pathrick, to take the chilther an' lave ye—now I have. I say, are ye going to see Mr. Parker?

PAT.—No, faix, an' I am not. I'm done with Musther Parker, kith and kin. Didn't he turn me off for votin' my sentiments? Didn't he? Ay, fegs! an' if iver agin I darken his door, it'll do him good.

BIDDY.—Now, Pathrick, ye're jist makin' a fool of yourself. Politicks and whusky'll be the ruin of ye.

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE VII.—*In Pat's house after election.*

[*Enter Pat, in has'e, wavin his hat.*]

PAT.—We've bate! we've bate! Biddy, my darlint! Hurrah for Ross and the cause of the people! Hurrah! Hurrah!

BIDDY.—Hish! hish! Patrick now! Ye'll wake the chilther and alarm the whole neighborhood.

PAT [*seizing Biddy and swinging her round*].—We've bate! we've bate! Biddy, my darlint! and now for the swate little corner in the post-office, and silks and satins for Mrs. Murphy! Ha! What does yez think of that, honey? Pathrick Murphy knew what he was about. [*Taking a seat and growing calm.*] The fact is, Biddy, darlint, I don't b'lave it's jist right to put me off wid a beggarly place in the post-office, wid five or six hundred a year. A man who has sarved the party as I have desarves betther tratement nor that, so he does.

BIDDY.—Plaze goodness an' I'd be thankful for thot an' niver think of callin' it beggarly. Yez got y'er ideas a little too elevated, Pathrick.

PAT.—Niver a bit, troth. I know my desarvins, an' I'll git them. They'll not put me aff wid the crumbs of the table, I can tell them.

BIDDY.—Have yez ony money, Pathrick?

PAT.—Niver a red cint, darlint. I spent every farthin' yisterday in buyin' up the votes, but I'll see Muster Ross the mornin'.

BIDDY.—But will he pay yez on'thing more, now, Pathrick, that 'liction's over?

PAT.—An' why not, sure? An' isn't he under an everlasting debt o' gratitude to me? Didn't he say that if I'd do me duty, as he knew that I could do it, he'd niver forgit me while breath was in his mortal body?

BIDDY.—But what are we to do for dinner the day, Pathrick? There isn't a loaf of bread nor a potatee more in the house! The chilther must have food.

PAT.—Och! an' can't yez jist git a little thrust at Mrs. Mulligan's for the day? I'll git plinty of money when I see Musther Ross.

BIDDY.—I dunno. We owe four dollars there now, an' Mrs. Mulligau said the last time I was there that we

needn't come for ony more thrust till the ould score was paid off.

PAT.—Och, bad 'cess till her stingy ould soul! But do you tell her, Biddy, darlint, that we've bate the bloody nabobs, an' that I'm to have an office, an' we'll have hapes o' money, and we'll just dale with her for ivery thing. Jist say all that, Biddy, an' she'll open her store till yez.

BIDDY.—I dunno, Pathrick, but I can try.

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE VIII.—*At a hotel. Numbers sitting and standing around.*

[*Enter Pat.*]

PAT.—Good-mornin', jontlemen! Have any of yez seen Mr. Ross the day?

FIRST CITIZEN.—Ross? And pray what do you want with him? An office already, Pat Murphy?

PAT [*angrily*].—Do yez mane to insult me?

FIRST CIT. [*laughing*].—Oh, no; but I'd like to give you a piece of good advice.

PAT.—Wull, and what is it?

FIRST CIT.—Why just this, my friend; if you've got any work to do, go and do it and be thankful.

PAT [*clenching his fists*].—What do yez mane?

FIRST CIT.—I mean that you will find it more profitable than running after an elected candidate, or seeking an office. Ross don't care three buttons for you now that he's gained the day.

[*Enter Ross, with one or two others.*]

PAT [*starting forward and extending his hand, while Mr. R. pushes into the crowd*].—Me congratulations, Musther Ross! [*Ross and two others drink.*]

[*Exit Mr. Ross. Pat running after.*]

Musther Ross, can I jist git a spaken till yez?

ROSS [*outside to stage driver*].—To Colonel Lyon's.

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE IX.—*At Ross's house.*

[*Pat rings the door-bell. Enter Servant*]

PAT.—Is Mr. Ross in?

SERVANT.—I believe so. Who wants to see him?

PAT.—Tell him that Musther Murphy would jist like to spake one word wid him—jist one word and no more, an' won't kape him a minute.

[*Exit Servant.*]

SERVANT [*returning*].—He will see you presently. Walk in, sir; take a seat!

[*Exit Servant. Pat waits alone.*]

MR. R. [*entering*].—Well, my good friend, what can I do for you?

PAT. [*in humble voice*].—I've worked hard for yez.

MR. R.—You did your duty to the good cause. I'll give you credit for that, friend Murphy, and you'll get your reward.

PAT.—But how soon, Musther Ross?

MR. R. [*impatiently*].—All in good time. All in good time.

PAT.—Ye knows, Musther Ross, that I gave up my situation.

MR. R.—At hod-carrying—oh, yes, I remember. Well, Pat, you've had a pretty easy time of it for a couple of months, and can go to work now with more spirit, sustained as you will be by the reflection that you have served your adopted country like a good and true citizen.

PAT [*in distressed tone*].—But I gave up my situation, Musther Ross!

MR. R.—You must find another, then, my friend; you can't expect to live in idleness. Every man must work to live.

PAT.—I'm not afraid to work, but I've got no work—you promised me——

MR. R.—Office-hunting already! Why don't you know, man, that I shall not take my seat in Congress for a year? I'm still only a private citizen.

PAT.—A year—a year, did yez say?

MR. R.—Certainly I did. The member's term in whose

place I have been elected doesn't expire until the close of the present Congress. When I take my seat next fall, I will do all I can for you ; but until that time you must go to work like an honest, industrious citizen. Your reward will come, never fear. And now, Patrick, you must excuse me ; I have several friends in waiting. [*Ross turns away, and Pat, looking sad, passes out.*] Remember, William, I'm not at home to any of these fellows.

[*Enter two Irishmen.*]

FIRST IRISHMAN [*to servant*].—Can I see Mr. Ross ?

SERVANT.—He is not at home.

SECOND I.—When will he be in ?

SER.—I can't tell. [*Shuts the door in his face.*]

PAT.—It's a bloody lie.

FIRST I.—He is in then ?

PAT.—He's just that.

FIRST I.—Have you seen him ?

PAT.—Yis, and got a bit of could comfort for me pains ; jist what ye'll git if y'er after ony favors.

[*Enter Mr. Parker's clerk. Exit two Irishmen.*]

CLERK.—Hi, Patrick, is this you ? Where have you been keeping yourself, Patrick ? We spent a whole week, some time ago, trying to find you.

PAT.—Indade !

CLERK.—Yes, the man we got in your place turned out badly. We changed two or three times ; and then Mr. Parker thought he'd give you another trial, if you were inclined to make the change. He'd seen you at work, carrying bricks and mortar, and said he couldn't help pitying you.

PAT.—I'm obleeged till him for his kindness. Mr. Parker is a jontlemen, I must say, and I was a fool iver to have left his employ. I'll go back wid pleasure.

CLERK.—Ah, but, Patrick, it's too late now ; we couldn't find you, and so filled the place with another man, who is all we could want.

PAT.—It's all bad luck. I've a mind to go and thrown meself.

CLERK.—But where were you, Patrick ? We left word at your house to come round to the store.

PAT.—Where was I, d'ye say ? Faix and I was mindin' other pable's business, instid of my own.

CLERK.—Indeed!

PAT.—Yis, I was promotin' the eliction of Ross, bad 'cess till him.

CLERK.—Well, you are a fool. What good did you expect to gain from his election?

PAT.—He promised me a sitation in the post-office.

CLERK.—Did he? That's rich! What has he to do with the post-office?

PAT.—I dunno, but he promised that I should be rewarded.

CLERK.—As he promised two or three hundred besides, as big fools as you are. He'll have nothing to do with the post-office. In fact, he won't take his seat in Congress for over a year; and then his influence, if he have any, will not go in your favor. He's got too many others to reward with the few crumbs he may have to dispense. [*Pat groans.*] Good morning, Patrick, and take with you this piece of good advice: never put any faith in the promises of a politician made on the eve of an election, for he'll be sure to deceive you.

[*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE X.—*In front of Mr. Parker's store. Enter Party Leader.*

PARTY LEADER.—Murphy, my good fellow, how are you?

PAT. [*coolly.*].—Purty wull, I thank yez.

P. L.—How are you getting along now?

PAT.—Fust-rate.

P. L.—Glad to hear it. No man deserves good-fortune if you do not. Well, you see, election time is coming round again——

PAT.—Indade!

P. L.—A time when every good citizen is expected to do his duty.

PAT.—I did my duty wanst, and what——

P. L.—That you did, Mr. Murphy, as hundreds can testify.

PAT.—Humph! I know thot as wull as onybody.

P. L. [*laying his hand on Pat's shoulder.*].—We want to

see you down at headquarters to-night. We can't do without your valuable aid.

PAT.—Bedad, and yez won't see me there!

P. L.—Why not, my honest friend?

PAT.—Don't honest frind me, if ye plaze! I'se abandoned yez all in disgust, so I have, bad 'cess till y'r politics. They're only got up to chate and desave the honest hard-workin' pable into votin' for nabobs, who don't care a ha'pence for them.

P. L.—But, my friend Murphy—

PAT.—Yez nadent frind me. It'll do no good. A burnt child dreads the fire. I'se got enough of politics; so good-mornin' till yez. [*Exit Pat.*]

P. L.—Confound the fellow. He isn't so green as I thought him. Well, we must fill his place with some green islander of a later importation. There are plenty of them about ready to be caught. All the fools are not dead yet.

[*Curtain falls.*]



THE BRIDAL WINE CUP.

SCENE.—*A handsomely furnished parlor—A bridal company assembled—Bridegroom and bride and Judge Harvey, father of the bride—On a marble table are standing decanters and glasses of wine, which are being distributed to the guests.—The bride should be beautifully attired in white, and the appearance of the whole company imposing.*

GUESTS.—Pledge with wine! Pledge with wine!

JUDGE H. [*in a low tone, advancing toward his daughter.*]—Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for once; the company expect it. Do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette; in your own home, act as you please; but in mine, for this once, please me.

[*Every eye turns toward the bride.*]

BRIDE [*smilingly accepts a brimming beaker, and raising it to her lips; then, with a piercing voice, exclaims*—Oh, how terrible!

GUESTS [*in alarm*].—What is it? What can it be?

BRIDE [*holding the glass from her, and regarding it with horror*].—Wait! Wait! I will tell you! I see [*pointing her jewelled finger at the wine*] a sight that beggars description—and yet listen, I will paint it for you if I can. It is a lonely spot—tall mountains, crowned with verdure, rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow on the water's edge. There is a thick, warm mist, that the sun seeks vainly to pierce. Trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of the birds; but there a group of Indians is gathered—they flit to and fro, with something like sorrow on their dark brows. In their midst lies a manly form; but his cheek, how deathly! his eyes wild with the fire of fever! One friend stands beside him, nay, I should say, kneels, for see, he is pillowing that poor head upon his bosom. Genius in ruin! Oh, the high, holy-looking brow! Why should death mark it, and he so young? Look, how he throws back the damp curls! See him clasp his hands! hear his thrilling shriek for life! mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved! Oh, hear him call piteously his father's name! See him

twine his fingers together as he calls for his sister, the twin of his soul, weeping for him in his distant land! [*The bridal party shrink back, and the Judge sinks, overpowered, to his seat at her side, bowing his head.*] See, his arms are lifted to heaven; he prays, how wildly, for mercy. Hot fever throbs in his veins. The friend beside him is weeping, awe-stricken; the dark men move silently away, and leave the living and dying together [*Smothered sob from some one. The bride stands upright, with quivering lip and tearful eyes. She draws the glass toward her, and, in a low but awfully distinct voice, goes on.*] It is evening now; the great white moon is coming up, and its beams lie gently on his forehead. He moves not—his eyes are set in their sockets, dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friends whisper the name of father and sister. *Death* is here!—*Death!* and no soft hand, no gentle voice, to bless and soothe him: His head sinks back—one convulsive shudder—he is dead! [*A groan runs through the assembly. The bridegroom covers his face and weeps.*] Dead! [*in a more broken voice,*] Dead! and there they scoop him a grave, and there, without a shroud, they lay him down on that damp, reeking earth. The only son of a proud father, the only idolized brother of a fond sister, [*the Judge groans bitterly,*] and he sleeps in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies, *my father's son*, my own twin-brother, a victim to this deadly poison. Father [*turning suddenly to Judge H.*], father, shall I drink it now?

JUDGE [*in a smothered voice*].—No, no, my child! in God's name, no!

[*Marion lifts the goblet and drops it to the floor. The guests transfer silently their glasses to table, without tasting the wine. Looking at the fragments, she turns to the company, saying*], Let no friend, hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer are the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste that terrible poison. And he [*turning to the bridegroom*] to whom I have given my hand, who watched over my brother's dying form in the last solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there by the river in that land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve. Will you not, my husband?

BRIDEGROOM.—Yes, Marion, God helping me, I will!
[*Curtain falls.*]

THE PROFESSOR.

CHARACTERS.

HENRI ANTOINE, lately from Paris.

VICTOR ROCHE, friend of Henri.

PROF. BUNION, corn and wart extractor.

“ FRIZZLE, tonsorial artist.

“ SAPO, itinerant vender of soap.

“ BUMPUS, phrenological lecturer.

“ BIOKRENE, biologist.

“ SCRUB, whitewasher and boot-black.

“ BLOWHARD, elocutionist.

“ SCREECH, vocal music.

“ CATGUT, violinist.

“ FLOURISH, penmanship.

“ FANCY, dancing-master.

“ LITTLEMAN, teacher of infant school.

“ KILLUM, quack-in-general.

“ WORTH, friend of Victor.

[*Room in Boarding-House.*]

HENRI [*looking at watch*].—Vil ze *professeur* be arrivé *present*! I favor ze *langazh bien—très bien*! I moosh aches to acquire ze all! [*Knock.*] Zat for me! I re-zhoice *bien*! *Entrez*!

VICTOR [*entering*].—Henri!

HENRI [*embracing*].—Victor! I am transportéd! I am ravishéd. Vare you be ven you—you—discóvers me? Take a seat viz me!

VICTOR [*seating themselves*].—Why, you can talk the language so very well, Henri!

HENRI [*proudly*].—*Donc*! Oh, I soon learns so vèll as I can be a *professeur* myself! I do páin myself to know ze all! Ve vill speaks ze Inglis all ze time ve speaks to-gezer, Victor—you please. How you know vare I be? Speak!

VICTOR [*taking paper from pocket*].—I see your adver-

tisement this morning. When I finish my coffee I rush to you presently.

HENRI.—*J'en suis bien aise!* Tell—is not ze—ze—ad—*Comment?*

VICTOR.—Advertisement!

HENRI.—Oh, oui, oui! Ze advertisement! Be she not well composéd, by gar, for me?

VICTOR [*smiling*].—“You cook a nice kettle of fish,” as the English say!

HENRI.—Vat you say? *Mon Dieu!* Is she not vell performed! Is she not *comme il faut*? Vat she say not vell? Read, Victor!

VICTOR [*reading*].—“WANTED—a professor. Address yourself to HENRI ANTOINE, No. 34 Liberty street.”

HENRI.—Vell—vat is she not so she may be?

VICTOR.—*Regardez!* Everybody will come to you. Here in Americá everybody is professor. Do you understand, Henri?

HENRI.—I vill learn ze langazh so speedy. *Bien!* I say to zem I vill have a *professeur*. Sall I not employ a *professeur*—you say?

VICTOR.—No—not as you have begun, Henri. [*Laughing.*] You will have so many that you may not obtain the one you wish.

HENRI.—*Parbleu!* You assist zen,—non, Victor?

VICTOR.—Certainly—I will stay with you. You must not become angry, Henri—remember! It is the custom of the country. *Tout le monde* is professor.

HENRI.—I vill possess myself! I vill be a zhentlemán. Oh, vat for I deceive myself! I try many times—I be certain she be as she would be—

VICTOR.—So it is, Henry! as it would be—not as it should be.

HENRI.—Vat! Say you zat? Oh! a—a—a—peculiar langazh—*n'est-ce pas?*

VICTOR.—Very—very! But you will soon learn it, Henri! *Courage!*

HENRI.—Oh, I vill—I vill! I be—vat you say—I be—fastened—non—non!

VICTOR.—Bound—

HENRI.—Zat be she! *Merci!* I be bound in learning ze langazh I be bound in her! [*Knock.*] *Entrez!*

VICTOR.—You must say "Come in!"

HENRI.—*Merci!* Come in!

BUNION [*entering*].—Good-morning, gentlemen! [*They return salutation.*] Beg your pardon—which is Mr. Antony?

HENRI.—I be Monsieur Antoine. Take a chair, you please!

BUNION [*sitting—taking paper from pocket*].—I saw your advertisement, Mr. Antoine, in this morning's paper, and I am come to respond to it. I have been a professor in my department for more than seventeen years now, sir, and have been established in this city for nearly nine, sir. I have testimonials here, sir, from the first families in the city, sir. [*Taking package from pocket.*] You might wish to examine them, sir! [*Offering to Henri, who motions them away*] My terms are very reasonable, sir—very—when you take into account the nature of the services I render, and how liable you are to be imposed upon by impostors. Here is my advertisement, sir, in the same paper, sir, as yours. Should be delighted to have an opportunity of exerting myself for you, sir! I remove with scarcely any pain and guarantee them not to appear again for one year.

VICTOR [*Henry has been looking alternately at each bewildered*].—You must have mistaken my friend's advertisement. He is a stranger in this country, and desires to secure a professor—an instructor—in the English language.

HENRI [*pointing to advertisement*].—Zat is vat she say—a *professeur*!

BUNION [*drawing himself up*].—That is what I have the honor to be, gentlemen! Be good enough to read my advertisement, sir! [*Handing paper to Victor.*]

VICTOR [*reading*].—"Chiropodist and Professor of Corns, Warts, &c."

BUNION.—Exactly so, sir—exactly so!

HENRI.—I vill have a *professeur* of ze Inglis lan-gazh!

BUNION.—I understand you now, gentlemen—but the fault is your own [*rising*]. Could I do nothing for you, sir? [*To Victor, who shakes his head.*] Won't either of you take a box of my embrocation this morning? An

excellent article—recommended and patronized by all the clergymen of the city

VICTOR.—Thank you—not this morning.

BUNION.—You will oblige me by accepting some of my circulars—[*giving some to each*] Good-morning, gentlemen! Recommend me to any of your friends who may need me—will you? Morning! [*Exit.*]

VICTOR [*laughing*].—Well, Henri!

HENRI [*walking the room and gesticulating*].—*Mon Dieu! Vat a countree! Vat a countree! [Knock.] Entrez! Non—non! Come here!*

VICTOR.—“Come in,”—remember!

HENRI.—I vill—I vill! Vat a countree!

FRIZZLE [*entering*].—A fine morning, gentlemen! I have the honor to present myself. I saw your advertisement this morning and I have hastened to offer my services to you. Be good enough to examine for yourselves! [*Handing circular to Henri, who passes it to Victor.*]

HENRI.—Take a seat, sir! [*To Victor*] Vat she say, Victor?

VICTOR [*reading*].—“Ferdinand Frizzle, Professor of the Art Tonsorial, offers his services to the ladies and gentlemen of this city” You will pardon us, sir; but my friend here is not very familiar with the language, and—

FRIZZLE.—I understand you, sah! But I have the pleasure to speak French myself, sah! *Je parle Français moi même quelquefois, Messieurs!* I can well attend to Monsieur’s wants—*parfaitement bien*—just as well as if he understood the language. He can tell me what he desires, and it shall be done to his supreme satisfaction. What shall it be, sah? The beard trimmed—hair dressed—or, perhaps, a shampoo? I profess to be an artist in my department, Messieurs! I am patronized exclusively by the *beau monde*.

HENRI [*who has been shrugging his shoulders, walking, and gesticulating*].—Pardón! I vill have no barbáre—

FRIZZLE.—Pardon, Monsieur! *Je suis professeur!* Yes, sah—a professor of the art of—

HENRI.—*Eh bien! Monsieur le Pro-fess-eur!* [*dwelling on the word.*] I vill have ze ozer *professeur!* I vill learn ze langazh—ze Inglis—I say!

FRIZZLE.—I comprehend you perfectly! In that case.

also, I am happy to say that I am at your disposal. I can instruct you in pure English, sah—the English, as spoken by the best class in the city, sah!

VICTOR.—Excuse me—but my friend would prefer engaging elsewhere.

FRIZZLE [*bowing profoundly*].—As you please, gentlemen! Shall I have the pleasure of furnishing you with any cosmetics—any depilatories—any hair-washes—any ointments—any——

VICTOR [*rising*].—Nothing—nothing, sir! Good-morning.

FRIZZLE.—Good-morning! Fine morning, gentlemen! Good-morning! [*Exit.*]

HENRI.—*Pro-fess-eur! Sacre! Vat a countree! Vat a countree!* [*Knock.*] Come in—*professeur, je crois!*

SAPO [*entering*].—Morning to you—just lit on your advertisement—short and sweet—you ought to have it in rhyme, though—that's the way I fix up all of mine—takes, sir, like hot-cakes—nothing like it! I am Professor Sapo—the only genuine, original, Simon-pure, true-blue, no-mistake soap-man! Here you have the assortment, gentlemen! [*Exhibiting his wares.*] Roll up, tumble up, any way to get up! Take your choice! A cake for a dime! Take your choice! Warranted to out-wash, out-scrub, outlast any thing in the world! Used by the Shah of Persia—the Tycoon—the College of Cardinals—and all the crowned heads of the earth! Which do you take? Your choice for a dime! This would suit you, I fancy! [*Offering a cake to Henri.*]

HENRI.—*Sacre! I vill have no savon! I vill have no savon! I will have a professeur!*

SAPO.—So I saw, Mr. Parleyvoo! That's why I'm here! You don't know me—Professor Sapo—the only unadulterated, full-strength article! You'll find my name carved in letters of gold on the highest peak of the Andes, gentlemen! Your choice for a dime! Going—going!

VICTOR.—My friend desires the assistance of a Professor who can instruct him in the language——

SAPO.—O—h! Why didn't he say so, then? But you couldn't have expected any thing smarter! He's to be pitied—poor man—don't know our language—the only language worth speaking throughout the whole universal

globe of this round earth! Won't you try a cake, though, gentlemen?

VICTOR.—Excuse us—not this morning.

SAPÖ.—No offence, gentlemen! You ain't obliged to buy—but you stand in your own light—stand in your own light! If you don't, you're the losers, and not I—so I wish you both good-bye! [*Exit.*]

HENRI.—*Mille tonnerres!* Vat sall ve see any more, I no divine! Vat a countree! [*Walking and gesticulating.*] Vat a countree!

VICTOR.—Patience, Henri—patience! It is the custom here, I say. Your advertisement——

HENRI.—Speed, *mon ami*—speed! Stop ze—ze—advertisement!

VICTOR.—*C'est trop tard!* [*laughing.*] Patience, Henri! [*Knock.*] Come in!

BUMPUS [*entering. Henri eyes him earnestly.*].—Excuse me—but, seeing your advertisement, sir—[*To Victor.*]

HENRI.—Zat advertisement! By gar—I——

BUMPUS.—The gentleman is a foreigner, I perceive. Lately arrived?

VICTOR.—My friend has been here but a short time, sir, and desires to procure a teacher of English—a professor, sir!

BUMPUS.—Hem! Very sensible in him—very You speak our language well—sir, very. Slight accent. Here long, sir?

VICTOR [*smiling*].—Ten years, sir.

BUMPUS.—Oh—so long! I'm sorry I can't accommodate your friend; but it is a little out of my department. I can be of immense assistance to him, though immense. I am Professor [*at sound of word, Henri mutters "Sacre!" emphatically*] Bumpus, sir! Yes, sir—Professor Bumpus—Professor of Phrenology, sir. You have surely heard of me—must have seen my name often—must! I lecture every evening on phrenology—every week-day—Sunday evenings on patent theology, sir! I can benefit your friend, sir, hugely. What business does he intend to follow?

[*Knock—Henri opens—Biokrene enters.*]

A chart like this, sir—[*exhibiting one*].—filled up after careful examination of his cranium, sir—will be worth

thousands of dollars to him in our country, sir—thousal ds! And I charge only ten dollars for examination and chart—ten only!

BIOKRENE.—Don't be misled, gentlemen! I am Professor [*Henri shrugs and winces*] Biokrene! Professor Biokrene, at your service [*bowing*]. And I assure you that it is idle to talk of estimating the force of any man, gentlemen, by the old, exploded system of phrenology! Phrenology, gentlemen, is but the stepping-stone to biology—to biology, the science of sciences! What avails it to examine the protuberances upon the surface of the cranium, unless you can estimate their magnetic force? Nothing, gentlemen—the merest guess-work in the world! This instrument of mine [*exhibiting*—the magnetoscope—the greatest discovery of any age—enables me to do this. Let me illustrate—[*advancing toward Henri, who has been walking and staring.*]

HENRI.—*Mon Dieu!* I vill have no tooz taken! I tell you no! [*pushing him back.*]

VICTOR [*interposing*].—My friend has advertised for a professor of the English language, sir, and—

BIOKRENE [*taking out paper and examining*].—His advertisement does not read so, sir! Look for yourself, sir! [*pointing to paper.*]

HENRI.—I vill have a *professeur* to comprehend ze langazh—not to pull ze *dent*!

VICTOR.—He is not thoroughly acquainted with the language, which will account—

BIOKRENE.—I will test, in a momemt, whether he can learn it readily—[*moving toward Henri, who retreats with deprecating gestures*—with my magnetoscope—only twenty-five dollars for a complete chart.

VICTOR.—Pardon—not at present, gentlemen.

BIOKRENE.—You make a sad mistake, sir. Here is my card [*handing one*]. Should your friend wish me at any time to—

BUMPUS [*who has been scowling defiance at Biokrene*].—Here is my card, sir! [*handing.*] And I would advise your friend, as a stranger here, to have nothing to do with charlatans

BIOKRENE.—Do you intend to apply that epithet to me?

BUMPUS.—If it fits, put it on and wear it! [*Biokrene*

strikes Bumpus with magnetoscope.] We'll settle this elsewhere. [*Rushes out—Biokrene follows—noise and scuffling heard in hall—*"Liar!" "Cheat!" "Humbug!"

HENRI.—Vat a countree! *Mon Dieu!* Vat a countree!

VICTOR [*laughing*].—What a shame it would be if they should hurt each other!

HENRI.—I say not so! *Sacre!* I vill have zay kill ze one and ze two! [*Knock.*] By gar! vat come now? *Prc-fes-seur*, I divine. Zat zhournal! zat zhournal! Come!

SCRUB [*entering with implements of his profession*].—Which gemman, sah, wanted me, sah? [*bowing*] I am Cæsar Scrub, gemmen—professor of white-washin' and boot-cleanin', sah! [*bowing and scraping—Henri staring in blank amazement.*] You, sah? [*to Victor.*]

VICTOR.—Neither of us desires any thing in your line this morning. It is a mistake, Cæsar. We want a professor teacher.

SCRUB [*bowing himself out*].—Beg gemmen's pardon—I'se done gone—'scuse me, gemmen—'scuse me! [*Exit.*]

HENRI [*grasping Victor by shoulder nervously*].—Sall ve nevâre go troo zese professeurs! Sall ve nevâre—nevâre? Vill ze professeur arrive here no more?

VICTOR [*laughing*].—Patience, Henri. Patience, *mon ami!*

HENRI.—Patience! My head so—[*placing hands on head*].—so—vat you calls him? so virls up and down as no more can be! [*Knock.*] Come! *Sacr-r-r!*

BLOWHARD [*entering*].—Lucky for you! [*to Henry.*] Beg pardon—there are two of you! Which of you gentlemen wishes to engage a professor?

[*Victor points to Henri. Henri, shrugging, points to Victor.*]

VICTOR.—My friend, Monsieur Antoine, desires the services—

BLOWHARD [*to Henri, retreating and gesticulating*].—You are very fortunate, let me tell you. Had I not had my attention arrested by your advertisement, I should have taken the next train South, in which case I know not into whose hands you might have fallen. As it is, you are safe. My name is Professor Blowhard, of the Eolian Vocal Gymnasium. My terms are five dollars a lesson

of one hour each for prose; for poetry, ten dollars an hour. What number of lessons a week do you desire?

HENRI.—I vill comprehend ze langazh, I say to ze professeurs—I say to you I vill have ze Inglis langazh professeur!

VICTOR.—My friend needs assistance in speaking and writing the language.

BLOWHARD.—The only way to learn to speak and write any language correctly is to begin at the beginning with the vowel sounds—*a, e, i, o, u!* [*given pompously and energetically.*] That is the foundation! Drill in the elementary sounds—read according to the Blowhard method—and you are finished speakers and writers. This, sir, is the only natural method. I have living witnesses of this—pupils of mine, gentlemen—in the pulpit and at the bar—ornaments of their respective professions.

VICTOR.—We will think of what you say. At present, my friend desires to learn to converse.

BLOWHARD.—A wrong beginning—beginning at the end—depend upon it! You will infallibly discover that you have made a fatal mistake. I pity you—but the worst's your own. Good-morning. [*Exit, vexed.*]

HENRI.—Zat be somevat good. I say—zat professeur.

VICTOR [*laughing*].—A bigger humbug than any of the rest!

HENRI.—Vat you say? Vat you call him?

VICTOR.—Humbug—*coquin!*

HENRI.—*Est-ce possible!* [*Knock.*] *Entrez!* Come in! [*Enter Professors Catgut, Screech and Fancy.*] *Sac-r-r!* Here zay come as nevére vill be! *Un—deux—trois!*

CATGUT.—My card, sir! [*To Henry, handing.*]

SCREECH.—Mine! [*To Victor, handing.*]

FANCY [*feeling in pockets*].—Zounds! I've left mine at home. Never mind, Professor Fancy, of Terpsichorean Hall, sir!

VICTOR.—Professor of the English language, sir?

FANCY.—Not exactly—Professor of the movements of such American feet as are put under my care.

CATGUT.—You noticed my card, sir! [*To Henri.*] Prof. Catgut, of the Olio—Professor of the violin, violon-

cello, harp, harpsichord, and every stringed instrument! You shall have a touch of my quality. [*Plays.*]

[*Henry drops card and placing hands to ears mutters "Sac-r-r!"*]

SCOREECH [*to Victor*].—I will sing you a plaintive air—very touching—you'll need your handkerchief. Ready! [*Clearing throat, sings.*]

FANCY.—Tell me whether you ever saw any thing more taking than this *pas*—invented expressly for my pupils by me. Next term commences on Monday night week—twelve lessons for ten dollars. [*Dances.*]

[*During the noise Littleman and Flourish, whose knocks have not been heard, enter and converse with each other.*]

HENRI [*enraged*].—Avay viz ze feedil—avay! [*Stamping foot violently.*] Victor! beat zat diable viz his bruit! Vic-tor! Vic-tor! call ze—ze—polees, I say! [*yelling.*] Sac-r-r!

[*Victor finally succeeds in representing the case to the Professors, who leave at once*]

LITTLEMAN.—In answer to your advertisement——

HENRI [*moving toward Flourish*].—Zare be no advertisement—no more! [*gesticulating.*]

LOURISH.—I am Professor Flourish, sir! I have here our Lord's prayer executed with the pen—entirely with the pen—on the head of a pin——

HENRI [*with menacing gesticulations*].—Go vay—go vay viz me, I say!

VICTOR.—You must excuse my friend, Professor! His nerves have been overtaxed this morning. His advertisement has been misunderstood. He wishes a professór of the English language——

[*Henri walking the room with rapid steps.*]

LOURISH.—Oh! [*Exit.*]

LITTLEMAN.—He knows the alphabet?

HENRI [*enraged*].—Vat you say? Know ze leetel lettare! S-s-s! By gar—g—— [*Going toward Littleman.*]

LITTLEMAN.—Beg your pardon, sir—excuse me—good-morning! [*Exit hastily.*]

HENRI.—[*Knock.*] I say no more sall nevare enter zis—no more! I vill no more!

VICTOR.—Patience, Henri! The professór will come

HENRI—[*Knocking continues.*] *Pro-fess-eur! S-s-s!* Zare be no *professeur* in zis countree! Vat a countree! Vat a countree! He sall no entáre!

VICTOR [*firmly*].—Henri!

KILLUM [*entering*].—Didn't hear me, I reckon—did ye? Jest's well. Here I am, Professor Killum, of the National Eclectic Institute. Now what d'ye want of the Professor? [*Taking out bottles.*] Some of his electric il— or his medikle diskivery—or his proponthoptegon—all of 'em good for every thin' and suthin' to boot! Which'll ye have? [*Going to Henri—offering an uncorked bottle.*] Jest smell on't—will ye? Thare's vartoo for ye! [*placing near Henri's nose.*]

HENRI [*knocking bottle out of hand*].—I vill be strangeld! Nobody sall help me! Victor—Victor! I sall say no more neváre! Not one leetel seelabél! [*walking about.*]

KILLUM [*to Victor*].—What's the matter with Thingumbob?

VICTOR.—He's crazy!

KILLUM.—You don't say! [*Exit, moving cautiously toward door, eying Henri. Voice outside: "Better not go in there, old feller! He's crazy, I tell ye!"*] [*Knock—Victor opens—Henri in a rage pushes door—Worth entering.*]

HENRI [*loudly*].—Vat for you no hear, Victor? I say I vill no more neváre—not one leetél parteckél! [*To Worth, who has regained his footing.*] Go vay, I say! Sacr-r-r!

VICTOR.—*Mon Dieu!* Professor Worth! Ten thousand pardons! [*pushing past Henri, grasps Worth's hand, shaking heartily.*] Henri, this is Professor Worth—Professor, my good friend, Henri Antoine!

HENRI [*stopping his walk for a moment and looking angrily at Worth*].—Vat I say to you, Victor? I say I vill have neváre *professeur!* Hum! Vat is she! Oh! sac-r-r! Vat a countree! Vat a countree!

VICTOR.—But, Henri, I know this gentleman! He is a professór, Henri! Calm yourself, *mon ami!*

HENRI.—Vat you say? He is no hog, zen—no pig—no—no—

VICTOR.—Henry has been so tried this morning that he

was actually on the point of believing that we have no such personage as a professor *en vérité* in the whole United States. Perhaps you saw his advertisement?

WORTH.—No. I was told by my colleague, Professor Clabot, that a countryman of his was stopping at this place, and at his request I came to render him what assistance I might.

VICTOR.—Ten thousand thousand pardons! Here is his advertisement. [*Worth reads and smiles.*] We have had all the plagues of Egypt upon us this morning, and Henri was fairly beside himself.

HENRI [*advancing and extending hand*].—Pardón—humbly pardón—*professeur*! I vas so leetél sense ven I make at you—

WORTH [*taking hand*].—Never mind that, I beg of you! You will soon become used to the ways of our people.

HENRI.—*Mais, mon Dieu, Professeur!* [*Tearing the paper with advertisement in.*] Vat a countree! Vat a countree!

VICTOR.—*Pfui, Henri!* The country is good—but some of the people! Well, Henri, give you joy! [*Grasping hands all.*] At last we've found THE PROFESSOR!

HENRI.—*Oui—oui! Mais vat a countree! Vat a countree!*

[*Curtain falls.*]



THE CITY AND THE COUNTRY.

A DEBATE.

CHAIRMAN [*rapping with gavel to secure attention*].—The hour of meeting having arrived, the Association will please come to order. This evening being set apart for a debate, the Secretary will read the question proposed for discussion, together with the names of the disputants.

SECRETARY [*reads per minutes*].—The question for discussion this evening is: **RESOLVED, That, as a place of residence, the city is preferable to the country.**—The disputants upon the affirmative are Messrs. Urban, Literary, Culture, Convenience, Conventional and Finish: on the negative, Messrs. Rural, Primitive, Original, Independent, Clever and Homespun.

CHAIR.—The discussion will be opened by Mr. Urban, in support of the affirmative of the resolution.

URBAN.—Mr. President—

CHAIR.—Mr. Urban has the floor.

[*During the debate the various disputants busy themselves in taking notes of the points made by their antagonists, observing the decorum of debate.*]

URBAN.—Mr. President, and Ladies and Gentlemen: In discussing the resolution, I would say, at the outset, that the advocates of the affirmative do not propose pushing the question involved to any extreme. We regard it as maintaining that, for the average man and woman, the average condition of life in a city is more favorable than for the same person in the country—by the terms, city and country, understanding likewise what should be taken as a fair sample of each.

With the number of disputants assigned, considering the limitation as to time, sir, it will not, of course, be expected of any one of us to attempt to cover the whole ground. So far from that, sir, I shall, so far as I am concerned, call attention to but a point or two of the many which might be adduced in support of our side of the question, presuming that in so doing I shall best meet the wishes of my colleagues and at the same time come somewhat nearer doing justice to our proposition.

I advocate, sir, the claims of the city over the country as a place of residence upon the ground of the superior facilities for acquiring an education afforded by the former. The advantages of education I will not insult this audience by discussing. Everybody concedes thus much. When I speak of the facilities furnished by the city, I do not confine myself to the better system of schools, both public and private, there to be found—since the school, however excellent, is but an adjunct, an auxiliary, in obtaining the desired end. I embrace in the term the churches, the libraries, the lectures, the press, the gathering of large numbers of people, the opportunity constantly given of seeing and hearing leading men—all of which the city gives us in abundance—each and all of which tend directly to develop and build up the man. Confined to no narrow circle of observation, the mind of an inhabitant of the city can unfold to a degree unapproachable by that of one whose range of observation is circumscribed by the blank monotony of the country. Here, and here only, can one find the solitude of the individual by himself and the solitude of the same individual when in a crowd “among men, but not of them;” both eminently contributing to the growth of the individual.

Indeed, I may say, sir, in conclusion, that, if a uniform healthy progress in mental and moral development be not made by the denizen of the city, the responsibility for such failure must rest upon the individual himself, since every thing conducive to such progress is at his command,—he lives in and breathes an atmosphere, every inhalation of which should contribute to make of him a broader, better, nobler man. [*Seats himself.*]

RURAL [*after recognition by the Chair, proceeds*].—Mr. President: Opening this debate in behalf of the negative, I desire to express my hearty concurrence in the construction placed upon the resolution by the gentleman who has just taken his seat. We upon the negative, sir, desire no extreme interpretation, but are content to discuss this question upon the basis already indicated.

The gentleman claims superior educational facilities for the city. This I deny. I agree with the gentleman that each of the instrumentalities to which he alluded is of importance in obtaining an education; but I beg the gentle-

man to remember that we of the country can avail ourselves of all of them. In these days of railways and other means of ready intercommunication, remote must be that hamlet—far upon our extreme Western frontier—that cannot be brought in contact with each of them. Take the school, for example, which was but glanced at. The country lad may not, indeed, have, as a general thing, so many months' schooling at his command in the year as his city cousin; yet, if the desire be in the soul—and without this all school attendance, whether in town or country, is, I was about to say, worse than nought—if the desire to advance be his, this very fact will of itself impart a zest which the latter, accustomed to regard the school as an inevitable accompaniment of his daily life, can never feel. Indeed, I believe that the experience of our educators would corroborate my statement, that there is such a thing as too much schooling—what should be an incitement becomes a torpefying drug—what might, under other arrangements, be ever fresh, ever new, degenerates into the flat, stale and unprofitable.

As for the churches—granting, for the purpose of argument merely, that intellectual strength is the one thing requisite in the clergyman—no first-class pulpit occupant of the city but seeks the country often during the year as a relief from the wearisome treadmill round of his city calling. We of the country can grow, then, under his ministrations. The libraries, the lectures, the journals and magazines of the day—does the gentleman for a moment imagine that we are deprived of those means of growth? A trip into any country section will soon disabuse his mind.

For the education which the crowd affords, I confess I care but little; nor can I comprehend why any one should, unless it be his aim to perfect himself in the varied branches of thievery and rascality, of which the city furnishes us so many eminent professors.

While upon this topic of education, how happened it that the gentleman forgot to advance daily communion with the objects of Nature as an educational facility? Does he deny that it is such? That facility, sir, we outside barbarians assuredly have—and what its worth

those only can appreciate who, having once enjoyed it, have been for a time deprived of it.

No, sir, every educational facility which he in the town can enjoy, I in the country have equally and in as large proportion—and I add thereto the study of Nature in her laughing and in her frowning moods—in her every manifestation—from which he is utterly debarred. [*Sits himself.*]

LITERARY [*after recognition*].—Mr. President: Relative to the branch of the question which has thus far been brought forward, it must not be forgotten that we of the town have in these days of railways and other means of ready inter-communication—to use the phraseology of the gentleman who preceded me—ample opportunities of holding that communion with Nature in all her visible forms which he so much lauds as the great educational instrumentality. I suppose a man need not be, so to speak, shut up with Nature all his lifetime in order to learn from her teachings. Yet such would seem to be the drift of his argument.

The gentleman's allusion to the means of communication was rather unfortunate, it strikes me, regarded in one point of view; for certainly the almost total lack of those means, beyond the great thoroughfares of travel, is, to my mind, one of the greatest drawbacks upon a residence in the country, while the existence of those means and your ability to enjoy them constitute one of the greatest advantages of the city.

We are, if any thing, social beings. In town alone is social life to be found. In the country you are confined to the society of your own family, which, if you chance, like myself, to be a bachelor, is rather a limited circle. If you have a friend in the country whom you desire to see, what assurance have you that you will be able to meet him in the course of any year without exposing yourself to such inconveniences as must, of necessity, put any friendship to the severest test? Of the twelve months, you are in mud, snow, or slush during at least six—in dust and sand for three more—and of the remaining three, scarcely more than one—God's glorious golden October—is at your disposal, if you incline to develop your social instincts. "Can't you ride?" some may suggest. Yes, if you own a horse. But, sir, you must

remember that we are dealing with the average man ; and he—you will find, I think, by examining the assessor's lists—does not chance to be in that delightful condition. Deprived of the assistance of that quadruped, you are thrown, for the greater part of the year, upon your own self for society—a poor enough resource for the most of us, for few there be who can in truth say “my mind to me a kingdom is,” if that kingdom be worth a groat. As an inevitable consequence we become narrow-minded, bigoted, selfish, hypochondriac. To this enforced isolation I attribute in no small degree the fact that our farmers and our farmers' wives form such a large percentage of the inmates of our insane asylums. They may be owners of horses ; but their early years are consumed in toilsome work to enable them to pay for them, and when once they can call them their own, the habit of non-intercourse has become fastened upon them, and they settle down, American-Chinese that they are, in their seclusion, from which they never emerge, save to visit the grave, or that other living grave of which I just made mention.

Were it only for the superior advantages for social intercourse afforded by the city, Mr. President, I should say, commend me to a residence there among men, women and children—yes, bachelor that I am, I include the last ; since I am more than bachelor—I am man, and therefore social—among men, women and children, whose hands I can grasp, whose tones I can hear, whose features I can study, with whom I can enjoy a chat as often as we mutually agree, independent of the state of the roads, of the humors of the weather, of any of those thousand annoyances which in the country fret and worry the social man's life out of him. [*Seats himself.*]

PRIMITIVE.—Really, Mr. President, in what a woful plight the gentleman leaves us countrymen ! Working away the most of what little brains we have in early life, leaving just enough for us to go crazy on, so as to end our days free from care in a lunatic hospital ! Too poor to own a horse, and cursed with friends whom we can't visit unless we walk—and we can't walk, unless up to our eyes in mud or sand ! Candidly, isn't it horrible ?

Mr. President, I own eighty-seven acres of arable land in that heaven-forsaken portion of the earth—the country

—and I tell you, upon my honor as a countryman, I wouldn't sell it for a mill less an acre since listening to the gentleman's remarks than I would have held it at before he commenced his tirade. So you can see his philippic hasn't had much effect upon me. But I suppose I shall be classed with the narrow-minded and bigoted and selfish and so forth people that we Chinese all are, if you believe the gentleman.

Mr. President: This shilly-shallying with men and women which the gentleman styles society is, to my mind, the curse of the age. It saps all manliness, eats the core out of individuality, turns the dabbler in it into the veriest weather-cock that trembles at each whiff of the wind. He glories in his weakness. This hanging on the coat-tails of other men for your opinions is the bane of a high civilization, such as is claimed for our cities and large towns. Great cities are great sores on the body politic, said Jefferson, and I, for one, agree with him. This loneliness of the country which the gentleman so much derided is after my own heart, as I believe it is after the heart of any man—and when I say a man, I mean a man—broad-shouldered, full-chested, sound-limbed, independent, self-reliant, the product of the country; not a whiffet, a hanger-on, a ninny, a nobody, to be brained with any lady's fan—such as the town spawns upon us in the country when the dog-star rages and the sultry heat glared back from their bricks and their mortar makes their tongues to loll like——

LITERARY.—Mr President: I call the gentleman to order. He cannot indulge in personalities here. [*Excitedly.*]

CHAIR.—The gentleman will observe the proprieties of debate.

PRIMITIVE.—I will endeavor, Mr. President, to do so; but, if I should fail, this audience will overlook it, seeing that at no distant day I am to be an inmate of those houses appointed for almost all living farmers [*laughter*]. I had but a word or two more to say, Mr. President, when my nervous friend interrupted me. I'll say them now, and then I'm done. The grand thing, to my eye, connected with life in the country is, that you are thrown upon your own strength. You amount to just exactly

what you're worth, and you are worth just what you make yourself to be. There may not be so many people around you; but to me it is the rarest pleasure to be able to turn around without running my elbow into a dozen persons for whom I care nothing and who care nothing for me. Not so many—but what there are you know, and they know you. And, if you have friends, they're friends in summer and in winter. You know where to find them. Even if you don't see them but one month in a year, you know they'll be all the gladder to see you than if you were boring them every day; and when you go to see them, you're not afraid of seeing their shutters up and a placard upon the door, "Taking an account of stock." No, Mr. President, for genuine sociality within sensible bounds there's no place like the country. That's about what I have to say. [*Sits himself amidst laughter.*]

CULTURE.—Mr. President: I am glad that we are all in such a merry mood; for it shows that, whatever disagreement there may be among us, we are inclined to put the pleasantest phase upon it, and our debate, as it progresses, becomes more juicy and joyous. The utter dearth of amusements, of necessary recreation for the mind and the body, is, it must be granted, a decided disadvantage on the side of life in the country. In the city we are not subjected to this. Here the bow needn't be always bent, nor the arrow ever on the string. Such a relaxation is, I contend, a necessity for man. Without it, his life is a burden grievous to be borne. He was created with a desire for such refreshment, and it is the province of the wise law-giver to provide for the judicious gratification of that desire, as well as to correct any misuse or abuse of the provisions made.

The absence of such healthful, invigorating recreations contributes largely to that sombre sameness, that blank monotony of life with which the country has this evening been so justly charged. [*Sits.*]

ORIGINAL.—I agree with the gentleman, Mr. President, that amusements are necessary for man; but I contend that in the country we come as near hitting the golden mean between too many and too few as it is, at present, possible for man to come. For it must be borne in mind that there is no species of amusements which can be

called harmless of which we do not also have our share. We are not, to be sure, cloyed with them, so that, sick with surfeit, we turn with loathing away from what should be a feast of joy and delight for us. Here, too—as was so well claimed in behalf of schools by the gentleman who opened this debate on the negative—we are by virtue of our position better enabled to extract the profit which should be secured. Do gentlemen suppose that a holiday to a boy in town carries a fraction of the weight of joy with it that the same gift does to a boy in the country? [*Sits.*]

CONVENIENCE.—Mr. President: Among the weak points of a life in the country, as contrasted with a life in the city, one has been brought to my notice in a more marked manner than any other. This is undoubtedly owing to the peculiar position of myself and family as a collection of confirmed invalids. I allude to the difficulty of procuring suitable medical attendance when and as you need it. This may appear rather a selfish way of stating the question; but I cannot believe that myself and family are rare exceptions. On the contrary, I am of the opinion that we should be regarded rather as representatives of a class by no means small, whose condition is such that a residence in the country would necessarily involve responsibilities so great that few heads of families would care to assume it.

Indeed, sir, I entertain no doubt that many a life has been lost in the country which might—nay, would—have been spared had the admirable convenience in regard to medical attendance which the city exhibits been at hand in the country.

I do not mean, sir, to say that there are no competent physicians in the country. Far from it; but they are few and far between. The field for the exercise of their talents is too limited, the compensation too paltry, and the toil involved too great. I speak in this matter not without experience, having in my younger days ridden many a weary mile over dreary roads, up and down seemingly endless hills, night after night of discomfort, as a companion of a relative whose doom it was, in his capacity of country doctor, to go through such a disheartening routine, year in and year out, and that for the merest

pittance, which was not unfrequently never given, or, if given at all, doled out in barter at the highest rates of the most distant market.

To those, sir, who have not suffered as I have, and as those near and dear to me have, the point I make may seem of trifling importance; but I can assure all such, Mr. President, that they labor under a serious mistake. [*Sets himself.*]

INDEPENDENT.—While commiserating, sincerely commiserating, Mr. President, the unfortunate condition in which my friend and his family are placed, I cannot allow any considerations simply personal to be adduced as arguments against our side of the question.

It is true, Mr. President, as the gentleman has remarked, that we have not an abundance of first-rate physicians among us; and one of the reasons which was brought forward to account for it is, for me, the strongest argument for a country life that can be made. Why this dearth of physicians—I will not say of good physicians—but of physicians generally? Simply and solely, sir, because we do not need them. Our life is too simple, our tastes too primitive, our habits too regular, to make a paying practice for a physician, except in those very rare instances when an epidemic, swarming from the filth and miasms of the city, settles upon us.

What is life, Mr. President, whether in city or country, without health? And is not the objection just urged by the gentleman himself proof of the strongest kind that we in the country are blessed with health to a degree unknown by residents in town?

If my friend would allow me to offer a suggestion—and I am sure he will take it in good part, since we all know he is one of the very few whom no amount of ill-health can rob of that most delightful of adornments, a cosy geniality of nature—[*Convenience bows his head in acknowledgment of the compliment*—]I would say that, even in his own case, I am firm in the faith that a transfer of himself and his family to the country—though he be consigned to the tender mercies of such of the healing craft as he will find there—will work more in the way of cure than the ablest medical talent of the city can secure. [*Sets himself. Convenience shakes head negatively.*]

CONVENTIONAL.—Mr. President: As the question is taking a turn bearing upon the comparative comforts of a life here or there, what have gentlemen upon the other side to set against those latter-day necessities of gas and telegraph communication? The former of these will assuredly be deemed of no slight importance by those whose fate it may have been to be tortured by the half-light, half-darkness of the so-called strained oil of the country grocery, or—supposing the person could not endure that strain—by the glare and smoke and stench of the kerosene, or—chiefest, wretchedness for those who fain would read or write by night—by the darkness-made-visible of the tallow dip, no matter how many to the pound—the more candles the more darkness. Contrast with any of these gross insults to, or miserable apologies for “holy light, offspring of heaven first-born,” the mild, mellow liquidness of lustre which gas yields you, and who, that thinks of the long winter nights, created it would seem expressly for reading and meditation, would such fardels bear as the country condemns you to in this regard?

Then, too, Mr. President, to talk with your friends, or the absent one, or your business correspondent, hundreds of miles away, with nearly the same ease and rapidity as if either were sitting across the room—what have our country friends to say to this advantage of ours? They may say—and I grant it—that they, too, have this facility; but it is only at detached points—it does not enter into the web and woof of their hourly life as with us.

So, upon the question of the blessings of gas light, they may affect to scout the night as the time for study, devoting it to the drowsy god, and read us homilies on the advantage of early rising and the value of the young morning hours for study; but, sir, no man at all familiar with the recommendations of advanced sanitarians, who find in these hours little else than miasms and bugs and frogs and unhealthfulness, would dare assume any such ground.

I confess, Mr. President, to no little curiosity to learn how our friends upon the other side are to offset those comforts which I have glanced at. [*Sits.*]

CLEVER—The gentleman's curiosity shall be gratified, Mr. President, so far as it is in my power. While I do

not deny that comfort is, to a certain extent, obtainable from the matters to which he has so earnestly called our attention, contending, at the same time, as he has hinted by way of anticipation, that, so far as one is concerned, we are sharers with him, and touching the other, that science will, at no distant day, open up to our country homes the advantages of the other, improved and cheapened—I, in behalf of the country, whose side I espouse, not merely because assigned so to do, but from earnest conviction, set over and against these and all other assumed advantages of the city, the greatest blessing of all—pure air.

I am well aware, Mr. President, that it would be a thankless task to endeavor to convince our thoroughly-posted city men that they have scarcely an infinitesimal quantity of this valuable—say, rather, indispensable—commodity at their command; that a whiff of it, should their lungs chance to inhale it, would produce much the same effect upon their system as the inhalation of highly oxygenated gas. A thankless task—and yet it is, nevertheless, to all intents and purposes, true.

Their breathing apparatus has been so long accustomed to deal with the deleterious compound made up of the reekings of sewers and cess-pools and decayed vegetation and defunct animals and human filth, which they call air, that, I fear me much, had it once to do with the pure, unadulterated article, combined as the chemists prescribe, it would hardly know what to do with the rarity. The old lady, you will remember, Mr. President—she lived in town, of course—had become so accustomed to what she called good milk, that when her milkman, who had determined to lead a better life, as an honest man, eschewing chalk and water, furnished her with genuine milk, she discharged him incontinently, with many an exclamation against the rascality of the world in general and milkmen in particular. So I apprehend it would be, in the case I have put, with our city friends.

The truth is—but you cannot make them believe it—they would not know pure air, if they should encounter it. We prize it as our greatest blessing; they would be sorely disappointed in it. So, Mr. President, was the London cockney about the sunrise. Having heard such a

to-do made all his lifetime about the splendors of that performance of nature, he sat up one night that he might be in time to witness it the next morning. Ascending a hill, he waited the moment of His Majesty's appearance. Slowly, at length, the god of day appeared above the horizon. His companion called his attention to the luminary. Our cockney friend stared a few moments, when, unable longer to repress his disgust, "Faugh!" said he, "His that the way hit's done? Hi thought hit just went up like a rocket—so!" suiting the action to the word! [*Sets himself—general laughter.*]

CHAIRMAN [*looking at watch*].—The time allotted for debate upon the general merits of the resolution having expired, Mr. Finish will close in behalf of the affirmative, to be followed by Mr. Homespun for the negative.

FINISH.—Mr. President: While I yield obedience to that article of our Constitution as an association which forbids the disputant who closes a debate upon either side from entering into general debate and restricts him to a summing-up, merely, of the points claimed to have been made by the side which he advocates, I must upon this occasion express my regret that I am not allowed to say a word, at least, in reply to the gentleman who has just closed.

[*Cries from affirmative, "Go on!" "Go on!" Negative, "No!" "No!"*]

CHAIRMAN [*rapping*].—Members of the Association will please preserve order. The rule is imperative, and cannot be suspended, save by a two-thirds vote of the members present. [*Finish sits.*]

LITERARY.—I move, Mr. President, a suspension of the rule.

[*The motion is seconded, put, and declared lost, after a standing vote has been called for.*]

FINISH.—Inferring, Mr. President, from the vote just taken that the Association have heard enough from our side of this question, I will content myself and oblige them by a brief summing-up of the arguments which we think we have brought forward to establish the affirmative of the resolution, that as a place of residence the city is preferable to the country.

1. Because of the superior educational facilities afforded.

including therein every instrumentality which tends directly or indirectly to develop man.

2. Because of the greater facilities for social intercourse, growing out of the better condition of roads and the ready command of cheap means of conveyance in unpleasant weather.

3. Because of the greater variety and number of amusements, without which man fails to be all that he was intended to be.

4. Because of the larger number of capable medical attendants, whose services will, at one time or another, be called into requisition by the most of us.

5. Because of the convenience of gas-light and telegraphic communication. [*Sets himself.*]

CHAIRMAN.—Mr. Homespun will close the debate.

HOMESPUN.—Mr. President: The negative claim to have established the following propositions:

1. That so far as educational facilities are concerned, the country, within reasonable limits, is not surpassed by the city, while it opens to all the book of Nature, sealed to them in the town.

2. That the kind of social intercourse afforded by the country, while not so promiscuous as that of the city, is yet more serviceable, as it brings one in contact with more reliable people, and, from its limitation, throwing one more upon his own resources, tends to make of him more of a man.

3. That the amusements of the country, though fewer than those of the city, do yet recreate more, as they do not cloy or surfeit.

4. That, although the number of capable medical attendants in the country is less than in the city, yet as this results from the better state of general health in the former, it is to be counted a decided advantage.

5. That greater than any physical convenience to be found in the city is the inestimable blessing of pure air. [*Sits.*]

CHAIRMAN.—It is made my duty as Chairman of Debate to give my decision in favor of the affirmative or of the negative of the resolution. In doing this I am to be guided exclusively by the weight of the arguments brought forward. What may be my individual opinion as to the

merits is not to influence, nor am I allowed to enter into the reasons which force my conclusion.

Confining myself, then, strictly to the limits prescribed, I decide that, so far as the weight of arguments adduced this evening is concerned [*disputants await the decision eagerly*], the supporters of the negative [*countenances of affirmative drop—corresponding elation on part of negative*] have the best of the debate.

[*Finish moves an adjournment, which is carried.*]



TRYING TO KEEP UP THE APPEARANCE OF A GENTLEMAN.

CHARACTERS.

DASH, a moneyless dandy.

RIGGS, }
WRIGHT, } Boarders at same house with Dash.

MR. BROWN, a tailor.

MRS. BOLTON, landlady.

BETTY, a servant.

SCENE I.—*Dash at home. Enter Mr. Brown.*

BROWN.—Good-evening, Mr. Dash.

DASH.—Good-evening. Take a seat, Mr. Brown.

B.—I quite congratulate myself on finding you at home, Mr. Dash. I have called a number of times, but have never been so fortunate as to meet with you till now.

D.—I have been from home very frequently of late, that is true.

B.—Times are pretty hard with us mechanics now, Mr. Dash. I have called to see if you could pay me for that suit of clothes I made you!

D.—I am very sorry, Mr. Brown; it is really impossible for me to pay you this evening. You have called in an unlucky moment, for I have no money about me at present.

B.—That is the way with you. Always having some excuse. You are the hardest man to get a little money out of I ever saw. I can't tell for my part how you manage to keep up the appearance of a gentleman, for you never have any money now-a-days.

D.—I do not think that is any of your business.

B.—I shall make it my business, if you do not tip me over a little cash before long. I have asked for it about as often as I am going to. I shall go down to 'Squire Brinton, to see if he can tell me a way to get it.

D.—Indeed, Mr. Brown, there is no need of your getting in a passion about it. If you will only wait a few days longer, I will have the money for you.

B.—Well, I will wait for a week, but at the expiration of that time I must have it. I will leave you the bill [*Brown hands Dash a piece of paper*], and you may call and leave the money. Good-evening, sir!

[*Exit Brown.*]

D. [*soliloquizing.*].—Well, really, he has gone off in a better humor than I expected he would, for I must own I began to get a little scared. I don't know how I am to keep up much longer. There is the landlady, too, she will be wanting some money before long. Hark! there she comes now.

[*Enter Landlady.*]

MRS. BOLTON.—I have just stepped in to see if you will settle your board-bill, Mr. Dash—it has been two months since we last settled. You *must* pay more punctually or find other lodging.

D.—How very unfortunate! The gentleman who just left was collecting a bill which took pretty much all my loose change, but I will have it for you in a few days.

MRS. B.—You will oblige me if you will, for I have use for the money and should like to have it.

[*Exit Mrs. Bolton.*]

D. [*soliloquizing.*].—Well, there, I have promised to pay, but I don't know where the money is to come from to do it with. I shall *have* to go to work—tailor, landlady, washerwoman, and heaven knows how many more I owe. I'll hang, drown, or shoot myself. No! I'll go and marry Squire Brinton's daughter Sallie—the old fellow has money enough to keep me a gentleman all the days of my—

[*Enter Mr. Riggs.*]

MR. RIGGS [*interrupting*].—Hallo, there, Dash, what on earth are you muttering about? One might judge from your looks you were going to hang yourself.

D.—Why, Riggs, how came you to guess so near? I

was thinking about getting married, and you know that is pretty nearly as bad.

R.—Get married! Why, Dash, what in the name of all that's bright put that in your head? You surely have not discovered that you have a heart, and some fair angel has won it. Get married! Well, in the name of all that's strange, how came you to think of it?

D.—Sit down here, Riggs, and I will tell you all about it. I may as well make a clean breast of it at once as not. Well now, Riggs, you see the little bit of money my uncle left me is about spun, and you know I'm in debt over head and ears, and how to get out of it I cannot tell. I feel myself to be too much of a gentleman to go to work, so I have come to the conclusion either to hang myself or hunt up some rich damsel and get married I believe I will prefer the latter.

R.—Y-e-s, Dash, but suppose you cannot find one who will have you?

D.—No fear of that. You know the goddess of beauty has been very liberal in bestowing a goodly share to me; besides, girls set their hearts on the cut of a coat and the curl of a moustache, and I am just in the tip of the mode.

R.—Yes, that you are; but what lady will be so fortunate as to have the offer of your hand and heart?

D.—Why, there is old 'Squire Brinton's daughter Sallie. She is not one of the wittiest girls in the world, to be sure, and besides she is a little older than I care to marry, but then her father has plenty of cash, and money makes up all deficiencies.

R.—Yes, money will do it. How soon do you propose making a strike?

D.—Why, now—right off—the sooner the better. We will go sing her a song to-night. You help me. You know the serenade called "Wake, lady, wake."

R.—Yes; but if I assist you, I shall come in for a share—not of the bride, but the old fellow is pretty feeble and cannot last long, and when you get all things in your own hands, do not forget your old acquaintance.

D.—No, that I shall not; but come, let's be off.

[*Exit Dash and Riggs.*]

SCENE II.—*Re-enter Dash and Riggs, who sing — Air,
Come, come away.*

“Wake, lady, wake, from sweet sleep reposing,
The stars to-night are shining bright,
Then wake, wake, I pray!
Oh, wake and list a while to me,
A song of love I’ll sing to thee,
Of hope, love, fidelity;
Then wake, wake, I pray.

“A heart that is true, within my bosom beating,
I’ll give to thee, if thou wilt be
My bride, blithe and gay.
Come, come and bless my home on earth,
For ah, full well I know thy worth,
And in peace, joy and mirth,
Will pass time away.

“Then speak, lady, speak, thy lover doth implore thee,
One word of thine; wilt thou be mine?—
Oh, speak, speak, I pray——”

[*A black woman puts her head out through the curtain,
and squalls out*].—Gemma, if it be’s me you come to
ser’nade, sing some fash’nable air.

[*Gentlemen exeunt crest-fallen.*]

SCENE III.—*Messrs. Dash, Riggs and Wright at breakfast
table.*

WRIGHT.—Dash, you and Riggs look as if you had the
blues pretty badly this morning. I lay a wager you have
been out on some love-scape last night.

R.—You bet we were; and if we didn’t make a pretty
thing of it, I wouldn’t say so!

W.—Ha, ha! what’s in the wind now?

R.—That’s Dash’s secret.

D.—Oh, well! Wright will not blow—let him hear the
joke.

R.—Dash and I went down to old ’Squire Brinton’s

last night to serenade Sallie. We had just stationed ourselves in our most graceful position, and were doing the thing bewitchingly, when who should put her head out of the window but an old nigger woman, and squall out some of her pesky darkey gibberish, and we were glad to sneak off for fear we would attract attention. And to make matters worse, as we left the window, we heard a merry laugh that didn't sound a bit like a darkey's.

W.—That is just like some of Sallie's tricks Ha! ha!

D.—I should say, one of Sallie's tricks. We only got under the wrong window. I shall try it again, one of these nights.

W.—'Twill be of no use, for Sallie will not thank you.

R.—I will bet fifty dollars that Dash and she are married one of these days.

W.—Down with your money. I'll take that bet.

R.—Well, now, don't you think they will be?

W.—No matter what I think; where's the fifty dollars? Eh! back out, will you?

R.—No. What will we do with it?

W.—Let Dash hold the wager. He's the party concerned, but we will trust to his honor.

D. [*takes the money.*].—Now, gentlemen, if Sallie and I are married within what time?

R.—Six months.

W.—All right.

D.—If we are married within six months, I hand this money to Riggs as his property; but if we are not married within that period, the money is Wright's, and I shall return it into his hands. Do I understand you aright?

W.—Perfectly. I feel pretty sure I shall win.

R.—Do not be too sure; remember, Dash is a captor of women's hearts.

W.—Well, I do not fear if he is—but how time flies; it is late. Let us take a stroll this morning.

D.—I hope you'll have the goodness to excuse me. I have some letters to write.

R.—A woman's excuse; but I suppose we will have to accept it. Come, Wright.

W.—Some important business, I suppose; but it is not

with Sallie Brinton, for she and I have been engaged these three months.

[*Exit Wright and Riggs.*]

D. [*soliloquizing.*].—Wright and Sallie engaged! whew! If that don't beat all between earth and heaven! Sallie engaged! Well, there's no show for me, for when her mind's made up, it stands—dumb as she is. [*Walks about—whistles softly.*] One hundred dollars and some change besides—luck's on my side yet. I'll take it and go where Wright, Riggs, and tailor, will never hear—no, nor landlady, eith—

[*Enter landlady, in haste.*]

MRS. B.—No, you won't go, neither, Mr. Dash, till you pay me what you owe me, or I shall—

D. [*surprised.*].—Why, Mrs. Bolton, who said any thing about my going? Surely, you are mistaken.

MRS. B.—No, I'm not mistaken, either. You should not speak quite so loud when alone. You have the money. I must have what you owe me; the bill is forty dollars.

D.—I shall not pay you now: wait till I am ready [*turning to go*].

MRS. B. [*at the door.*].—Betty, Betty, bring the broom, quick.

[*Enter Betty, with the broom.*]

MRS. B.—Betty, Dash is treating me shamefully—is going to leave without paying his board. Suppose you try the strength of your shoulders and that broom over his back; there are more ways than one to settle accounts.

[*Betty advances with broom raised.*]

D.—Oh, yes, Mrs. Bolton, I will pay you [*pays her*]. I am very sorry you thought me in earnest. I had no thought of leaving you; but if you request it, I can soon find another home.

MRS. B.—Not another day will I trust you; so pack off as soon as convenient. Come, Betty. Good-morning. [*Exit.*]

D.—Well, I wish I hadn't talked quite so loud; but I'm off now, and Wright may take Sallie, and be hanged to him! [*Exit.*]



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To the Survivors of Bunker Hill, by Daniel Webster. Patriotic.
Tragedy, The. A picture of life.
True Story of Little Boy Blue. A pleasing child's selection.
Wayside Inn, The, by Adelaide A. Procter. A pleasing, pathetic story.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 11

Apostrophe to the Ocean, by Byron. Superior for vocal training.
Bobolink, The. Lively and humorous. Good for bird-tones.
Catching the Colt. For young folks.
Child Martyr, The. A story of Scotch persecution.
Clown's Baby, The. A pleasing frontier story.
Convict's Soliloquy, The. Intensely dramatic.
Death of Little Dombey. Pathetic.
Dutchman's Snake, The. Amusing.
Echo and the Ferry, by Jean Ingelow. A beautiful descriptive poem.
Flash.—The Fireman's Story, by Will Carleton. A humorous story.
Foxes' Tails, The; also known as **Sandy MacDonald's Signal**. Scotch. Very amusing. Exceedingly popular.
Freckled-faced Girl, The. A humorous characterization of a pert young girl.
Front Gate, The. A humorous story as told by the gate.
Forward Duster, The, by R. J. Burdette. Very funny.
Grandmother's Apology, The, by Tennyson. Old lady characterization.
Jerry. A spirited story of an Irish newsboy.
Lisping Lover, The. Humorous. Encore.

Little Gottlieb's Christmas, by Phoebe Cary. A German Christmas story.
Mice at Play. A very amusing story.
Mona's Waters. Dramatic and pathetic.
Nicodemus Dodge, by Mark Twain. Very funny.
No Kiss. Retaliation. Encore.
Old Year and the New, The, by Josephine Pollard. For New Year.
One Flower for Nelly. A touching Easter story.
Queen Vashti's Lament. Pathetic passion.
Rock Me to Sleep. Musical, tender.
Romance of a Hammock. Clever humor.
Shadow of Doom, The. Dramatic.
Song of the Mystic, by Father Ryan. Deeply spiritual and of rare beauty.
Sunday Fishin'. Dialect, amusing.
Supposed Speech of John Adams. Patriotic, standard.
Telephonic Conversation, A, by Mark Twain. Very funny.
Thora. A Norwegian love-story.
Ticket-o'-Leave, by George R. Sims. A thrilling story.
Wedding of Shon Maclean. A stirring story of a Scotch wedding.
Where's Annette? Dramatic, thrilling.
Wonders of Genealogy, The. Things are somewhat mixed.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 12

Aunt Doleful's Visit. Mock consolation.
Aux Italiens, by Lord Lytton. Singing parts. Very popular.
Battle of Cassandra Brown, The. An elocutionary travesty.
Battleflag at Shenandoah, The. A tale of heroism.
Bells, The, by Edgar Allen Poe. Excellent for vocal drill.
Bells Across the Snow. A short Christmas poem.
Bishop's Visit, The. A boy's piece.
Blind Poet's Wife, The. Intensely interesting.
Book Canvasser, The. Humorous.
Brother's Tribute, A. Lofty patriotism. Dramatic.
Country School, The. A lively school scene.
Duellist's Victory, The. A noble revenge.
Engineer's Making Love, The, by R. J. Burdette. Courting on the rail.
Fall of Pemberton Mill, The, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Unusually strong and popular.
Felon's Cell, A. Very dramatic.
Fly's Cogitations, A. Amusing.
Good-bye. A feminine good-bye.
How Girls Study. Impersonation.
How the Gospel Came to Jim Oaks. A tale of Christmas in a mining camp.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul. Spiritual and beautiful. Parts to be sung.
Jimmy Brown's Steam Chair. Very amusing.
Lasca. Incident of a Texas cattle ranch. Dramatic and pathetic.
Legend of the Beautiful, by H. W. Longfellow. Strongly spiritual.
Lincoln's Last Dream. Pathetic.
Maister and the Bairns, The. Scotch. Spiritual.
Newsboy's Debt, The. Pathetic and touching.
Old Letters. Sad memories they recall.
Over the Orchard Fence. The old farmer's story.
Poor-House Nan. A strong temperance piece.
Popular Science Catechism. Humorous. Explanation of the opera.
Receiving Calls. Trying experience of a minister's wife. Humorous.
Santa Claus in the Mines. A touching Christmas story.
Serenade, The. Encore.
She Cut His Hair. Funny.
Skeleton's Story, The. Very dramatic.
Teddy McGuire and Paddy O'Flynn. Irish. Very amusing.
Ter'ble Sperience, A. Negro dialect.
Total Annihilation. Encore.
Wendell Phillips. A noble tribute.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 13

Ancient Miner's Story, The, by Will Carleton. The emptiness of riches.
Aristarchus Studies Elocution. Humorous.
At Last, by John G. Whittier. Spiritual.
Aunt Polly's George Washington. Negro dialect; humorous.
Banford's Burglar Alarm. Amusing.
Canada. A tribute to her people.
Chase, The. Very dramatic.
Child's Dream of a Star, A. Pathetic.
Chopper's Child, The, by Alice Cary. A wholesome Thanksgiving lesson.
Ego et Echo, by John G. Saxe. Humorous. Affords vocal opportunities.
Griffith Hammerton. A pathetic and stimulating Scotch story.
In the Signal Box, by George R. Sims. A thrilling and pathetic story of a station master.
Jehoshaphat's Deliverance. A lofty, poetical, and inspiring description.
Lady Robesia, The. Amusing.
Little Quaker Sinner, The. The vanity of dress.
Lead the Way. Inspiring.
Legend of the Organ Builder. One of the most popular selections ever written.
Let the Angels Ring the Bells. A ringing Christmas poem.
Lord Dundreary in the Country. An amusing extract.

Marit and I. A pleasing love story.
Mary's Night Ride, by George W. Cable. Dramatic and very popular.
"Marry Me, Darlint, To-night." Irish; humorous. Encore.
Memorial Day. Patriotic.
Methodist Class Meeting, A. Yorkshire dialect.
Mine Children. German dialect.
Mother and Poet, by Mrs. Browning. Dramatic, pathetic, and popular.
New Cure for Rheumatism, A, by R. J. Burdette. Very amusing.
Old Continentals, The. Patriotic.
Old Man Goes to Town, The. An old farmer's pathetic story.
Only. A good temperance piece.
Out to Old Aunt Mary's, by James Whitcomb Riley. Very popular.
Playing School. A child's piece. Encore.
Public Speech. Instructive.
Regulus to the Carthaginians. Familiar but always popular.
Song of the American Eagle. Patriotic.
Spring Poet, The. Humorous.
Two Stammerers, The. Very amusing.
Uncle Ben. A spirited child's story. Very pathetic.
V-a-s-e, The. Very funny.
Yosemite, The. A sublime description.
Zaraff. Heroic and stirring.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 14

Ballad of the Wicked Nephew, by James T. Fields. Humorous.
Battle of Morgarten, by Mrs. Hemans. A poem of Swiss heroism.
Be a Woman, by Dr. Edward Brooks, A. M. On the duty of mothers.
Bill and Joe, by Oliver Wendell Holmes. Pleasing humor.
Brudner Yerkes's Sermon. Negro dialect.
Child is Father to the Man, The. A touching child's story. Scotch.
Cow and the Bishop, The. Humorous.
Culprit, A. Very amusing.
Daniel Gray, by J. G. Holland. Moral.
Day is Done, The, by Longfellow. Reflective and very beautiful.
Death of Steerforth, The, by Charles Dickens. Dramatic.
Drummer Boy of Mission Ridge, The. Patriotic and stirring.
Finding of the Cross, The. For missionary meetings.
Going for the Cows. Country sights and sounds.
Her Laddie's Picture. Touching.
Jimmy Brown's Sister's Wedding. A very amusing boy's piece.
June, by James Russell Lowell. A fine poem.
Jupiter and Ten. Amusing. Encore.
King Harold's Speech to His Army. Heroic.

Life Boat, The. Very pathetic.
Miseries of War, The. Oratorical.
Mither's Knee, A. Scotch.
Money Musk. Description of a Negro dance.
Mother's Portrait, A. Very pathetic.
"Nearer Home." Tender, spiritual.
Night Watch, The. Very Dramatic.
Pockets. Good description.
Romance of the Rood-Loft, A. A musical courtship.
Romance of the Swan's Nest, The, by Mrs. Browning. Pleasing description.
School-boy on Corns, A. Humorous.
Second Trial, A. A touching story of a little sister's sympathy and love.
Sister Agatha's Ghost. An interesting Yorkshire story.
Smile and the Sigh, The. Encore.
Sweetest Picture, The, by Alice Cary. Tender and beautiful.
Tear of Repentance, A. Beautiful description.
Tender Heart, The. Encore.
Three Leaves from a Boy's Diary. Amusing. Good boy's piece.
Victor of Marengo, The. Soul-stirring.
What We Did with the Cow. Amusing.
Widow Cummiskey, The. Sharp Irish wit.
Ulysses, by Tennyson. Fine description.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 15

Bachelors, The. Amusing.
Bartholdi Statue, The. Eloquent.
Becalmed. A dramatic poem.
Brave Aunt Katy. Religious.
Commerce, by Edward Everett. A lofty tribute.
Concord Love Song, A. Encore.
David's Lament for Absalom, by N. P. Willis. Pathetic and popular.
Death of Jezebel, The. Very dramatic.
Der Oak Und der Vine. German dialect.
Fading Leaf, The, by Gail Hamilton. A beautiful description of Nature.
Fall in! 1860, by George W. Cable. A spirited description.
Flag of the Rainbow. Patriotic.
Grant's Place in History. A high tribute.
Gray Champion, The, by Nathaniel Hawthorne. Historic, interesting.
Guessing Nationalities, by Mark Twain. Exceedingly clever humor.
in the Children's Hospital, by Tennyson. Spiritual and pathetic.
Ireland to be Ruled by Irishmen, by William E. Gladstone. Eloquent.
Jem's Last Ride. Exciting.
King Arthur and Queen Guinevere, by Tennyson. A lofty, dramatic, and pathetic extract.
Kiss Deferred, The. A pleasing and popular poem.

Little Foxes, by R. J. Burdette. An instructive semi-humorous selection.
Little Maid with Lover's Twain. A dilemma. Scotch.
Lullaby. For little folks. May be sung or recited.
Manhood, by George K. Morris. Uplifting and inspiring.
Mr. Beecher and the Waifs. A tender tribute to the great preacher.
Mrs. Pickett's Missionary Box. For church or missionary meetings.
Music in Camp; frequently called **Music on the Rappahannock.** An incident of the Civil War.
Old Roundsman's Story, An. For Christmas.
Our First Experience with a Watch-dog, by Frank R. Stockton. Amusing.
Perfectly, Awfully, Lovely Story, A. An æsthetic exaggeration.
Price of a Drink, The. Temperance.
She wanted to Hear it Again. Encore.
Song for the Conquered, A. Instructive and helpful.
Three Kings, The, by Longfellow. A fine Christmas selection.
Tragedy on Past Participles, A. Amusing. For educational meetings.
Two Runaways, The. Negro dialect. Very amusing.
Watch Night, by Horatius Bonar. Religious. New Year's Eve.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 16

Æsthetic Craze, The. Humorous.
Back from the War, by T. De Witt Talmage. Good for G.A.R. occasions.
Battle Hymn, The. Lofty, impressive. Good for teaching.
Calls. The nature of a ministerial call. Amusing.
Chariot Race, The, by Lew Wallace. from "Ben Hur." Exciting, popular.
Christening, The. An amusing mistake in the baptism of a child.
Cicely Croak. A pleasing story of rustic courtship.
Curse to Labor, The, by T. V. Powderly. A strong plea for temperance.
Day of Judgment, The, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. An amusing incident.
Decoration Day. A patriotic tribute.
Elf Child, The. By James Whitcomb Riley. "The Gobble-uns 'll Git You." Popular.
First View of the Heavens. Lofty description.
From the Shore of Eternity. Reflective and impressive.
General Grant's English, by Mark Twain. A stirring vindication.
Ginevra. Dramatic, thrilling.
Jimmy Hoy. One of the very best of Samuel Lover's laughable Irish stories.
Legend of the Earth, by Jean Rameau. A lofty description of the creation.

Lily Servoss's Ride, by Judge Tourgee. A thrilling Ku-klux story.
Lost Child, The. An exciting poem.
Message of the Dove, The. An inspiring Easter story.
Mourner a la Mode, The, by John G. Saxe. An amusing satire.
New South, The, by W. H. Grady. Patriotic, graphic, glowing.
Old Fireplace, The. Pleasing pictures of childhood.
Old Man and Jim. An Old Sweet-heart of Mine. Two of James Whitcomb Riley's most popular readings.
Portrait, The, by Lord Lytton. Very dramatic and exceedingly popular.
Swan Song, The. A very touching and powerful story.
Tell-Tale Heart, The, by Edgar Allen Poe. Dramatic confession of a murderer.
Thanksgiving in Boston Harbor. For Thanksgiving Day.
Topsy's First Lesson. From "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Very amusing.
Toussaint L'Ouverture, by Wendell Phillips. An eloquent tribute.
Two Queens in Westminster. A strong, historic poem.
Uncle, The. Intensely dramatic.
While We May. Pathetic, tender.
Wisdom Dearly Purchased, by Edmund Burke. Lofty patriotism.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 17

Army of the Potomac, by Joaquin Miller. For G. A. R. meetings.
Aunt Melissa on Boys, by J. T. Trowbridge. A story of intoxicated turkeys.
Aunt Sylvia's first Lesson in Geography. Amusing. Negro dialect.
Boat Race, The. A spirited description. The girls' crew wins.
Courting and Scence. For teachers' meetings. Humorous.
Dead on the Field of Honor. Lofty description.
Easter Morning, by Henry Ward Beecher. Eastertide selection.
First Thanksgiving, The. A ringing, musical poem.
Garfield Statue, The, by Grover Cleveland. An eloquent tribute.
Heavenly Guest, The, by Celia Thaxter. A poem for church occasions.
How We Fought the Fire, by Will Carleton. Amusing.
Inge, the Boy King. A dramatic story of ancient Norway.
Jimmy Brown's Prompt Obedience. Very funny.
John Burns, of Gettysburg, by Bret Harte. Patriotic, yet amusing.
Land of Thus-and-So, The, by James Whitcomb Riley. For little folks.
Legend of Rabbi Ben Levi, The, by Longfellow. A beautiful legend.

Lexington, by Oliver Wendell Holmes. A stirring, lofty, and patriotic poem.
Little Match Girl, The. A touching Christmas story for children.
Lord Dunderbary's Riddles. Droll humor. Dude imitation.
Lost. An intensely strong and dramatic temperance selection.
Low-backed Car, The. By Samuel Lover. Humorous and musical.
Minuet, The. Introducing the minuet step. Very popular.
Miss Witchhazel and Mr. Thistlepad, by R. J. Burdette. How a city girl learned to farm.
Monk's Magnificat, The. Introducing a chant. Lofty and spiritual.
Mother-in-Law, The, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. The bitterness of love.
Mr. Brown Has His Hair Cut. A very amusing and popular piece.
Nurse Winnie Goes Shopping. Irish dialect. Humorous.
Ride of Collins Graves, The. Thrilling incident of a bursting dam.
Rover in Church. A pleasing story for children.
Sent back by the Angels. Pathetic.
Usual Way, The. A good encore.
Walpole's Attack on Pitt. Oratorical.
What is a Minority? by John B. Gough. Eloquent.
Wild Night at Sea, A. Dramatic.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 18

Absolution, by E. Nesbit. An exceptionally strong and popular poem.
Abigail Fisher. Rustic dialect.
Appeal for Temperance, by Henry W. Grady. An eloquent address.
At the Stage Door. Touching kindness of an actress.
Auctioneer's Gift, The. A short, affecting story.
Bad Boy's Diary, A. He would be a prestidigitator.
Blind Man's Testimony, The. A short Scripture story.
Charity Grinder and the Postmaster-General. A humorous mistake.
Cowboy's Sermon, The. Some Scripture truths plainly stated.
Come and be Shone. Humorous account of a lively bootblack.
Daniel Periton's Ride, by Albion W. Tourgee. A thrilling incident.
Defence of the Bride, The. A strong dramatic story.
Death Bridge of the Tay, The, by Will Carleton. A stirring story.
Famished Heart, A. A story worth repeating.
Gets Dhere, by Charles Follen Adams. Homely truths in German dialect.
How Ben Fargo's Claim was Jumped. An interesting frontier incident.
Imph-m. A popular bit of Scotch dialect.

Little Charlie's Christmas. A pathetic Christmas story.
Nathan Hale, the Martyr Spy. A dramatic incident of the Revolution.
New Series of Census Questions. Humorous.
Noses. A boy's composition. Amusing.
O'Grady's Goat. Irish dialect. Humorous.
Packet of Letters, A. Clever humor.
Pilgrims, The, by Chauncey M. Depew. A tribute to the New England fathers.
She Liked Him Rale Weel. Pleasing Scotch dialect.
Squarest Un Among 'Em, The. A touching newsboy's story.
St. Martin and the Beggar, by Margaret E. Sangster. For Sunday schools.
Tastes, by James Whitcomb Riley. Rustic humor. Encore.
Timothy Horn. His unique courtship.
Tobe's Monument. One of the most pathetic and popular stories ever written.
Two Christmas Eves, by E. Nesbit. A dramatic and pathetic poem.
Volunteer Organist, The, by S. W. Foss. Rustic, pathetic, and popular.
Wanted to See His Old Home. Affecting story of an old negro.
Whistling Regiment, The. An incident of the Civil War. Popular.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 19

Address to the Toothache, by Robert Burns. Humorous Scotch dialect.
Ballad of the Wayfarer, by Robert Buchanan. Pathetic and pleasing.
Beware, by Longfellow. Encore.
Bridget O'Flanagan. Irish humor.
Cold, Hard Cash. Encore.
Courting in Kentucky. Rustic, humorous, taking.
Divided, by Jean Ingelow. A beautiful and pathetic descriptive poem.
Doctor's Story, The. Amusing.
Dream of Fair Women, A, by Tennyson. Fine description.
Drop of Water, The. Very dramatic.
Dumb Savior, The. A powerful temperance story.
Getting On. An old man's reveries.
Glacier Bed, The. A thrilling story of an Alpine guide.
Her Laugh—In Four Fits. Encore.
How Uncle Podger Hung a Picture, by Jerome K. Jerome. Very laughable.
Jacqueminot-Rose Sunday. A pleasing hospital incident.
Joe Sleg. A story of an heroic railroad engineer.
Lady of Shalott, The, by Tennyson. Popular with the best readers.
Lost Lesson, The. A touching school scene.

Lecture by the New Male Star. Efforts of a female reporter. Humorous.
Mary Alice Smith, by James Whitcomb Riley. A quaint story.
Midnight in London. Vivid description of the great city by gas light.
Mother's Mending Basket. A delightful home picture.
Oh, the Golden, Glowing Morning! For Easter day.
Queer Boy, A. Humorous.
Reuben James. A tribute to the courage of a sailor.
Siege of the Alamo. Patriotic.
Summerset Folks, The. Encore.
Swipesey's Christmas Dinner. How the newsboys "chipped in."
Toboggan Slide, The. An embarrassing situation.
Tola of Mustard Seed, The, by Sir Edwin Arnold. A sad but beautiful lesson.
Tragedy in the Sunshine, A. Dramatic.
Tray. An interesting story of a dog's brave deed.
True Bostonian at Heaven's Gate, A. Encore.
Twilight at Nazareth. Fine description.
War-horn of the Elflings, by William Morris. Beautiful description.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 20

All Things Shall Pass Away. An interesting Persian tale.
Aunt Phillis's Guest. Spiritual.
Billy. Who wasn't good like his brother Daniel.
Boys Wanted. A good piece for boys.
Bridget's Soliloquy. Dialect. Entertaining.
Casualty, A. Touching story of a bootblack.
Condensed Telegram, The. Humor.
Coaching the Rising Star. A striking lesson in dramatic elocution.
Doctor's Story, The, by Bret Harte. A touching incident of the Civil War.
Early Start, An. A minister's programme not completely carried out.
Elopement in '75. A stirring love story of the Revolution.
Fortunes of War, The. A sad story of the Civil War.
Following the Advice of a Physician. Very amusing.
Getting Acquainted. Encore.
'He Worried About It, by S. W. Foss. Droll humor.
'ullo. Cheering. Very popular.
Will Not Leave You Comfortless. A pathetic tale of mountain life.
Joslar. Country courtship. Encore.
Judy O'Shea Sees Hamlet. She describes the play in true Irish fashion.
Little Margery. Childhood's faith and trust.

Little Busy Bees. How they gather honey at a church fair.
Me and Jim. Rustic characterization; pathetic, strong.
Millais's "Huguenots". A pathetic love story of the eve of St. Bartholomew.
Naughty Kitty Clover. For little girls.
Not in the Programme. An affecting incident in the life of an actress.
Obstructive Hat in the Pit. Very amusing.
Perfect Wife, The. A valuable lesson. Suited for church fairs.
Poor Rule, A. Encore.
Rajput Nurse, A, by Edwin Arnold. A thrilling Eastern story.
Riding on a Rail. Amusing incidents on a train.
Skimpsey. A thrilling and pathetic story of a horse jockey.
Song of the Market Place. A powerful picture of poverty, pity, music, and charity.
Tale of Sweethearts, A, by George R. Sims. A thrilling heart story. Dialect.
Their First Spat. A young couple's first quarrel. Humorous.
Uncle Noah's Ghost. How he searched for and found it. Amusing.
Wedding, The, by Southey. The dark side of the picture.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 21

Babies, by Jerome K. Jerome. Humorous.
Because. Encore.
Benediction, The, by Francois Coppée. A strong poem introducing a chant.
Betrothed, The, by Rudyard Kipling. Difficulty of choosing. Humorous.
Bridal of Malahide, The. Heroic and pathetic.
Clive, by Robert Browning. Very dramatic and exceedingly popular.
Contentment. Reflections of a lazy man.
Crossing the Bar, by Tennyson. One of his latest and most beautiful poems.
Cry in the Darkness, The—The Sentinel's Alarm. A story of Indian treachery.
Deacon's Downfall, The. How he was converted by a sweet soprano.
Dreamin' o' Home. Pathetic.
Emergency, An. A kind heart often found under a coarse coat.
Flag at Shenandoah, The, by Joaquin Miller. Faithful unto death.
H'anthem, The. Encore.
Herod. Highly dramatic.
Her Perfect Lover. Encore.
Italian's Views of the Labor Question. Dialect. Humorous.
Lydia's Ride. An incident of the British occupation of Philadelphia.
Men at Gloucester. Dramatic rescue of men at sea.

Napoleon's Advice to an Actor. A hint to readers and actors.
Old Canteen, The. A mother's story of her two sons who took opposite sides in the war.
Old Vote for "Young Marster," An. A good story. Negro dialect.
Overboard. Pathetic description of a man washed overboard at sea.
Papa Was Stumped. He couldn't do fractions.
Puzzle, A. Encore.
Revenge, The, by Tennyson. An heroic sea fight.
Seaweed. A beautiful fanciful poem.
Sir Hugo's Choice. A strong story of love and duty.
Sisterly Scheme, A. How a young girl supplanted her older sister. Very popular.
St. Patrick's Day. Irish dialect.
Stranded Bugle, The. A pleasing, fanciful poem.
Thar Was Jim. Pathetic.
That Sugar-Plum Tree. For children.
Two Gentlemen of Kentucky. Fine negro characterization.
Uncertain Pledge, An. Encore.
Unregistered Record, An. A negro jockey's story of a mad race.
What Else Could He Do? Encore.
Winnie's Welcome. A jolly Irish piece.
Woman's Career. Clever humor.
Worse Than Marriage. Encore.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 22

Ah Yet's Christmas. A pathetic story of a little Chinese boy.
Big Enough Family, A. A little boy's opinion of babies.
By the Alma. A story of Scotch heroism.
Deacon's Week, The. Good for missionary occasions.
Easter with Parepa, An. A powerfully pathetic Easter story.
Fall in! For G. A. R. occasions.
Fate of Sir John Franklin, The. A pathetic poem of Arctic adventure.
Gowk's Errand and What Cam' O't, A. A very amusing story done in Scotch.
Hagar. A dramatic picture of the departure of Hagar from Abraham's tent.
Hilda. A strong story of the power of a woman's love.
Hilda's Little Hood, by Hjalmer Hjorth Boyeson. A pleasing poem.
His Sister. Encore.
Hunt, The. A spirited description.
Joan of Arc's Farewell. Lofty and pathetic.
Jock Johnston, the Tinkler. A story of love and chivalry.
Leap-year Mishaps. As told by an old maid.
Little Black Phill. A touching incident of the Civil War.
Lost Puppy, The. A humorous poem.

Marguerite. For Decoration Day. Pathetic and tender.
Mr. Kris Kringle, by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. A touching Christmas story.
Mr. Potts' Story, by Max Adeler. Mrs. Potts curbs her husband's tendency to exaggeration.
My Double and How He Undid Me, by Edward Everett Hale. Humorous.
Mysterious Portrait, The. Amusing.
My Vesper Song. Parts to be sung.
Not Ashamed of Ridicule. An excellent boys' story.
Old Wife, The. Pathetic.
On the Other Train. Very pathetic and popular.
Rural Infelicity. Amusing.
Scallywag. Teaches a good lesson.
Soul of the Violin. A strong, pathetic story of an old musician.
Teacher's Diadem, The. Appropriate for Sabbath schools.
Teaching a Sunday-school Class. A young lawyer's first experience. Humorous.
Them Oxen. Great grandmother's story of how the oxen drew two hearts together.
Wind and the Moon, The, by George MacDonald. For children.
Work, Work Away. Instructive and stimulating.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 23

Bells of Brookline, The. How they announced the end of the Civil War.
Benefits of the Constitution, by Daniel Webster. Oratorical and patriotic.
Busy. A bad spell and its results.
Chickadee, The. For children. Opportunity for bird notes.
Close of the Battle of Waterloo, by Victor Hugo. Full of dramatic power.
Count Gismond, by Robert Browning. Dramatic and chivalric.
Dance of Death, The, by Sir Walter Scott. A weird battle description.
Dead Pussy Cat, The. Child characterization.
Earl Sigurd's Christmas Eve. A spirited Norse Christmas story.
Easter Eve at Kerak-Moab. A thrilling and dramatic Easter tale.
Execution of Andre. Vivid description.
Execution of Sydney Carton, by Charles Dickens. An intensely dramatic story of the French Revolution.
How We Kept the Day, by Will Carleton. For Fourth of July. Humorous, rollicking.
Influence of Great Actions, The, by Daniel Webster. Instructive, eloquent.
Jimmy Brown's Attempt to Produce Freckles. Very amusing.

Literary Nightmare, A, by Mark Twain. Very funny and very popular.
My Fountain Pen, by Robert J. Burdette. Most amusing.
Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep. A beautiful paraphrase.
Owyhee Joe's Story. A tale of the Wild West.
Phoebe's Exploit. How a little girl saved a train.
Saunders McIlashan's Courtship. A very popular piece of Scotch humor.
Saved by a Boy. Teaches a lesson of honesty. For little folks.
Tommy's Dead. Pathetic.
True Eloquence. A fine definition.
Used-to-be, The, by James Whitcomb Riley. A quaint and fanciful poem.
Warwick, the King Maker, by Lord Lytton. Historic and dramatic.
When de Darkey am a-Whistlin' in de Co'n. A plantation song.
What Miss Edith Saw from Her Window. Humorous.
When I Was a Boy, by Eugene Field. Pleasing memories of boyhood.
When the Light Goes Out. Whole-some advice in pleasing doses.
Whirling Wheel, The. Cheer to the heavy laden.
Wreck of "The Northern Belle," by Edwin Arnold. A tale of the treacherous sea. Dramatic.

Shoemaker's Best Selections—No. 24

Art of Bookkeeping, The, by Thomas Hood. A humorous and exceedingly ingenious play upon words.
Ballad of Beau Brocade, The. Ancient tale of highwaymen of a past century.
Battle of Bannockburn, The. Vivid description.
Battle of Zoralla, by Ouida. A thrilling picture.
Black Zeph's Pard. A miner's tale. Pathetic.
Change of Heart, A. Encore.
Colored Philology. Negro dialect. Humorous.
Constantius and the Lion, by George Croly. Dramatic and thrilling.
Courting of T'nowhead's Bell, The. An amusing Scotch prose piece.
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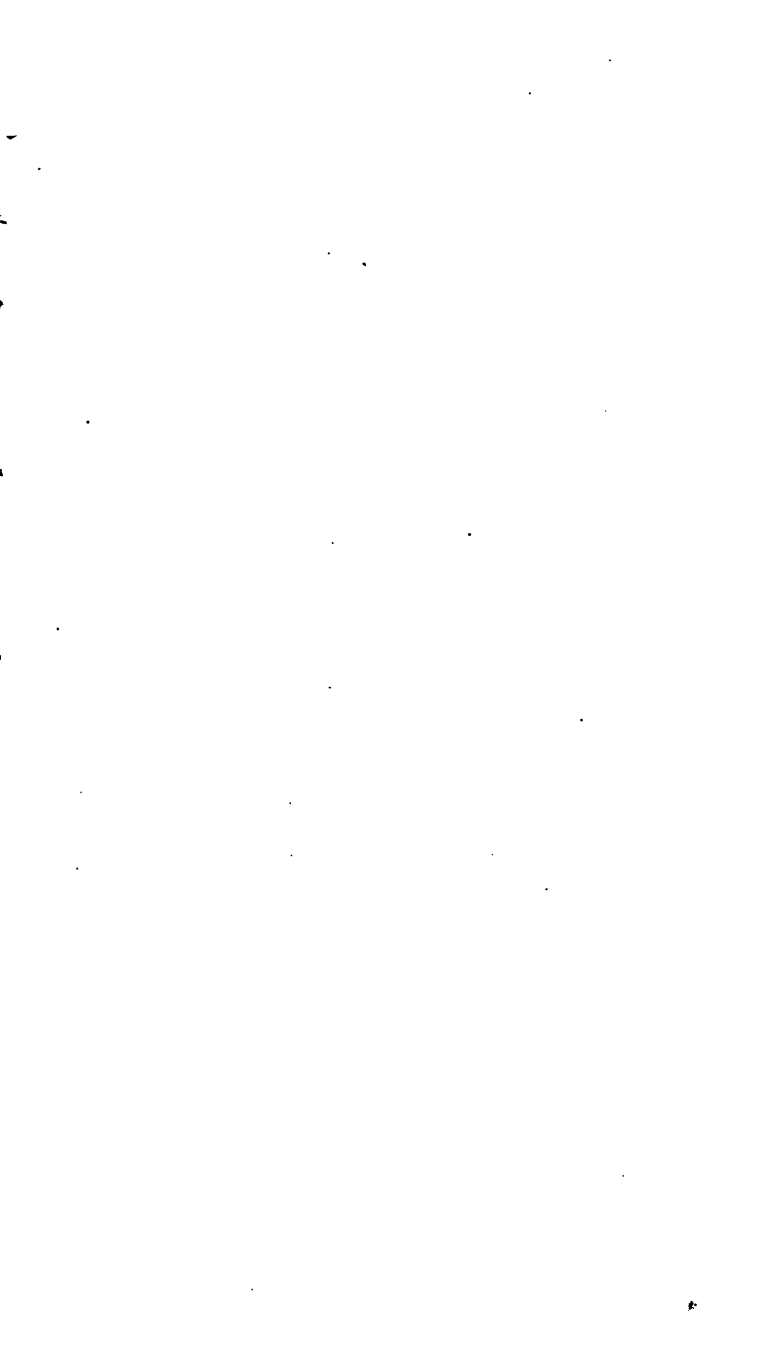
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